

12-24-24

SM 12



FEATURE

COMICS

DECEMBER



THE DOLL MAN



MICKEY FINN

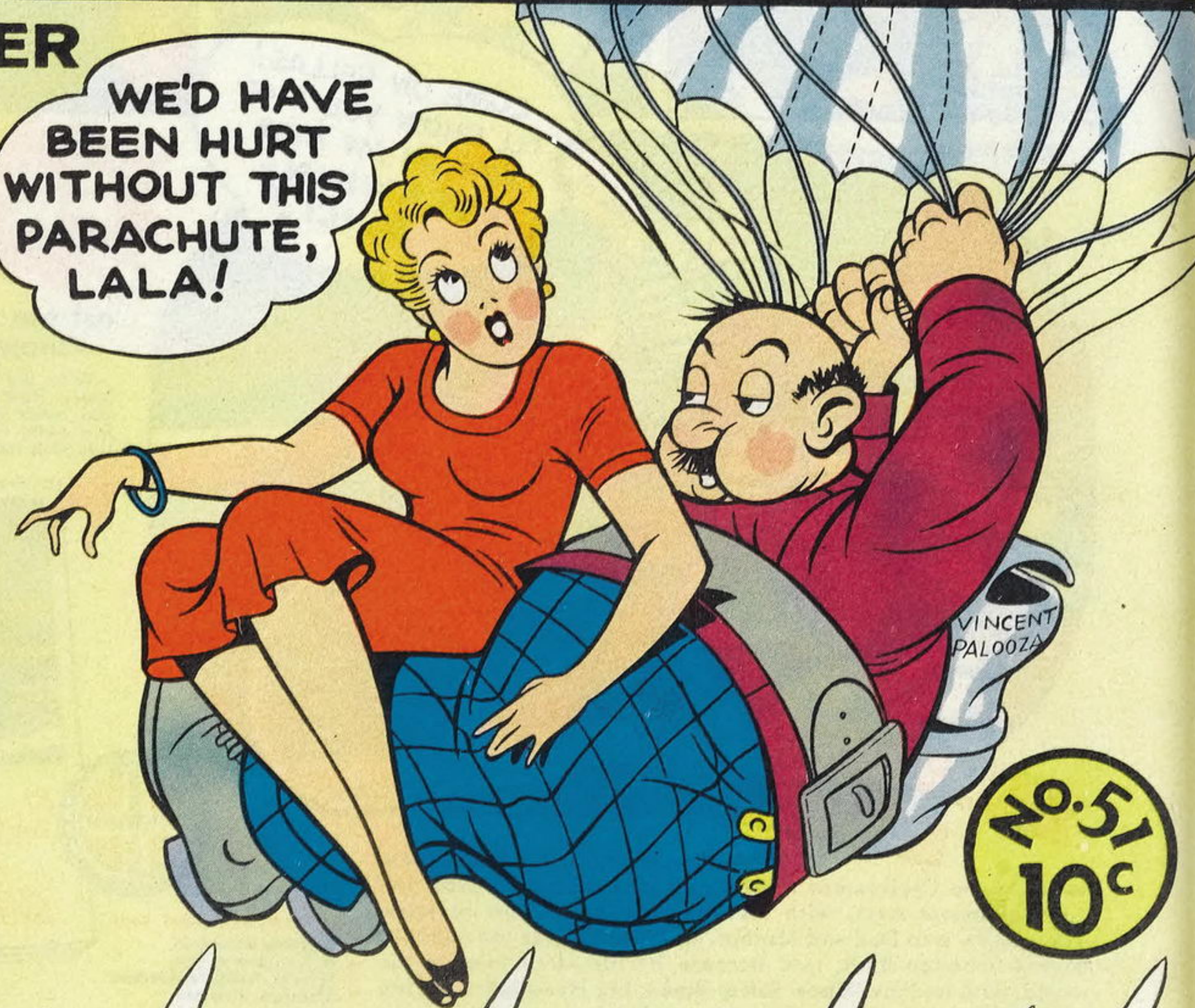


SAMAR

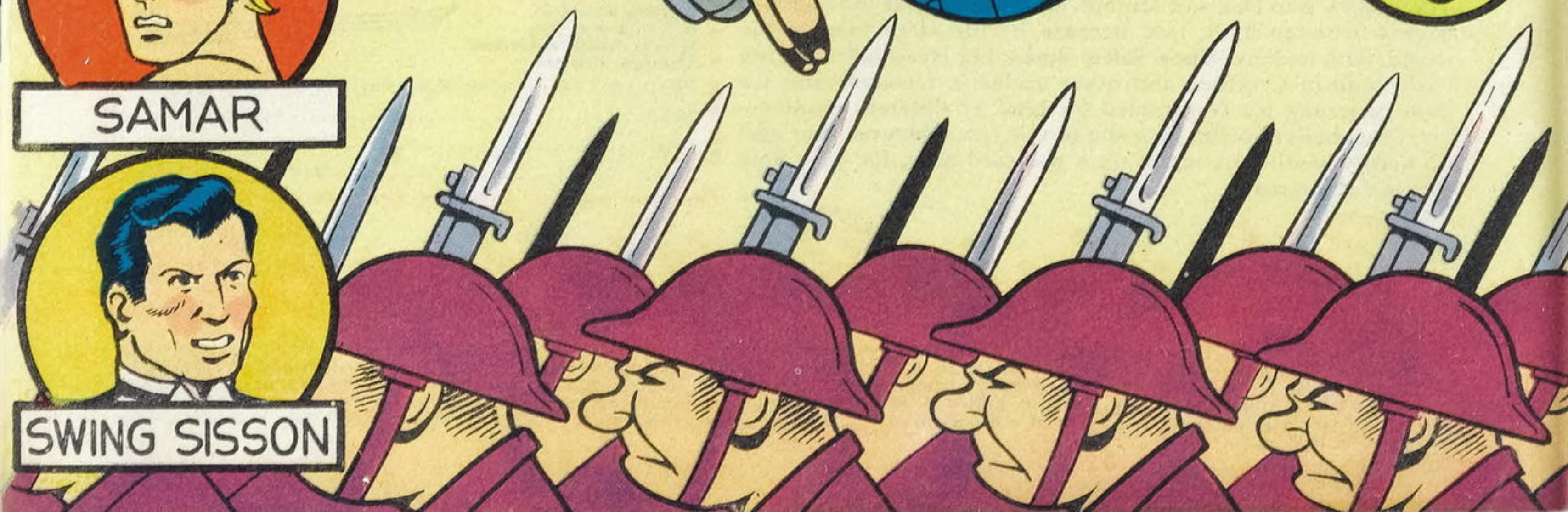


SWING SISSON

WE'D HAVE BEEN HURT WITHOUT THIS PARACHUTE, LALA!



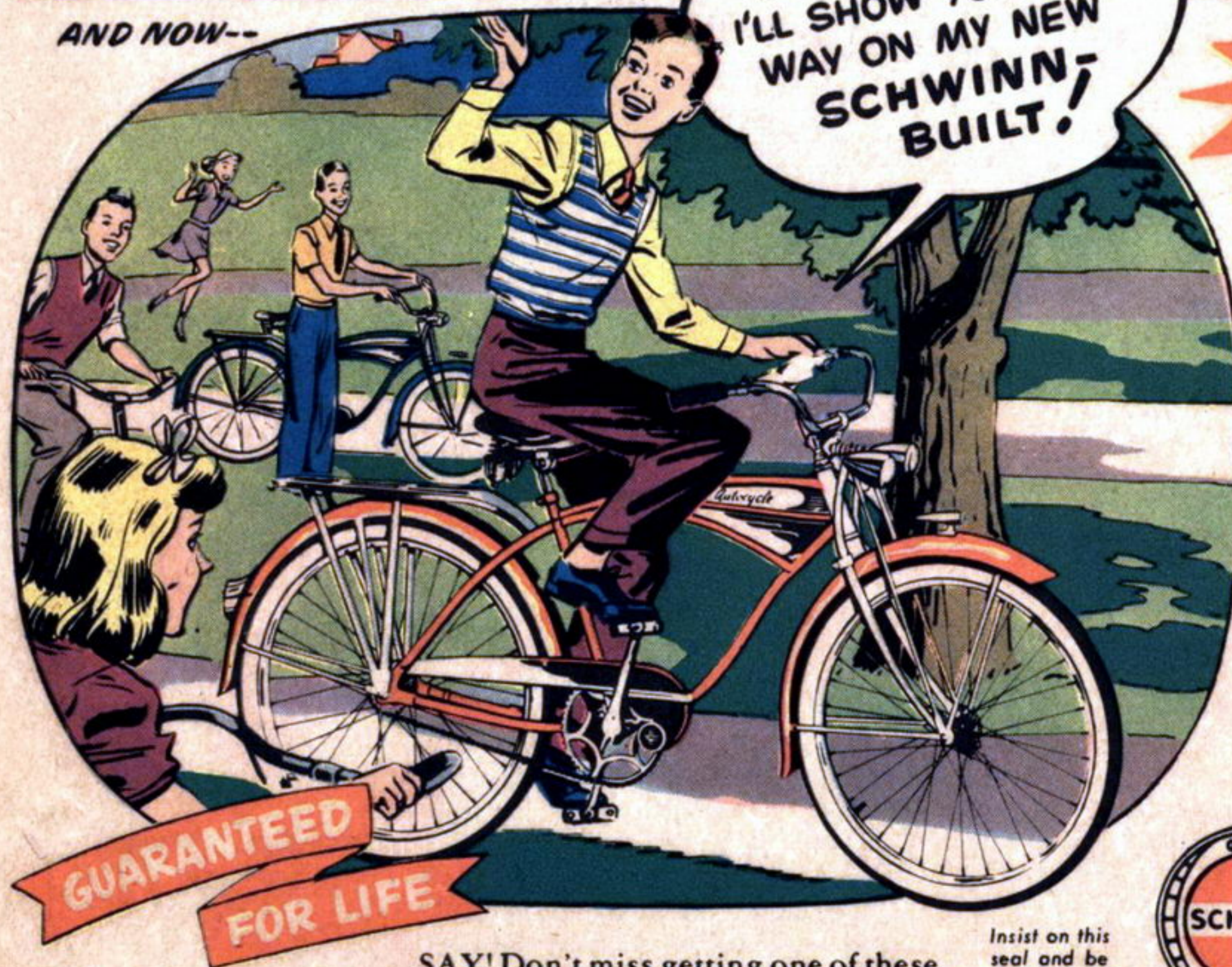
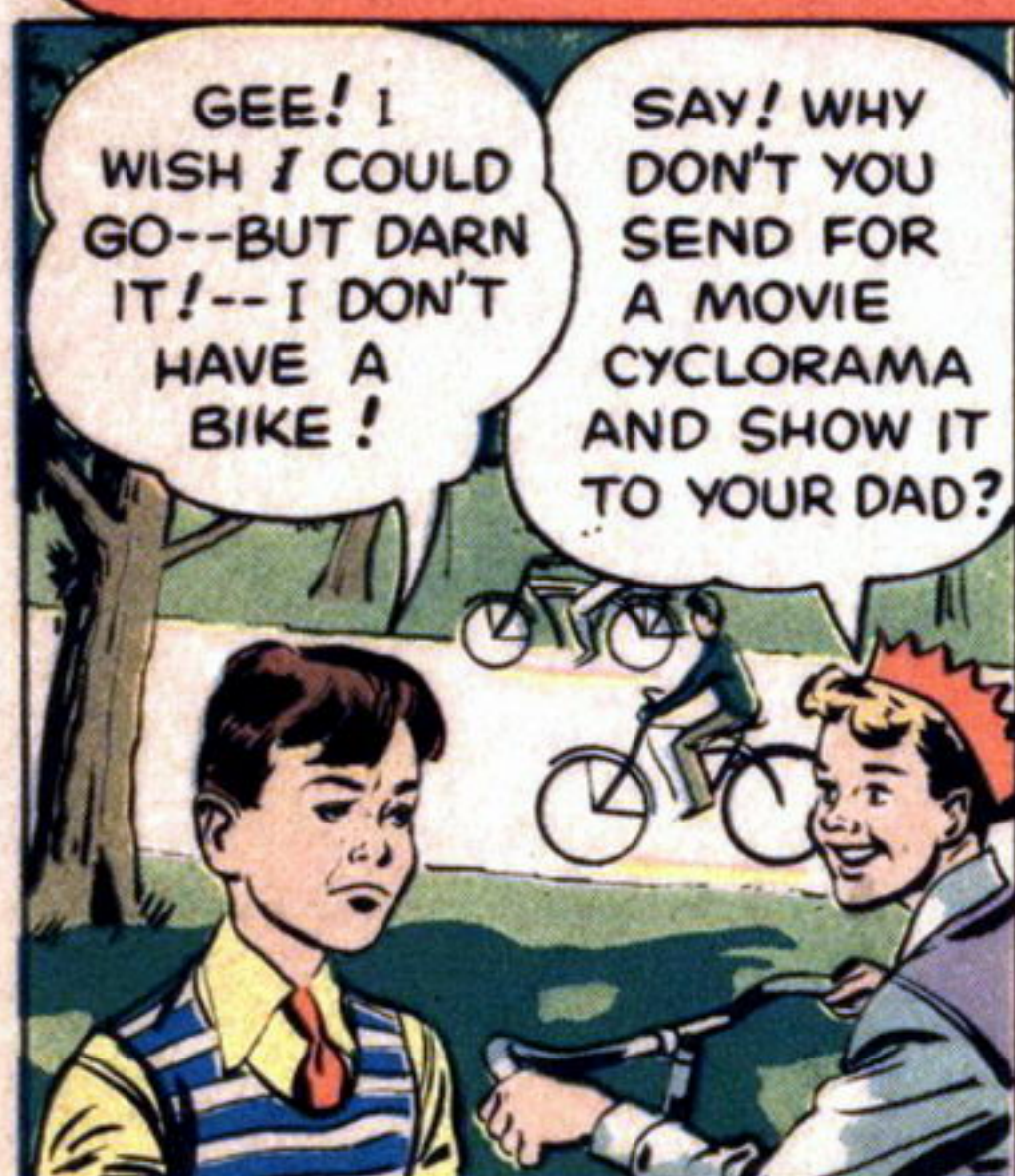
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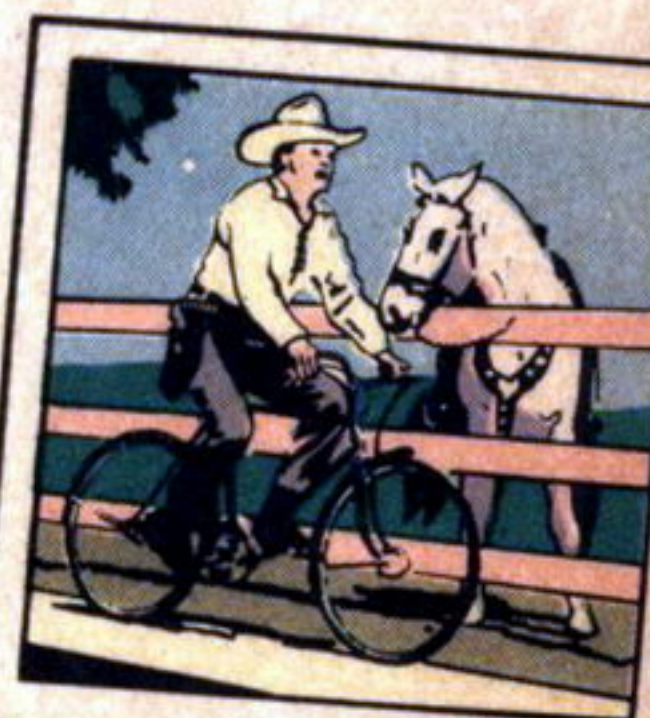
WEB COMIC
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THEY CALLED HIM "Stay-at-Home-Sammy" -- BUT NOW HE LEADS THE GANG !



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THE

DOLL MAN

BY WILLIAM ERWIN MAXWELL



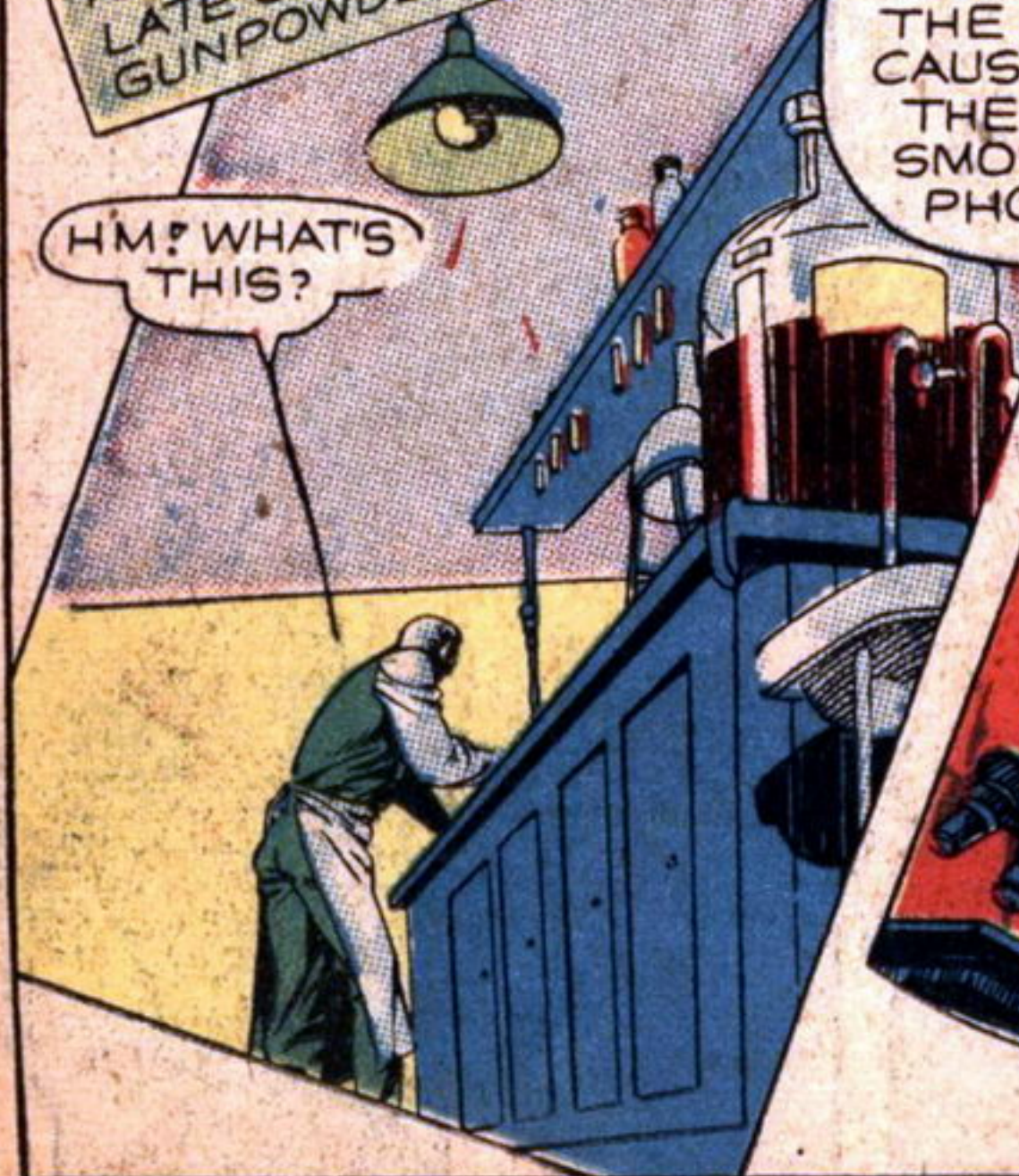
AT THE DUBOIS POWDER PLANT, DARREL'S CLOSE FRIEND, DR. ROBERTS, IS ENGAGED IN CHEMICAL RESEARCH. HE WORKS LATE ONE NIGHT, TESTING GUNPOWDER, WHEN SUDDENLY...

HM? WHAT'S THIS?

STEEL FILINGS MIXED WITH THESE POWDER GRAINS. THE STEEL COULD CAUSE A SPARK AND THEN... HOLY SMOKE! I'D BETTER PHONE DARREL!

DR. ROBERTS SNATCHES UP THE PHONE AND DIALS HIS HOME NUMBER HURRIEDLY.

HELLO, MARTHA! LET ME TALK WITH DARREL... YES, DARREL, I EXPECT TROUBLE AT THE PLANT! RUSH OVER AS FAST AS YOU CAN!





WH-WHAT'S WRONG? IS DAD HAVING TROUBLE?

HE DIDN'T SAY MUCH, MARTHA... SOUNDED SORT OF MYSTERIOUS. BUT HE WANTS ME RIGHT AWAY?

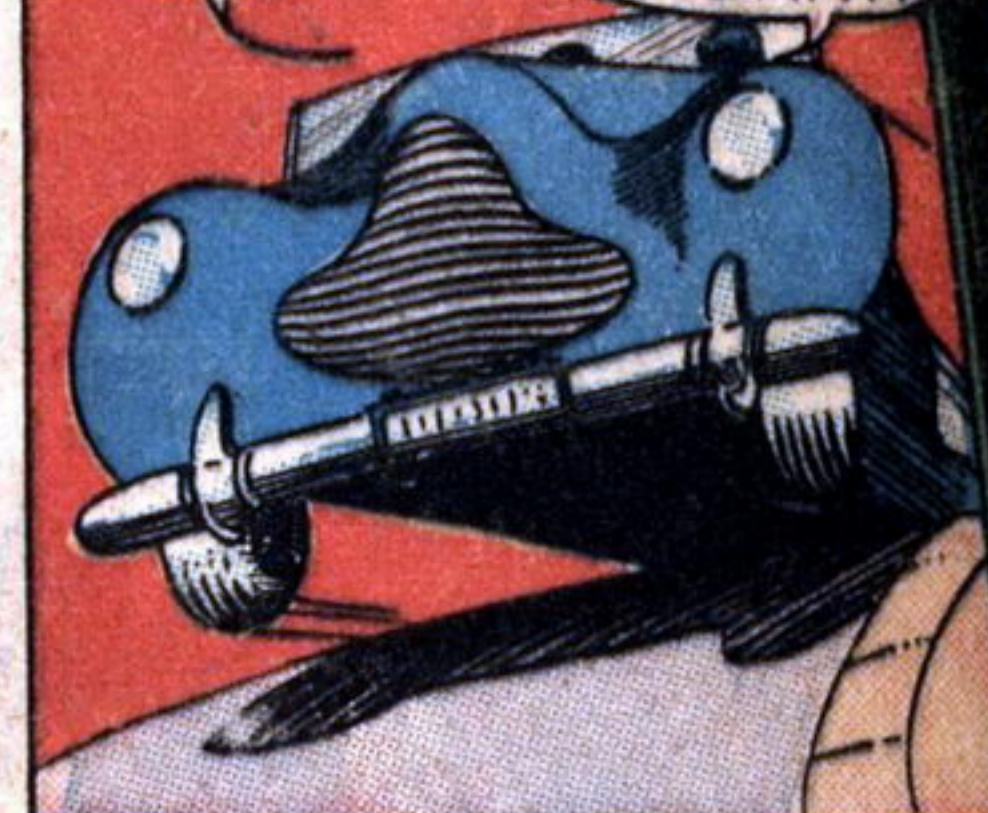
BUT, DARREL.. YOU'RE NOT GOING WITHOUT ME? I DON'T WANT TO MISS ANYTHING!



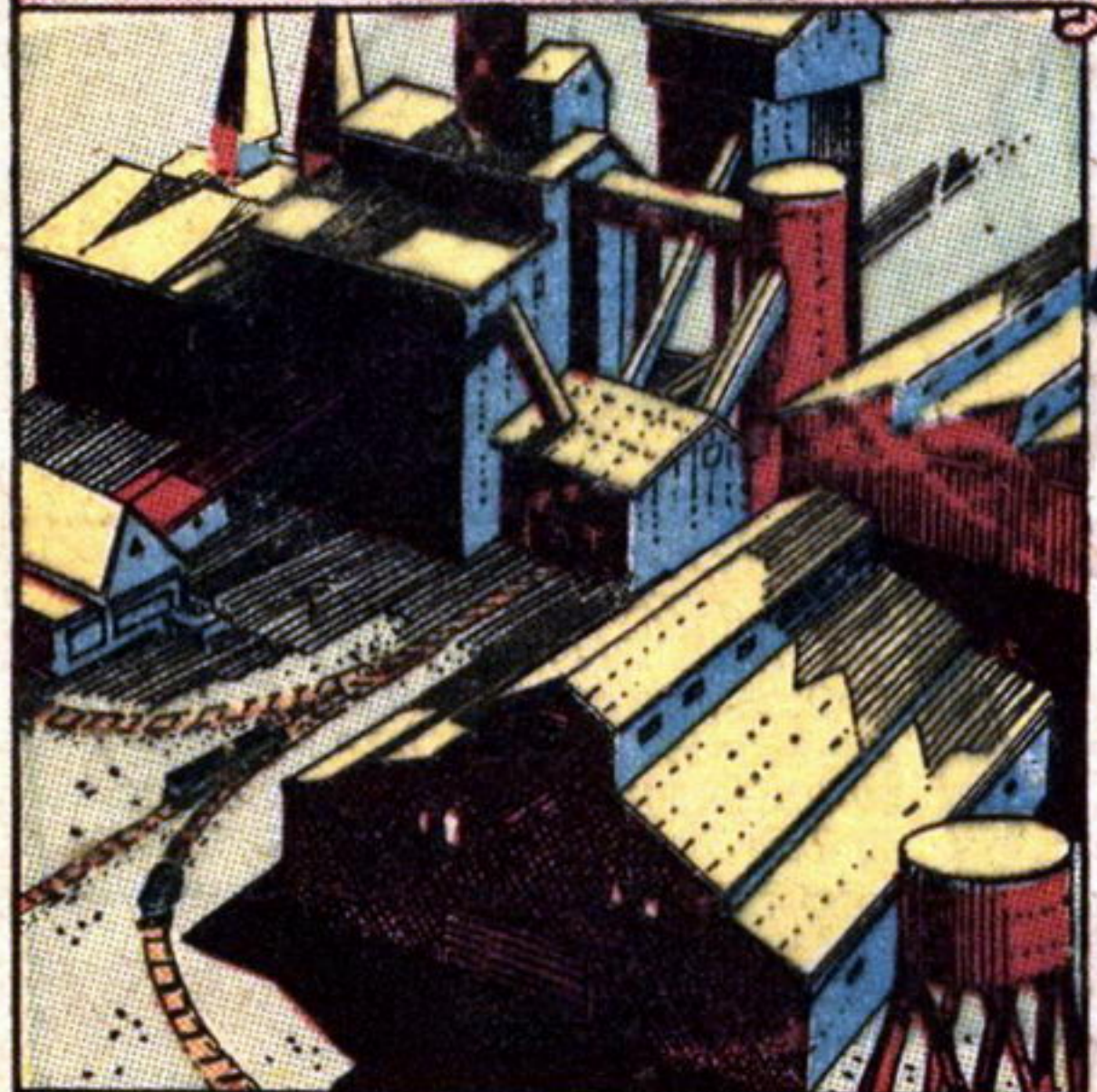
RUSHING OUT TO DARREL'S CAR, THEY SPEED TOWARD THE POWDER PLANT.

I WISH DAD DIDN'T WORK THERE. IT'S DANGEROUS, ISN'T IT?

YES.. BUT DON'T WORRY!



SOON THEY ARE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SPRAWLING BUILDINGS OF THE GREAT POWDER WORKS.



AT THE GATE, DARREL IS STOPPED BY A GUARD.



SURE I'VE A PASS..

YEAH.. YOU'RE DOC ROBERTS' PAL.. G'WAN IN!

DARREL AND MARTHA PASS THROUGH BUT..



HM? THAT'S RIGHT. THE BOSS WANTS TO KNOW WHEN ROBERTS HAS VISITORS. I'D BETTER CALL HIM AT ONCE!

IN HIS SWANK OFFICE, LESTER DUBOIS RECEIVES THE GUARD'S CALL.



YEAH.. OKAY, PHIL.. BUT DON'T LET ANYONE OUT UNTIL I GIVE YOU THE WORD!

AS THE GUARD HANGS U? DUBOIS TURNS ANGRILY ON HIS FOREMAN.



THAT YOUNG GUY DANE IS HERE TO SEE ROBERTS. ARE YOU SURE YOU GAVE THE DOC A SAMPLE OF LOT NUMBER SEVENTY?

ER.. SURE, BOSS.. BUT I'LL GO TO THE LAB AND CHECK UP..



JEEPERS.. I GAVE ROBERTS NUMBER SEVENTEEN!



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY..

STAY HERE, MARTHA. IT'S SAFER.



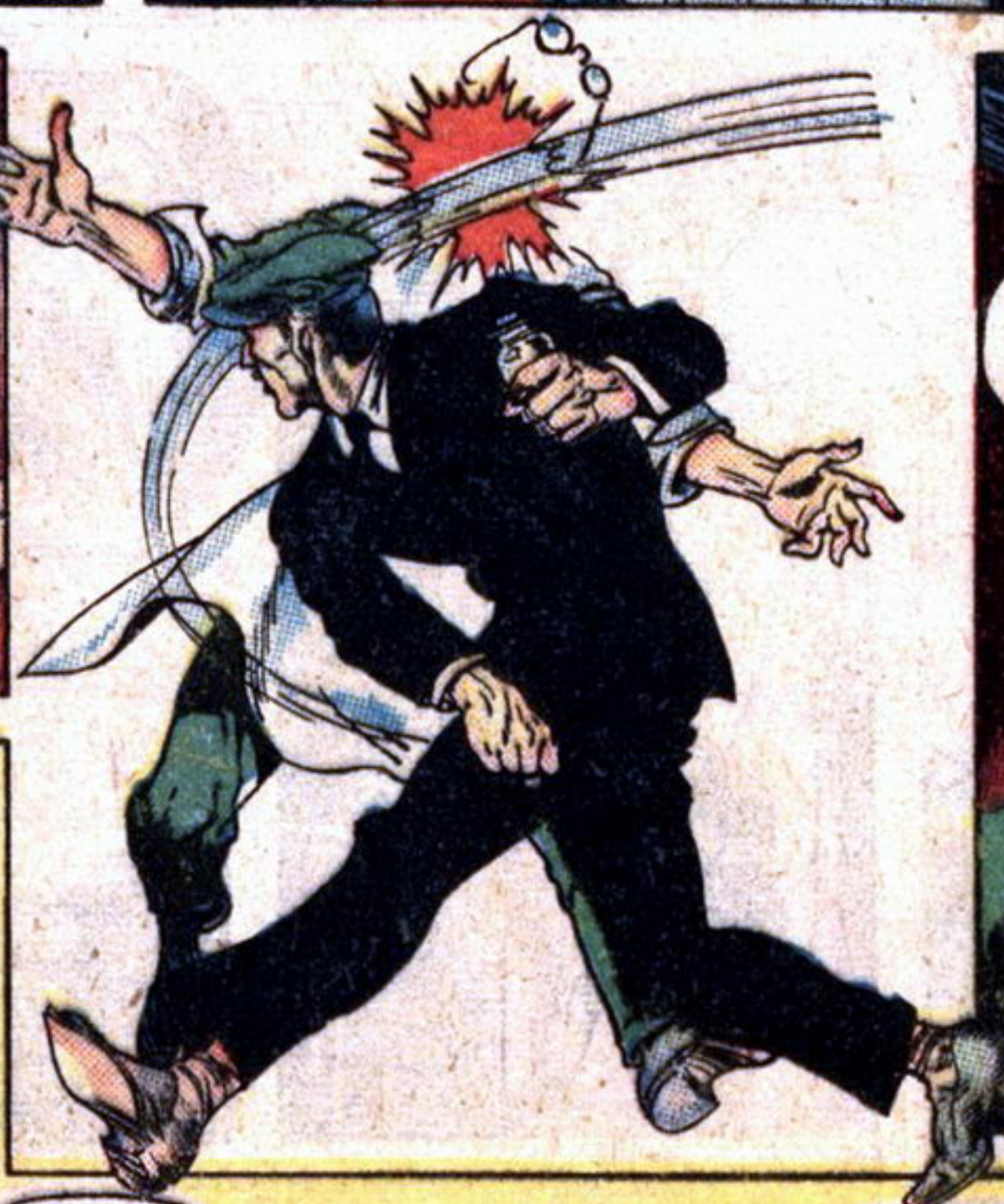
A MOMENT LATER AL WATKINS BURSTS IN UPON DR. ROBERTS.

HOLD IT, DOC? I'VE GOTTA TAKE BACK THAT SAMPLE OF POWDER.

I SHAN'T LET HIM GET THIS STUFF.



NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT! STOP!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OLD FOOL!



OOPS! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, CHUM?

EOW! THE POWDER!

THE BOTTLE SMASHES AND POWDER MIXED WITH STEEL FILINGS SPILLS UNDER THEIR FEET.

YOU DOPE! WHY DONTCHA WATCH WHERE YA GOIN'?





TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME, MISTER!



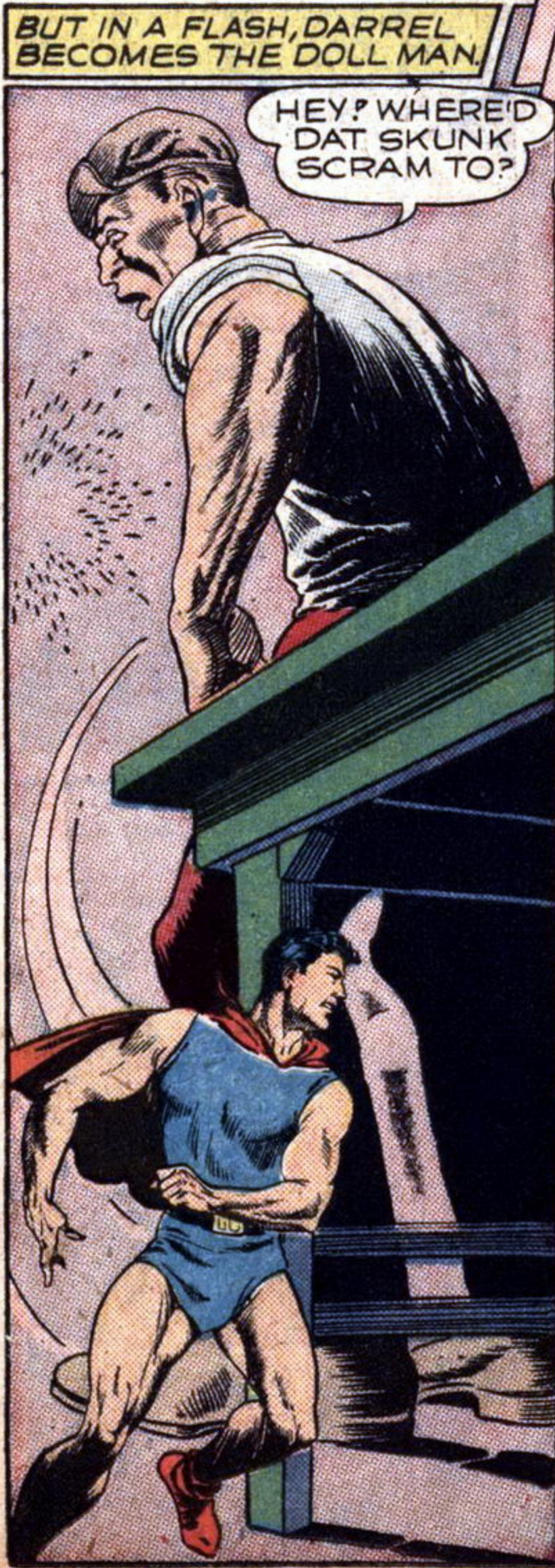
DARREL'S BLOW SENDS WATKINS REELING BACK.

GUARDS! STOP THIS GUY..THROW HIM OUT!



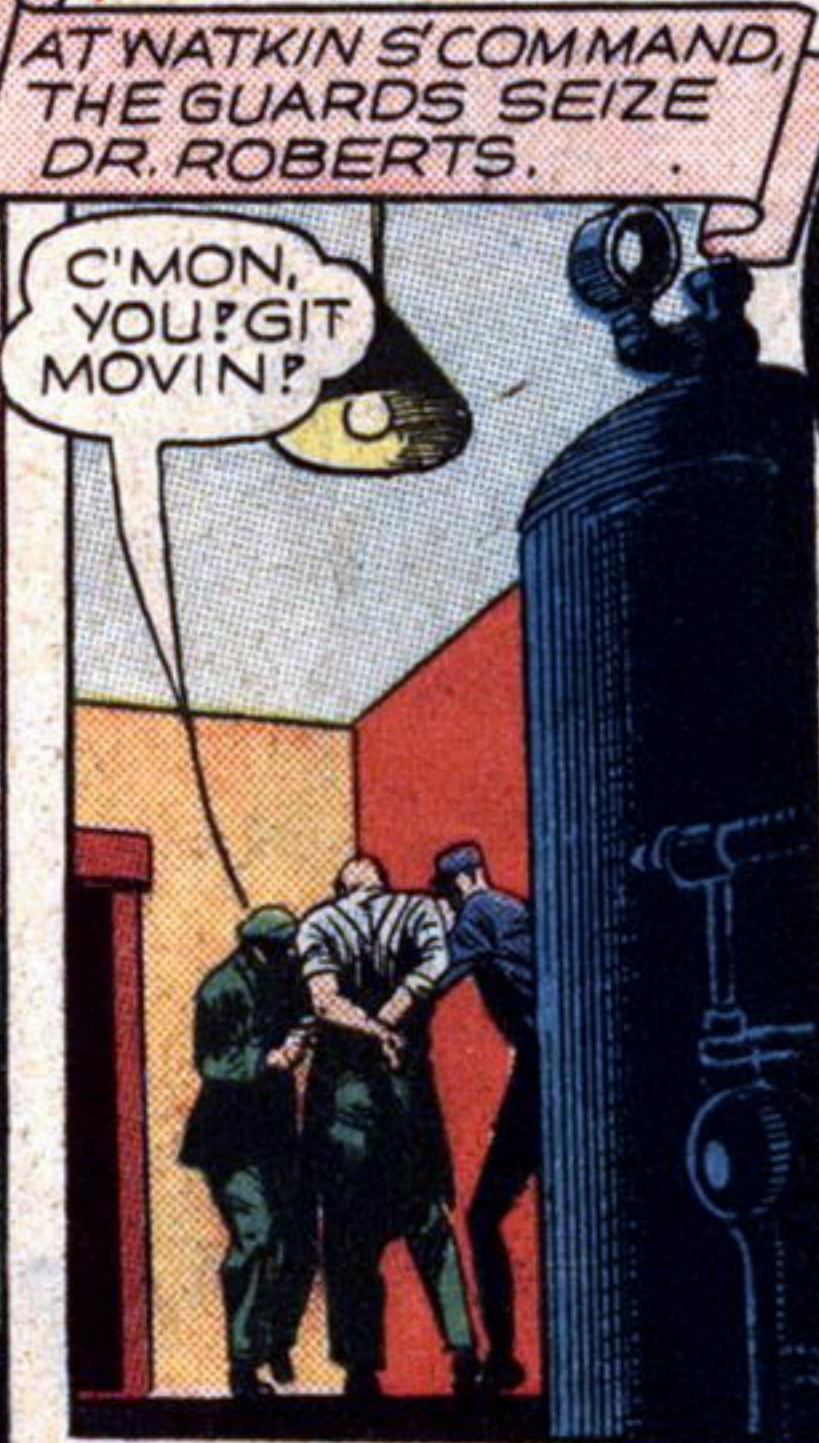
STEP ON IT, FELIX! THE FOREMAN IS HAVIN' TROUBLE WIT SOME WISE MUG!

IT'S DA BUM'S RUSH FER HIM!



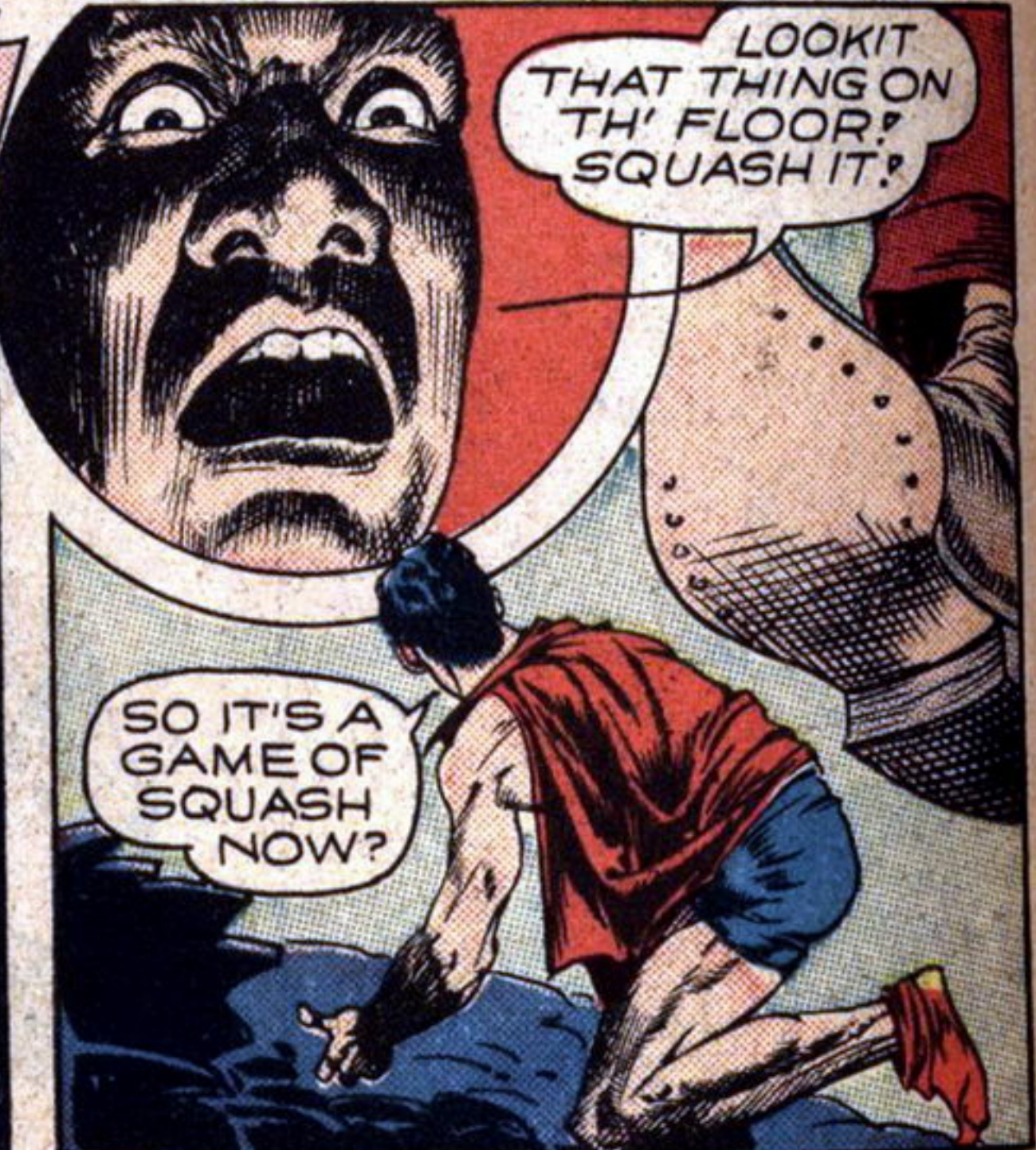
BUT IN A FLASH, DARREL BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.

HEY! WHERE'D DAT SKUNK SCRAM TO?



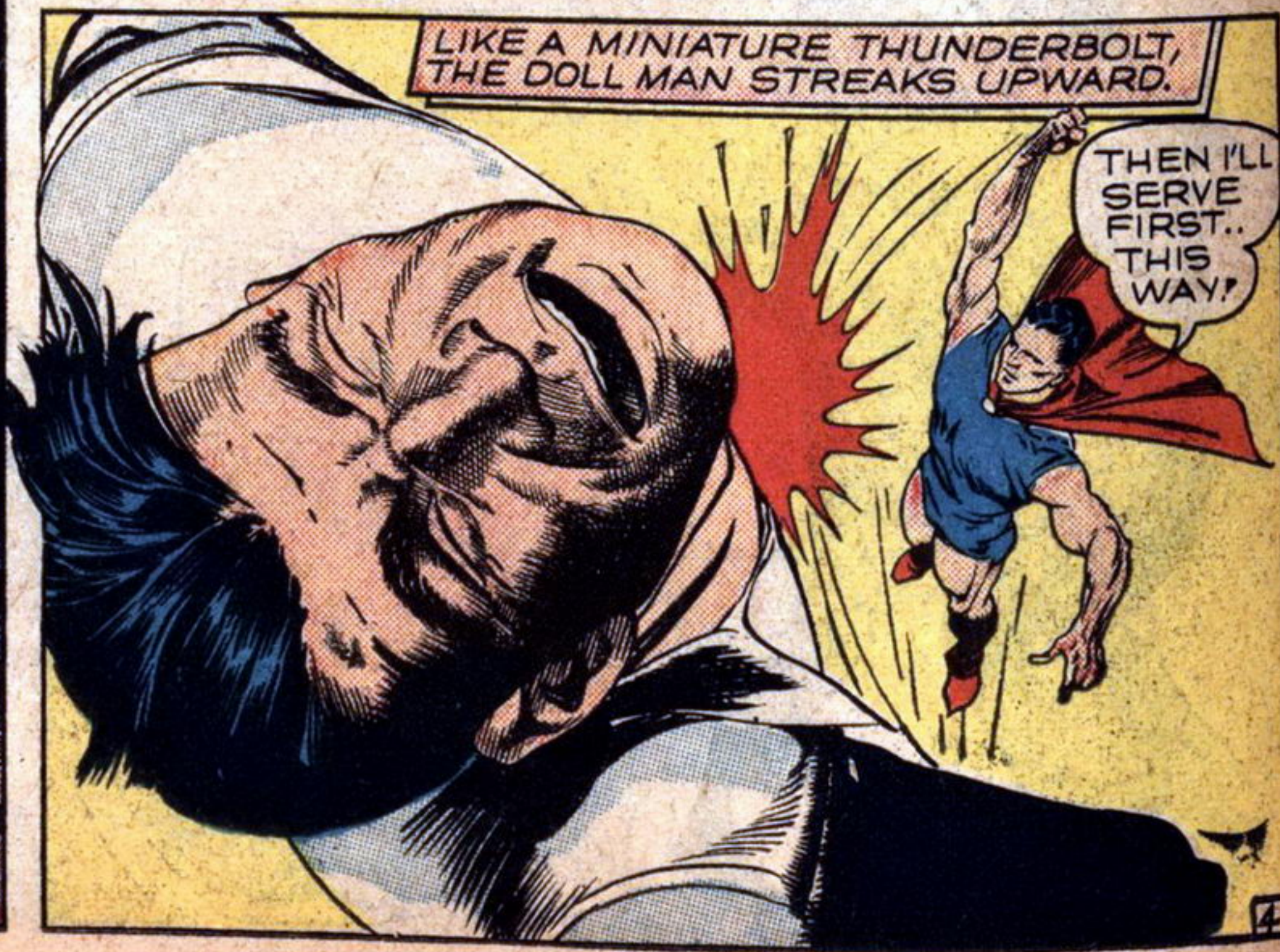
AT WATKIN'S COMMAND, THE GUARDS SEIZE DR. ROBERTS.

C'MON, YOU! GIT MOVIN!



LOOKIT THAT THING ON TH' FLOOR! SQUASH IT!

SO IT'S A GAME OF SQUASH NOW?



LIKE A MINIATURE THUNDERBOLT, THE DOLL MAN STREAKS UPWARD.

THEN I'LL SERVE FIRST.. THIS WAY!

WITH THE SPEED AND DESTRUCTIVE FORCE OF A TORNADO, THE DOLL MAN SWINGS BLOW AFTER BLOW INTO THE FOREMAN AND HIS GUARD.

NINETEEN..
TWENTY..
TWENTY-ONE
TO NOTHING?
MY GAME?

NIMBLY THE DOLL MAN DIPS
INTO THE POCKETS OF HIS
UNCONSCIOUS VICTIMS.

WOW! WHAT A
ROLL FOR A GUARD
TO BE LUGGING!
I WONDER
WHO'S PAY-
ING HIM
FOR WHAT??

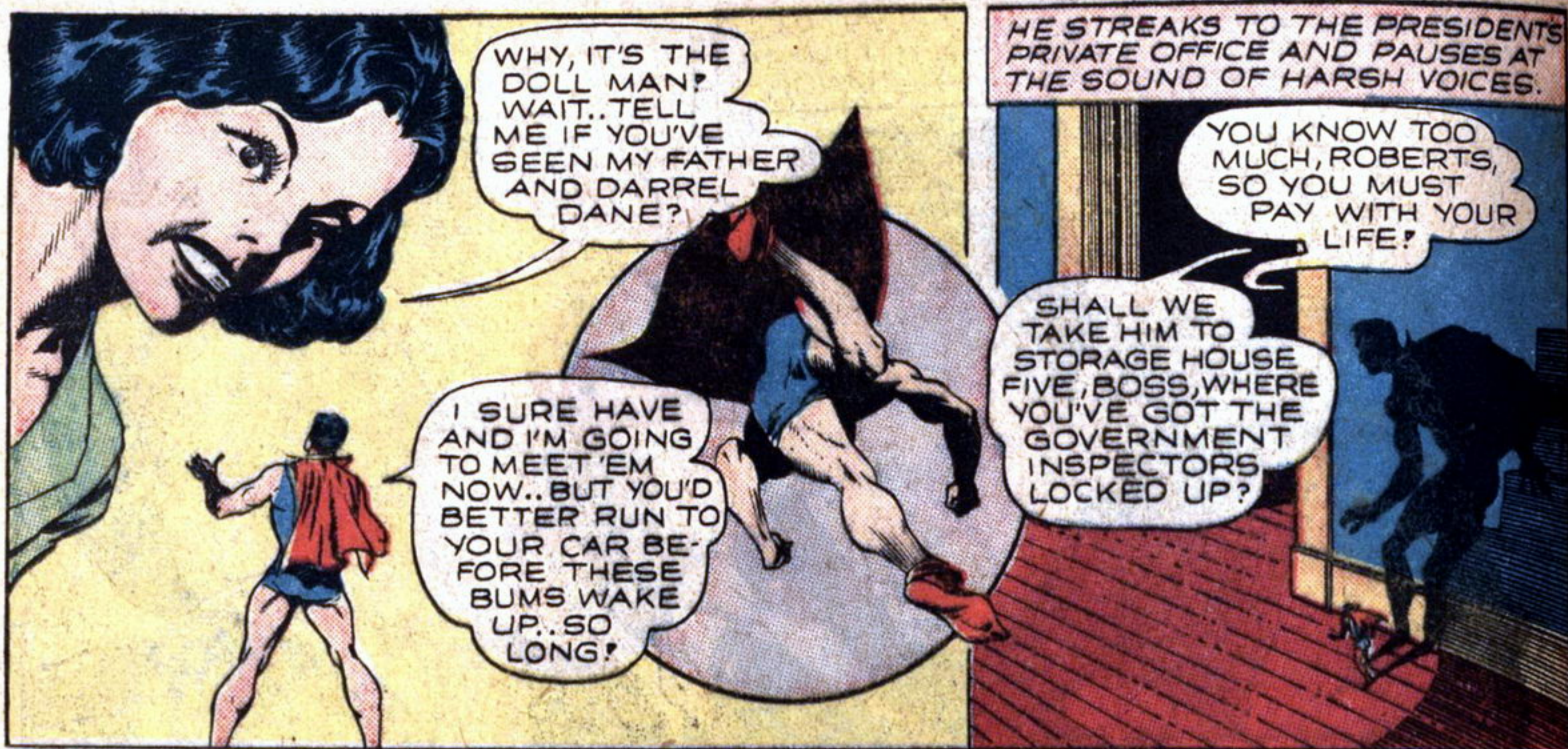
NOW WHAT THE
DEUCE BECAME OF
DOC ROBERTS?
THOSE OTHER
GUARDS MUST
HAVE TAKEN HIM
TO DUBOIS'
OFFICE?

WHIZZING INTO THE YARD, HE
FINDS MARTHA GETTING
ROUGH TREATMENT.

G'WAN! GET
OUT! YOU CAN'T
HANG AROUND
HERE!

A POWERFUL LEAP SHOTS
THE DOLL MAN SMACK PAST
EACH GUARD'S JAW.

OH!



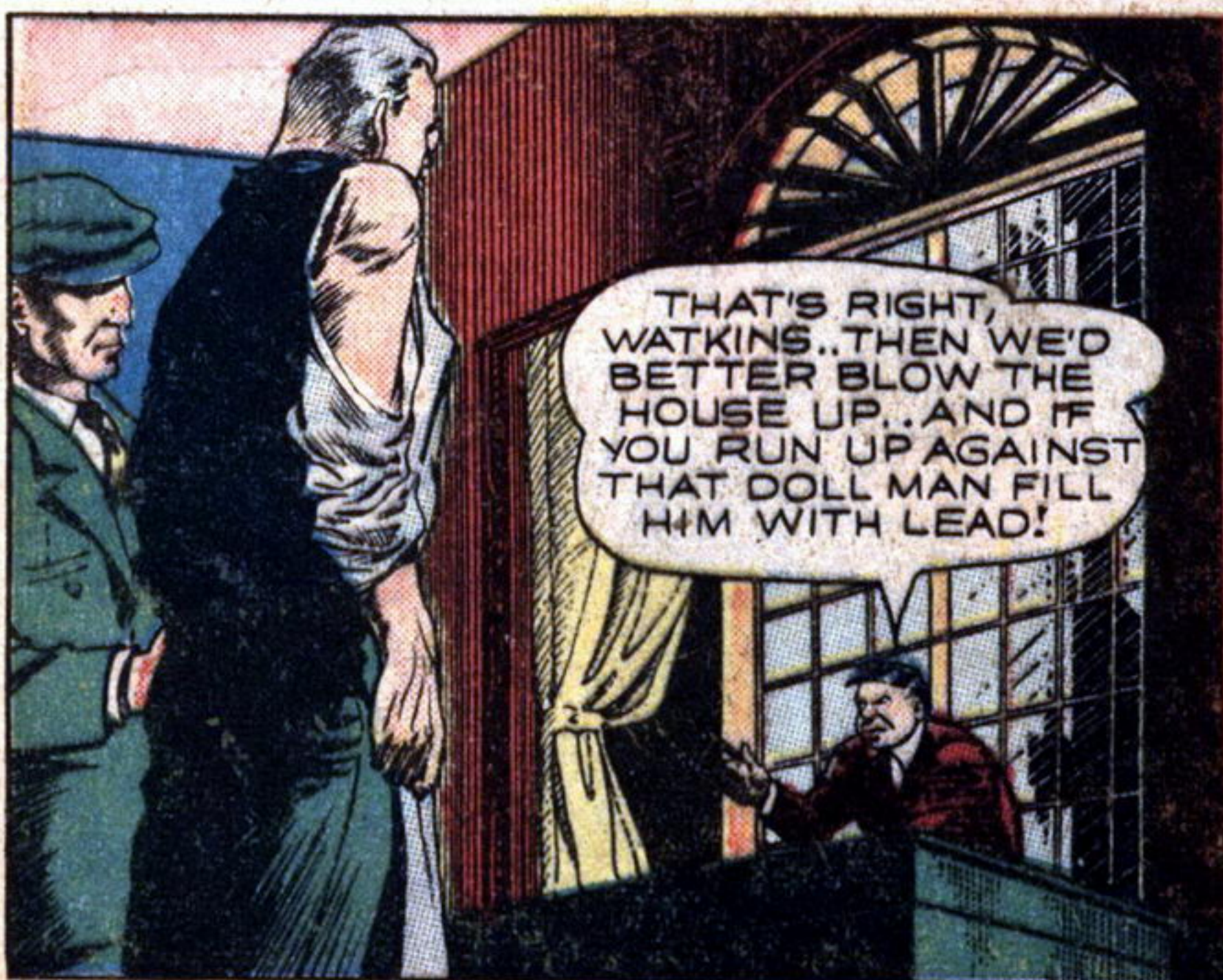
WHY, IT'S THE DOLL MAN! WAIT..TELL ME IF YOU'VE SEEN MY FATHER AND DARREL DANE?

I SURE HAVE AND I'M GOING TO MEET 'EM NOW..BUT YOU'D BETTER RUN TO YOUR CAR BEFORE THESE BUMS WAKE UP..SO LONG!

HE STREAKS TO THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE OFFICE AND PAUSES AT THE SOUND OF HARSH VOICES.

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, ROBERTS, SO YOU MUST PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!

SHALL WE TAKE HIM TO STORAGE HOUSE FIVE, BOSS, WHERE YOU'VE GOT THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS LOCKED UP?



THAT'S RIGHT, WATKINS..THEN WE'D BETTER BLOW THE HOUSE UP..AND IF YOU RUN UP AGAINST THAT DOLL MAN FILL HIM WITH LEAD!

DUBOIS FAILS TO HEAR TINY FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM AS HE WATCHES THE GUARDS LEADING DR. ROBERTS TO HIS DEATH.

THE EXPLOSION WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT. THEN I CAN GO AHEAD ON THOSE SPECIAL NAVY ORDERS!

WITH THE SKILLED MIND OF A DETECTIVE, THE DOLL MAN KNOWS THAT A DESK DRAWER OFTEN REVEALS VITAL INFORMATION.



GREAT GUNS! DUBOIS IS VIOLATING FEDERAL LAWS! THIS CONTRACT IS WITH A TOTALITARIAN NATION!

RUSTLING PAPERS CATCH DUBOIS'S ATTENTION..



WHAT TH??

A SUDDEN LEAP BY DUBOIS AND THE DOLL MAN IS CAPTURED..



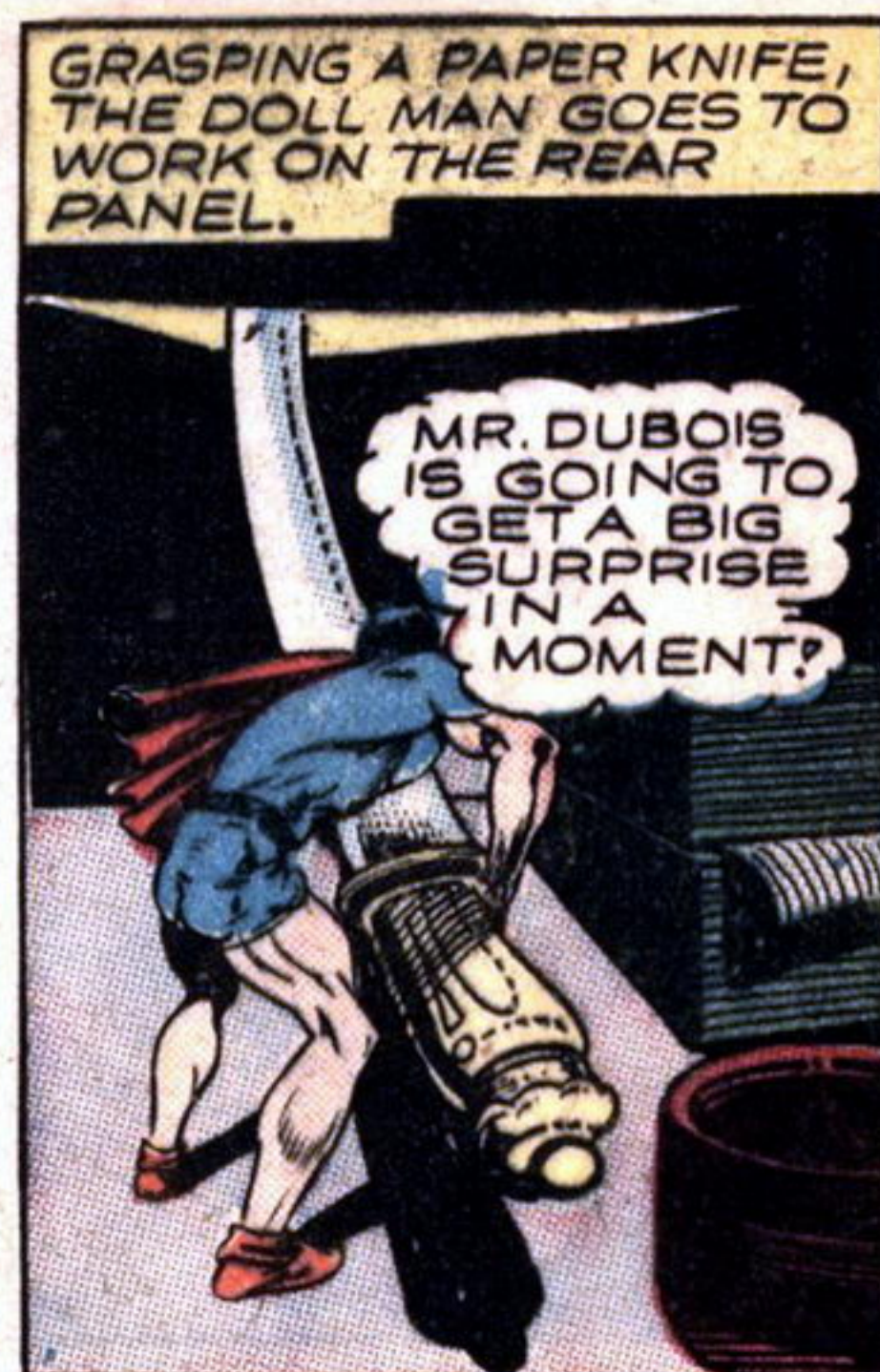


ALL RIGHT.. YOU TRAPPED ME? BUT TRY AND GET ME OUT, YOU DOUBLE-DEALING WARMONGER!



WHY, YOU RAT-SIZED RUNT? I'LL CRUSH YOU IN MY BARE HANDS!

HM..WONDER IF I CAN OPEN THE DRAWER WITHOUT HIS SLIPPING OUT FREE?



GRASPING A PAPER KNIFE, THE DOLL MAN GOES TO WORK ON THE REAR PANEL.

MR. DUBOIS IS GOING TO GET A BIG SURPRISE IN A MOMENT!



WOOD SPLINTERS AS HE FORCES HIS POWERFUL BODY THROUGH THE CRACK.

NOW I'LL STEP OUTSIDE THE DOOR!



IN THE HALL, HE CHANGES QUICKLY TO HIS NORMAL SELF.

OH, UH.. PARDON ME, MR. DUBOIS? BUT HAVE YOU SEEN DOC ROBERTS?



DUBOIS TAKES A SWING AT DARREL ONE MOMENT TOO LATE.

THAT'S NO WAY TO SHAKE HANDS, BUT IF IT'S YOUR WAY, I'LL TRY IT!



DARREL WHIRLS TO SEE GUARDS CLOSING AROUND HIM.

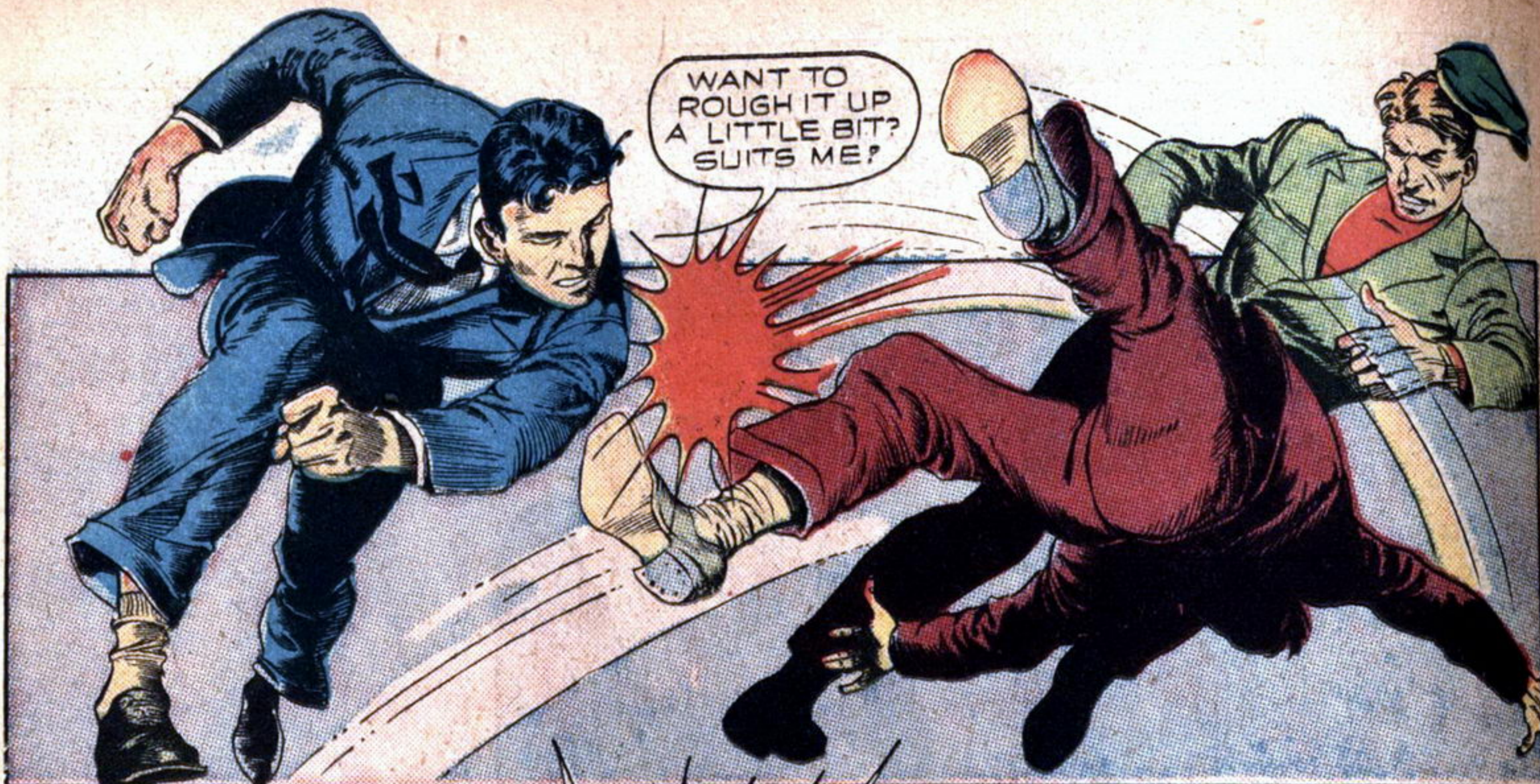
YOU FELLOWS LOOKING FOR THE SAME DOSE? STEP RIGHT THIS WAY?



LISSEN TO DA MUG CROW? OSCAR, C'MON.. WE'LL GIVE HIM DA WHOLE WORKS, BRASS KNUCKLES AN' ALL!



BLACKJACKS ARC DOWN ON DARREL'S HEAD BUT HIS FISTS FLY FURIOUSLY.



SNARLING CURSES, ONE OF THE GUARDS PULLS A GUN.



WH-WHERE TH' DEUCE DID THAT BIG BUM GO?



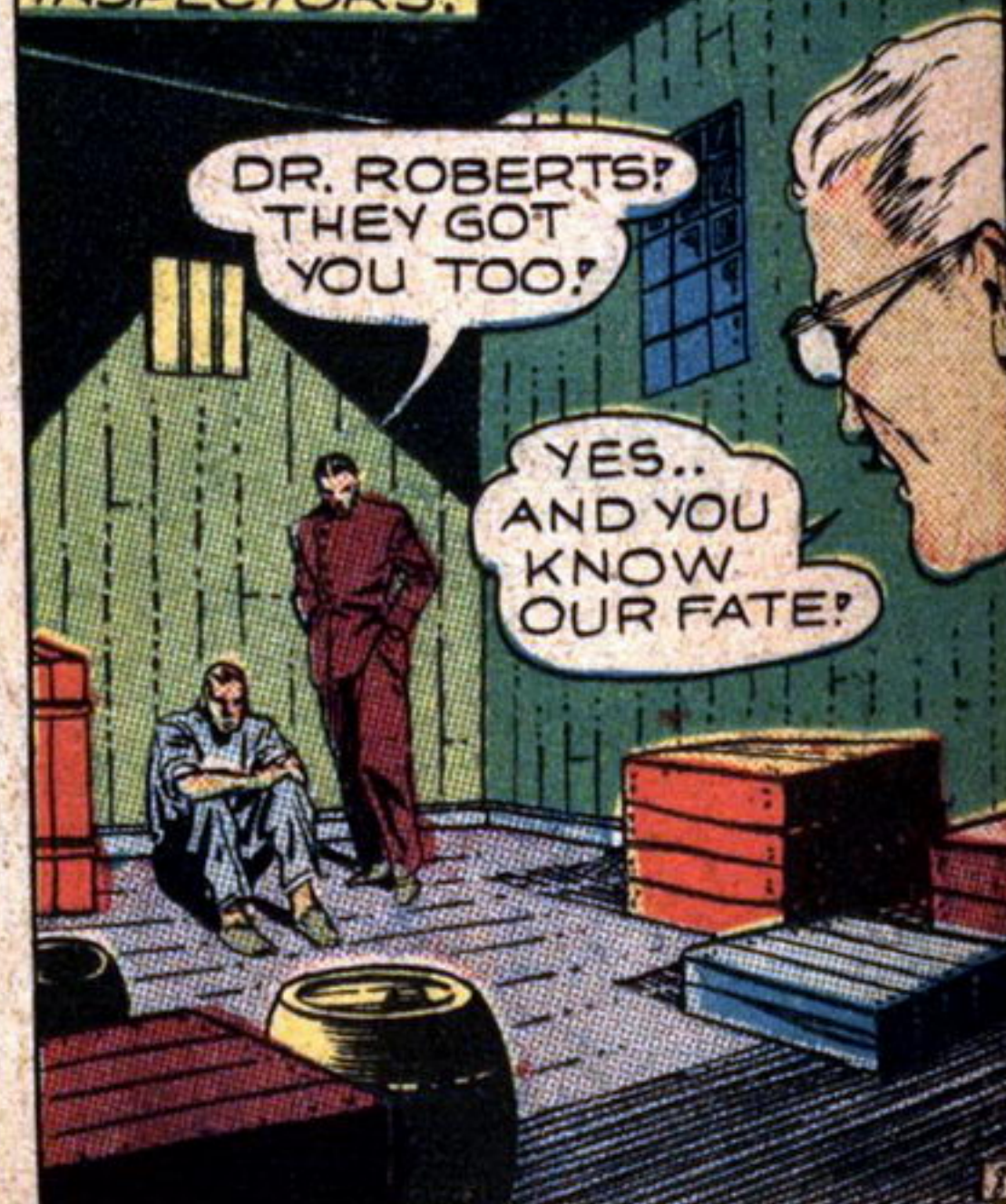
SUDDENLY DUBOIS IS ON HIS FEET, SHOUTING...

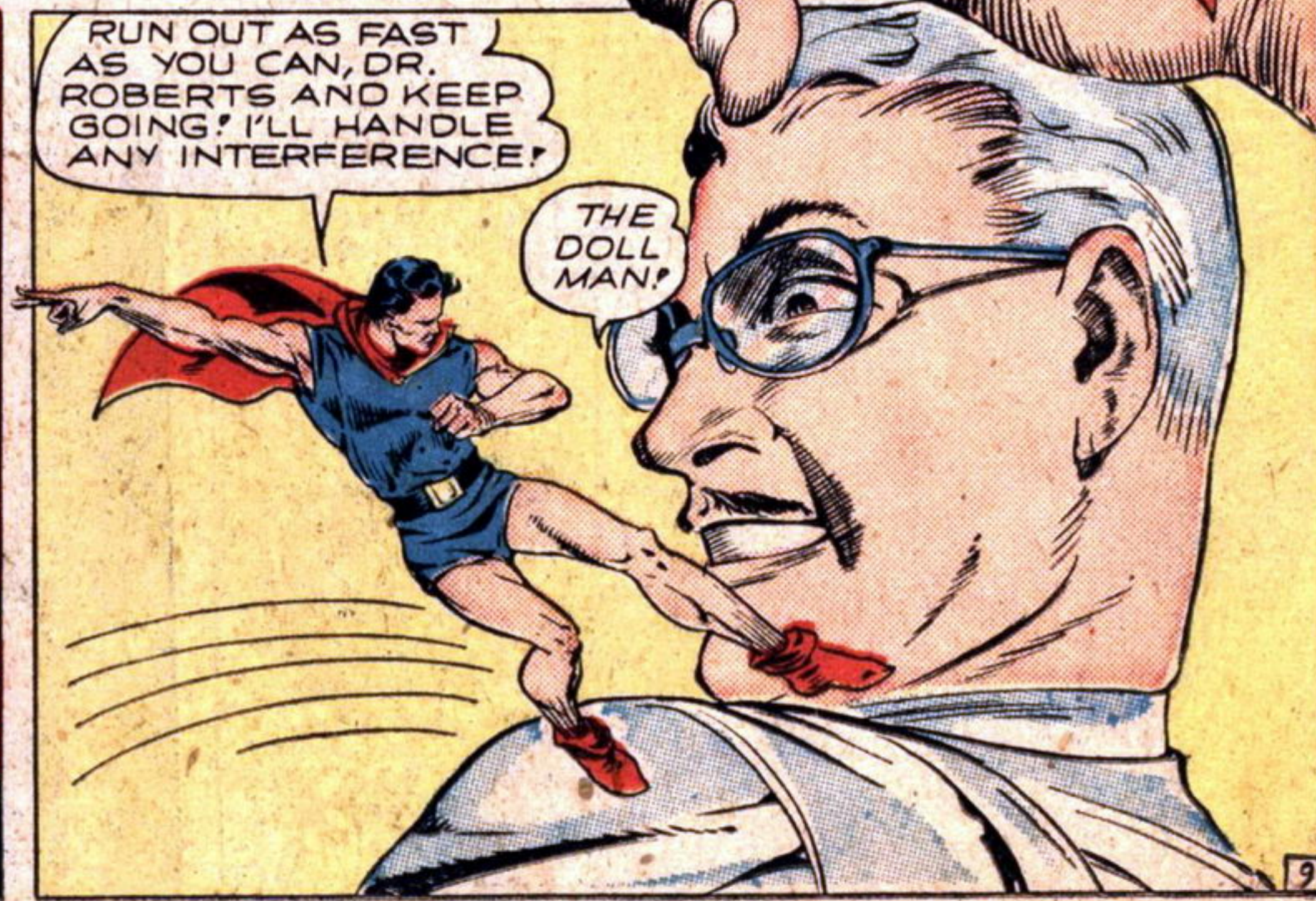
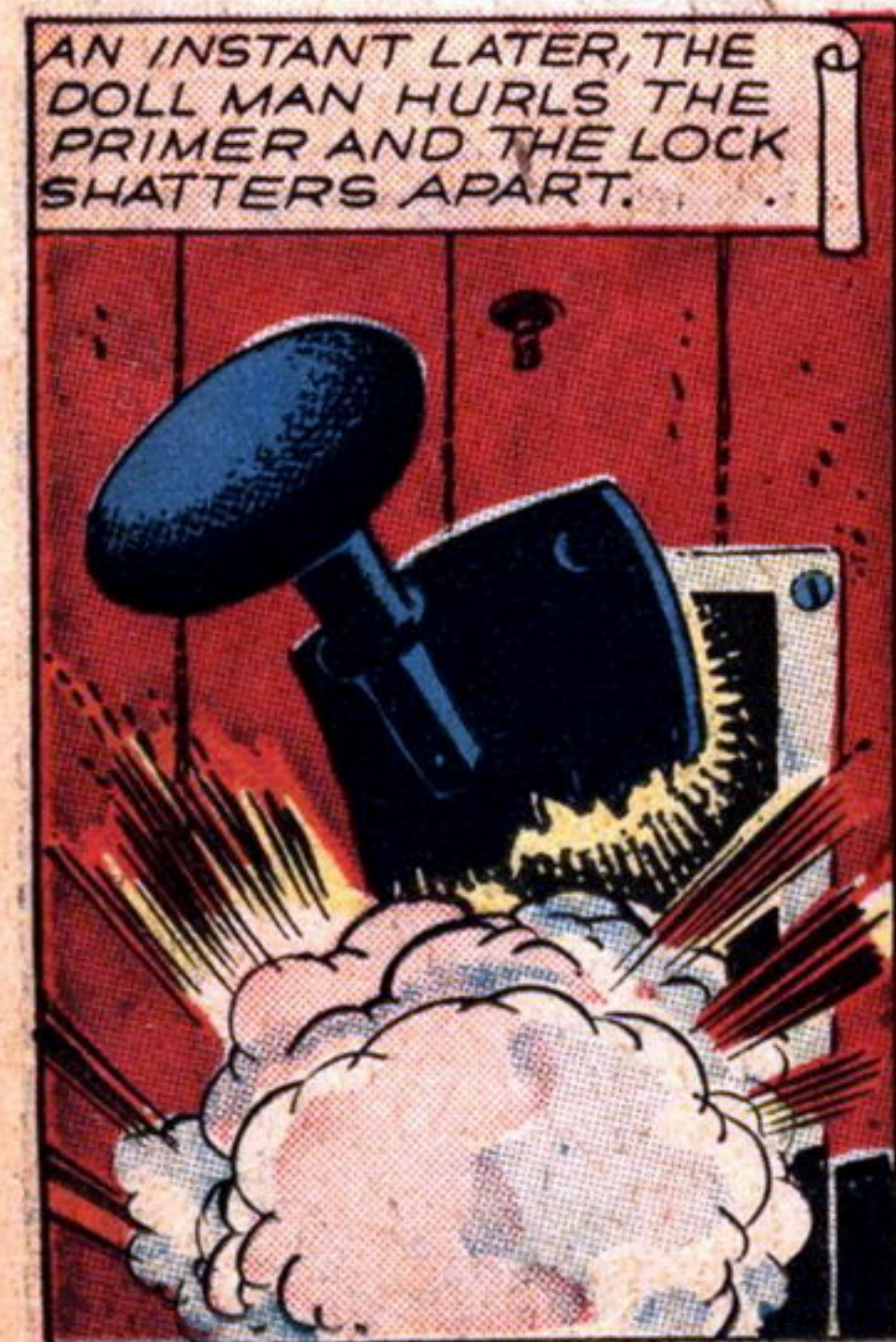
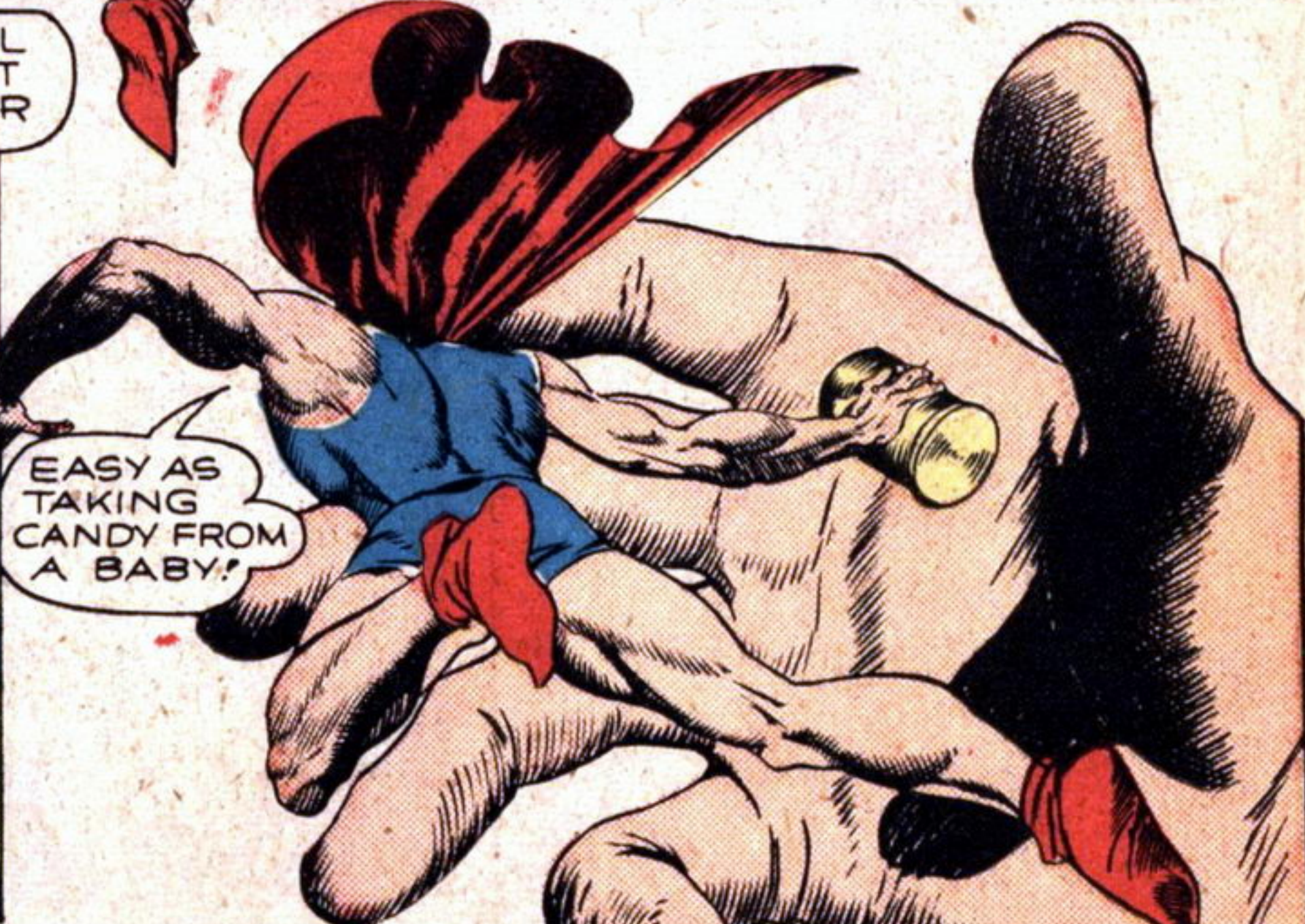
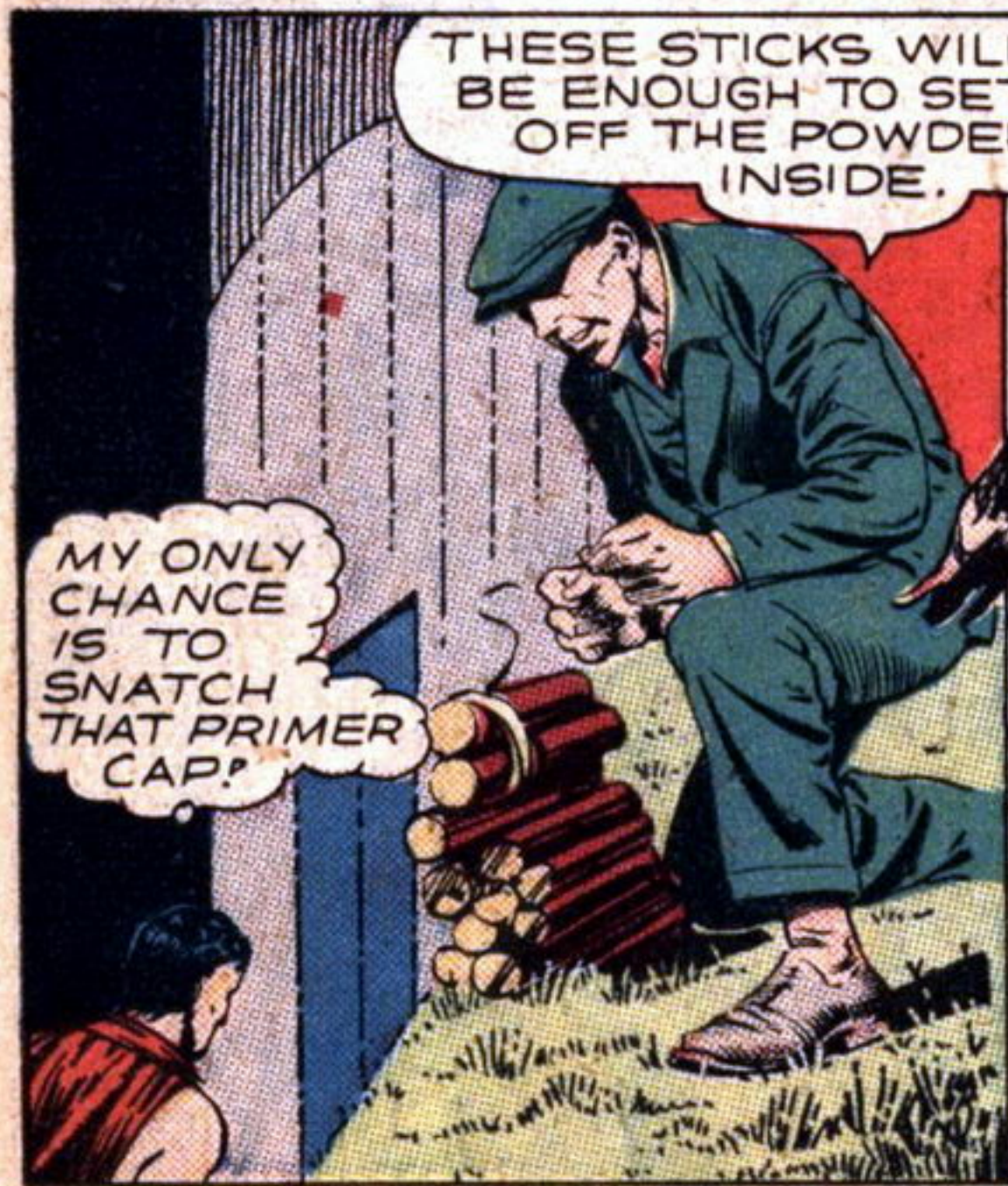
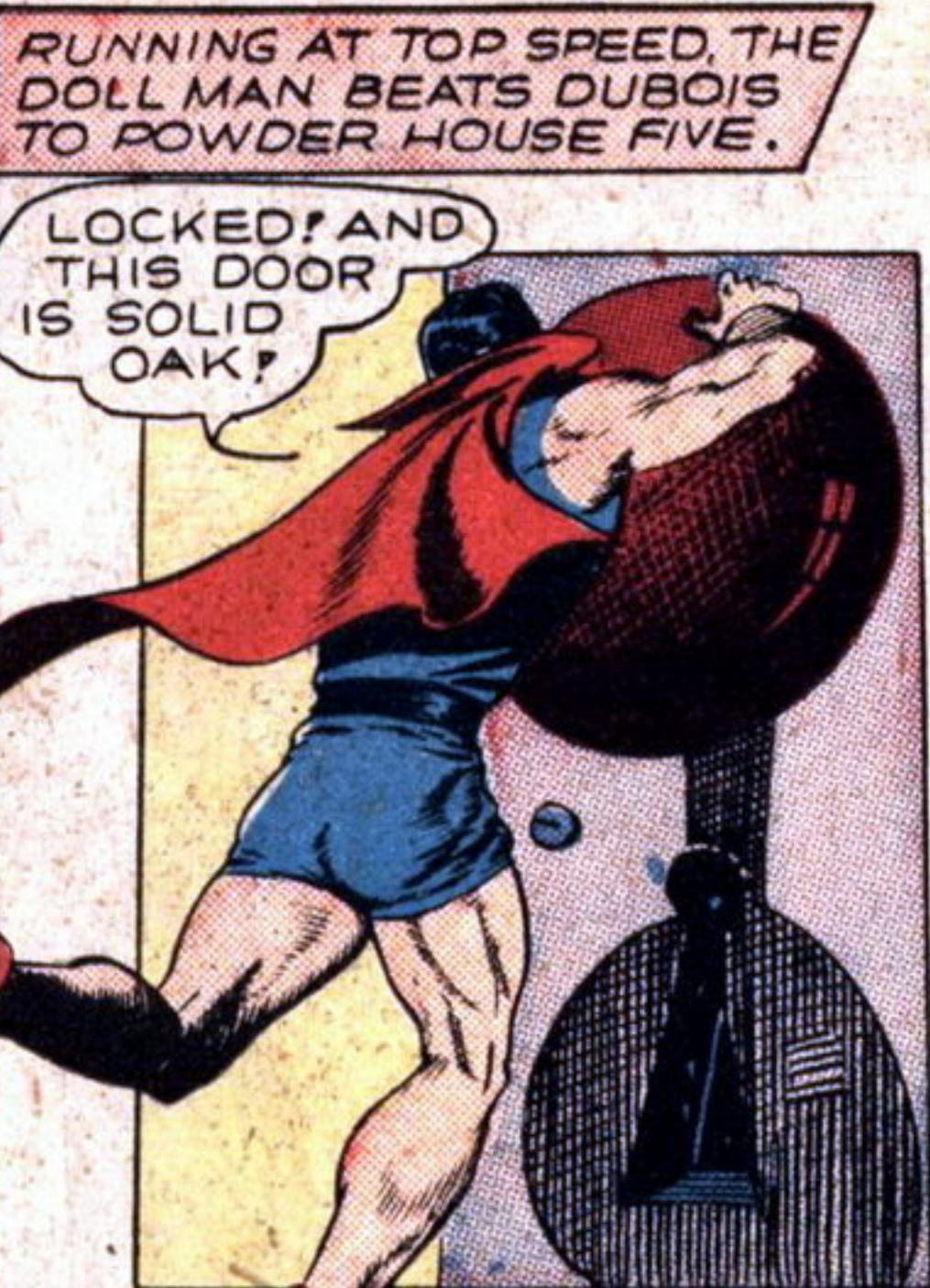


BUT DR. ROBERTS IS ALREADY BEING SHOVED INSIDE THE DEATH CHAMBER.



WHERE HE DISCOVERS THE MISSING FEDERAL INSPECTORS.





DR. ROBERT AND THE INSPECTORS RUSH DIRECTLY INTO WATKINS'S LINE OF FIRE.



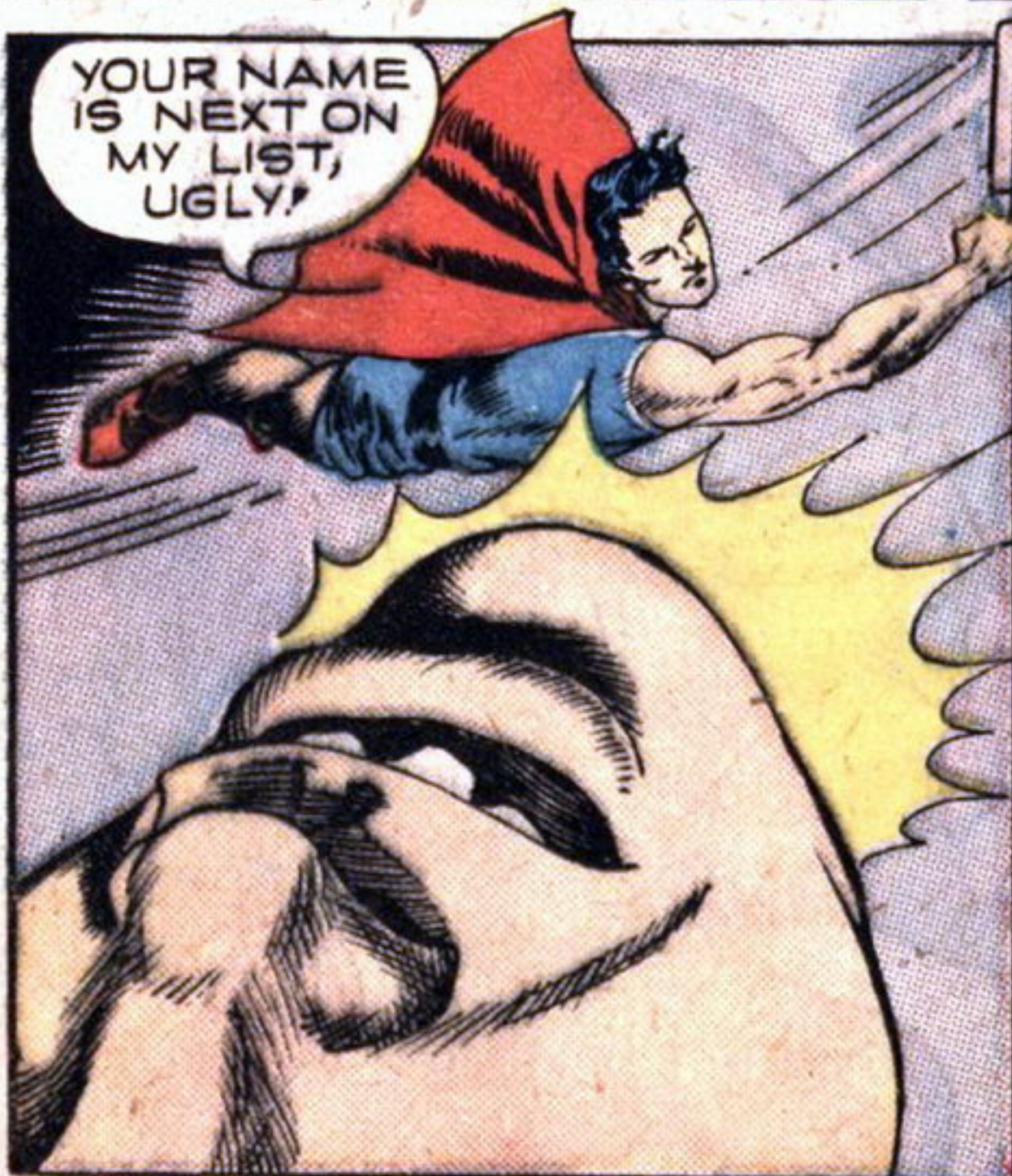
COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

STOP OR I'LL EMPTY MY GUN INTO YOU!

BUT A HIGH LEAP CARRIES THE DOLL MAN ONTO WATKINS'S GUN.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BROKEN THUMB TO MAKE A MAN BEHAVE!



YOUR NAME IS NEXT ON MY LIST, UGLY!

SCREAMING WITH RAGE, THE GUARD CRAWLS TO HIS FEET.

TURN THE DOG LOOSE, WATKINS. HE WILL FINISH THAT PEST!



IN A FEW MOMENTS A VICIOUS MONGREL IS BOUNDING TOWARD THE DOLL MAN.



SIC 'EM, BRUTUS!

WITH SAVAGE SNARLS, THE DOG'S JAWS SNAP AT THE TINY FIGURE.



I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST TO DUCK THOSE FANGS!

DODGING THE DOG'S VICIOUS LUNGES, HE GRABS A PAW IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS.

JIU JITSU SHOULD TURN THE TRICK!



A QUICK TWIST AND THE ANIMAL SAILS THROUGH THE AIR INTO WATKINS.





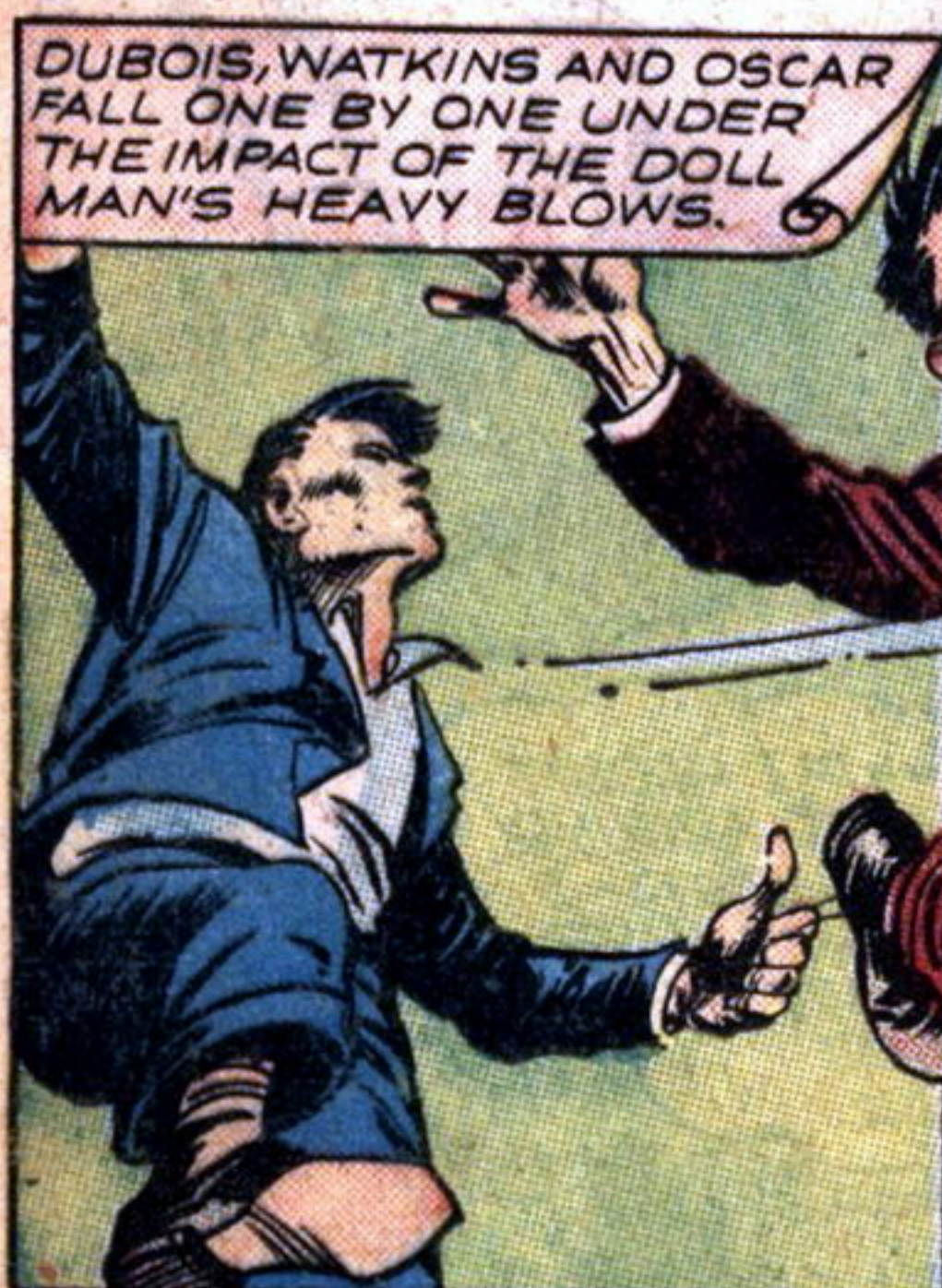
NOW THAT THE POOCH RESPECTS MY STRENGTH, I'LL SETTLE WITH THE REST OF YOU!



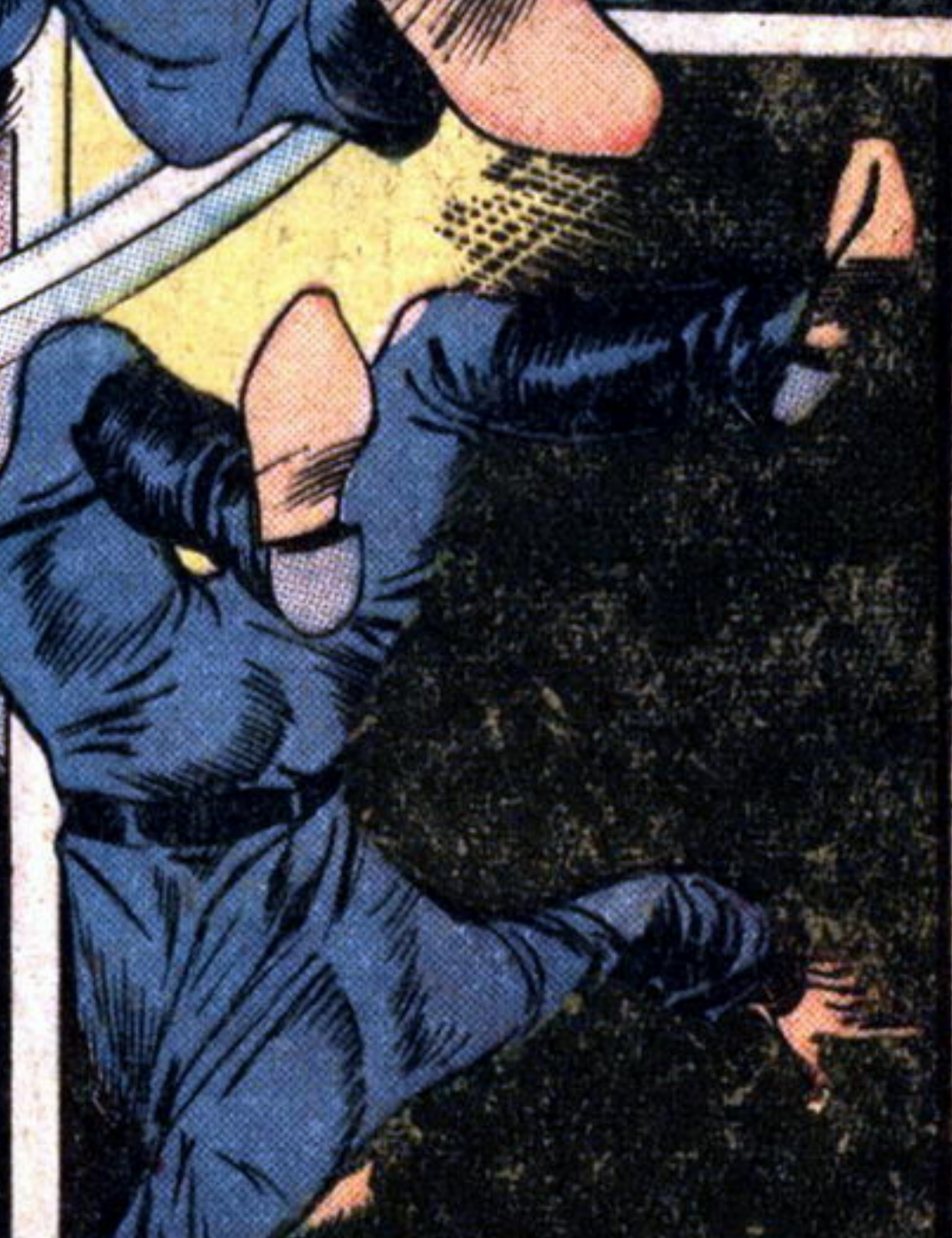
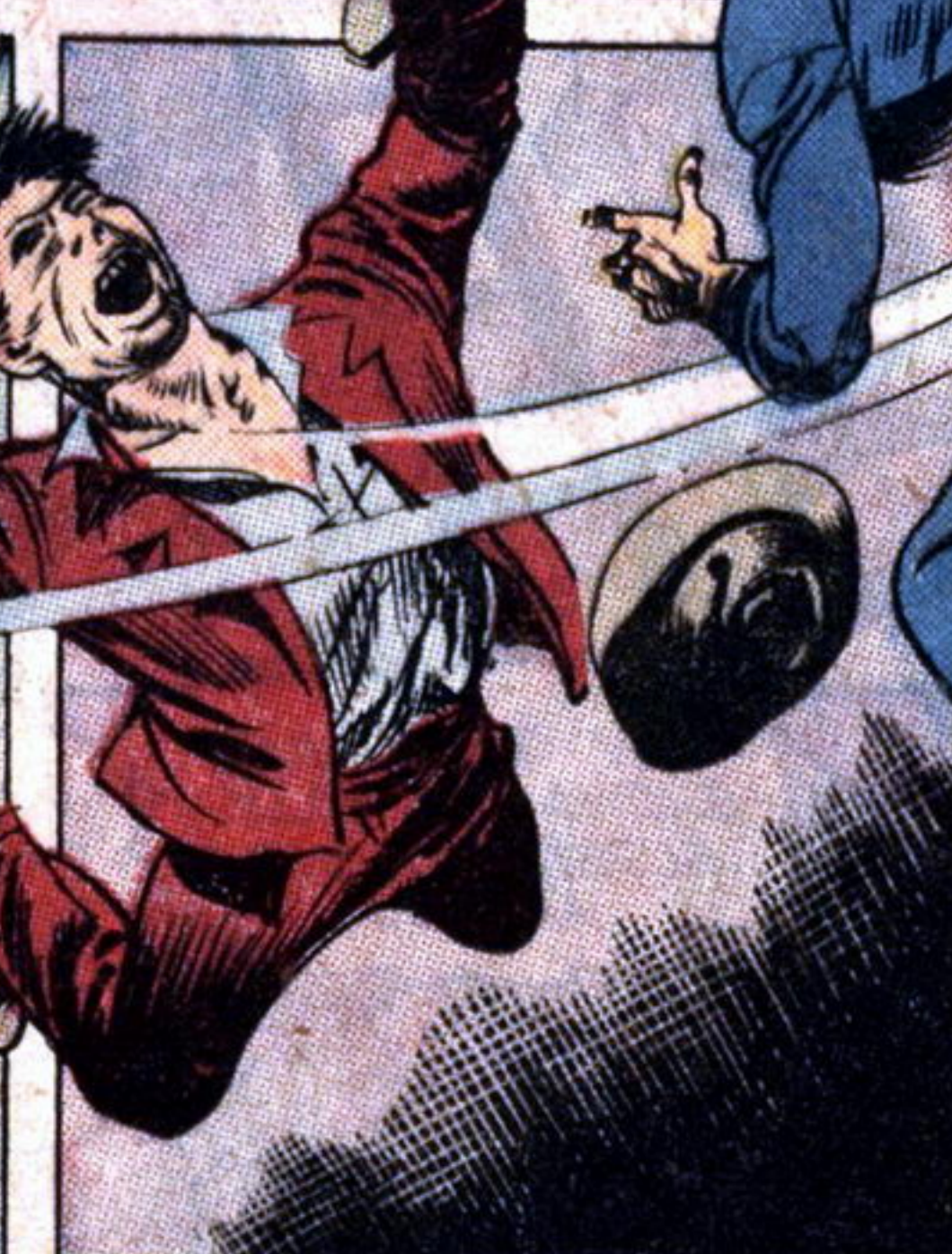
GRAB HIM, SOMEONE!



THE DOLL MAN STORMS THROUGH THE STARTLED MOB WITH POWERFUL LEFTS AND RIGHTS.



DUBOIS, WATKINS AND OSCAR FALL ONE BY ONE UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE DOLL MAN'S HEAVY BLOWS.



THEN THE TINY FISTFUL OF DYNAMITE VANISHES AND DARREL DANE APPEARS.

I'D BETTER HOT FOOT IT TO THE OFFICE!



THERE HE FINDS MARTHA WITH TWO G-MEN WHO HAVE FOUND THE INCRIMINATING PAPERS.

OH, DARREL! I THOUGHT SOMETHING DREADFUL HAPPENED TO YOU!

WELL, THERE WAS A LITTLE EXCITEMENT OVER AT POWDER HOUSE FIVE.



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHAKES THE BUILDING.

HEAVENS! THAT WAS STORAGE HOUSE FIVE.. WAS DAD THERE?

NO.. HE'S OUT BY THE GATE BUT DUBOIS WAS CAUGHT IN THAT BLAST.. OH WELL, IT'LL SAVE THE EXPENSE OF A TRIAL!

BIG TOP

YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK, BUTCH

OH - Y'HAVE ANOTHER DATE, EH?

GOSH! WHAT A DAY! - I'VE HAD A LOT OF LUCK - --ALL BAD!

OOPS! I TRIPPED

IT MUST BE 'CAUSE THAT BLACK CAT CROSSED MY PATH THIS MORNIN'

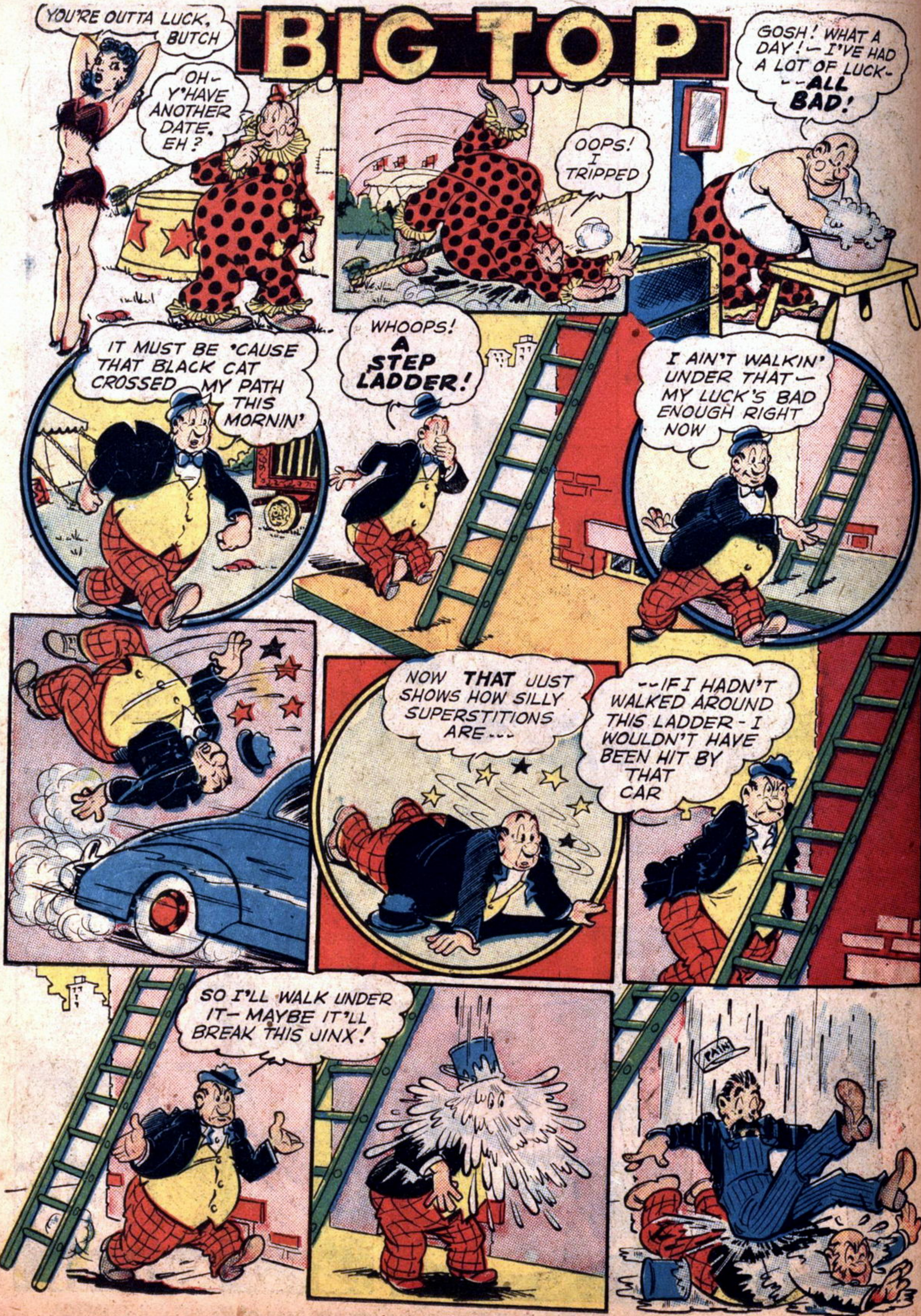
WHOOOPS! A STEP LADDER!

I AIN'T WALKIN' UNDER THAT - MY LUCK'S BAD ENOUGH RIGHT NOW

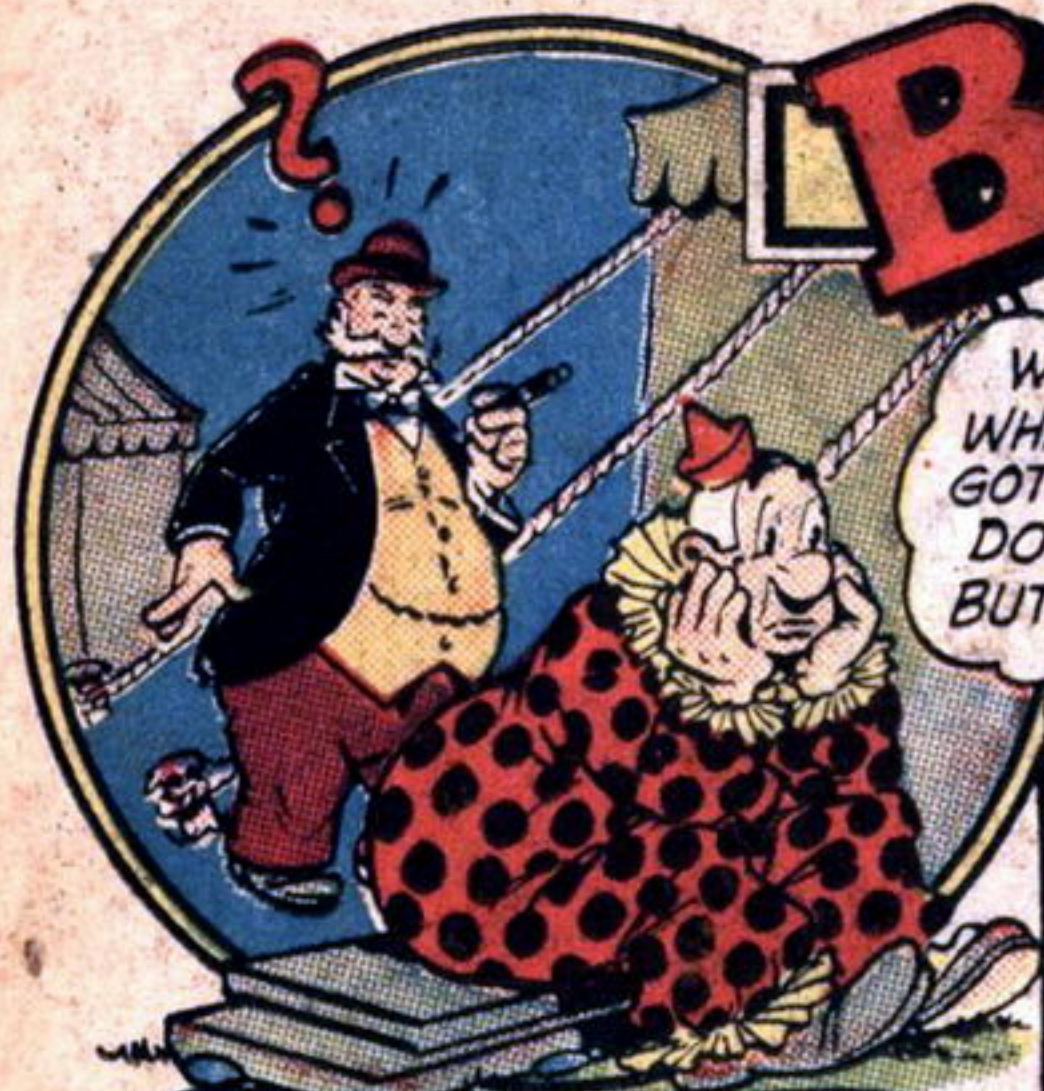
NOW THAT JUST SHOWS HOW SILLY SUPERSTITIONS ARE...

--IF I HADN'T WALKED AROUND THIS LADDER - I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIT BY THAT CAR

SO I'LL WALK UNDER IT - MAYBE IT'LL BREAK THIS JINX!



BIG TOP



WELL, WHAT'S GOT YOU DOWN, BUTCH?

AW—I HAVE A DATE WITH A WEALTHY WIDOW IN TOWN BUT I DON'T OWN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT'S FIT TO WEAR!

IS THAT ALL? SHUCKS!—YOU CAN BORROW A SUIT OF MINE FOR TONIGHT—COME OVER TO MY WAGON

GOSH, BOSS—YOU'RE A PAL!

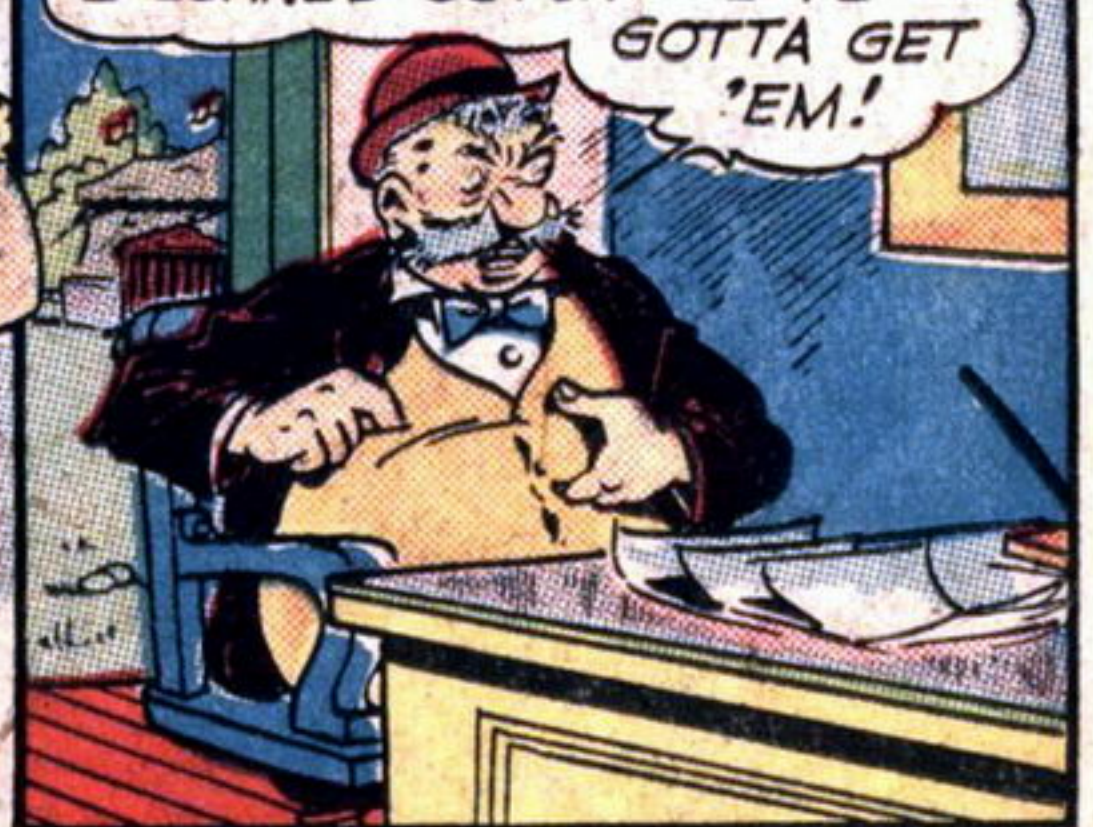
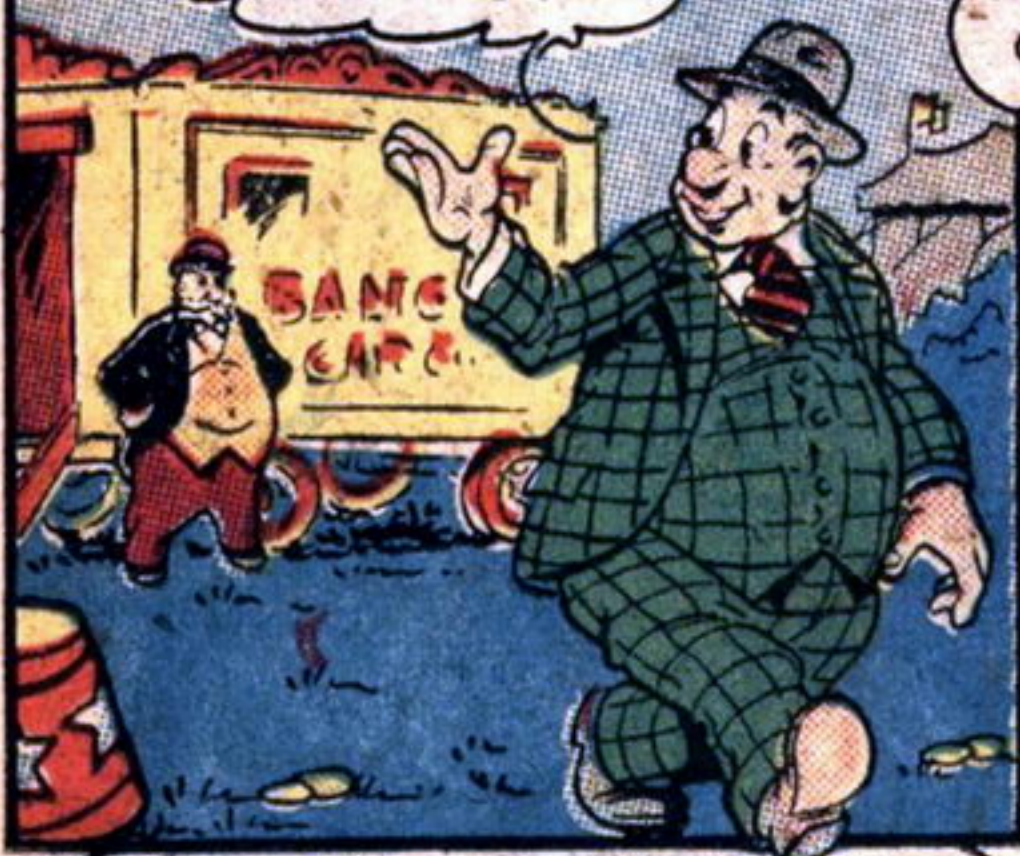


THANKS, BOSS—I HOPE THE WIDOW FALLS FOR ME IN YOUR SUIT!

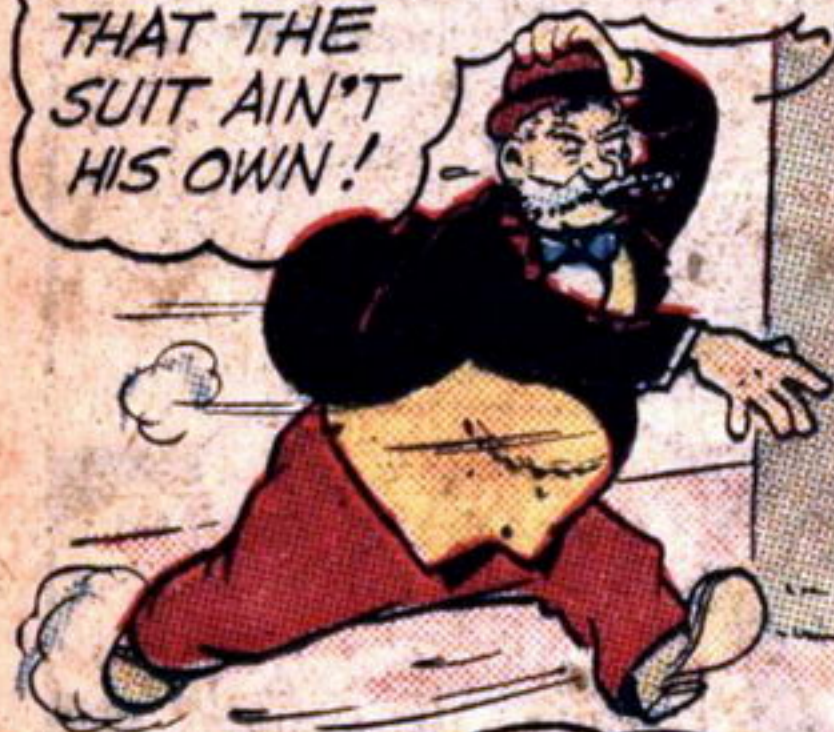
'EVENIN' M'DEAR—YOU LOOK CHARMING

TEE HEE—OH—YOU MEN!

DAWGONE IT!—I LEFT MY EYEGLASSES IN THE SUIT I LOANED BUTCH—I'VE GOTTA GET 'EM!



I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK THE GLASSES OUTTA BUTCH'S POCKET SO HIS GIRL FRIEND DON'T GET WISE THAT THE SUIT AIN'T HIS OWN!

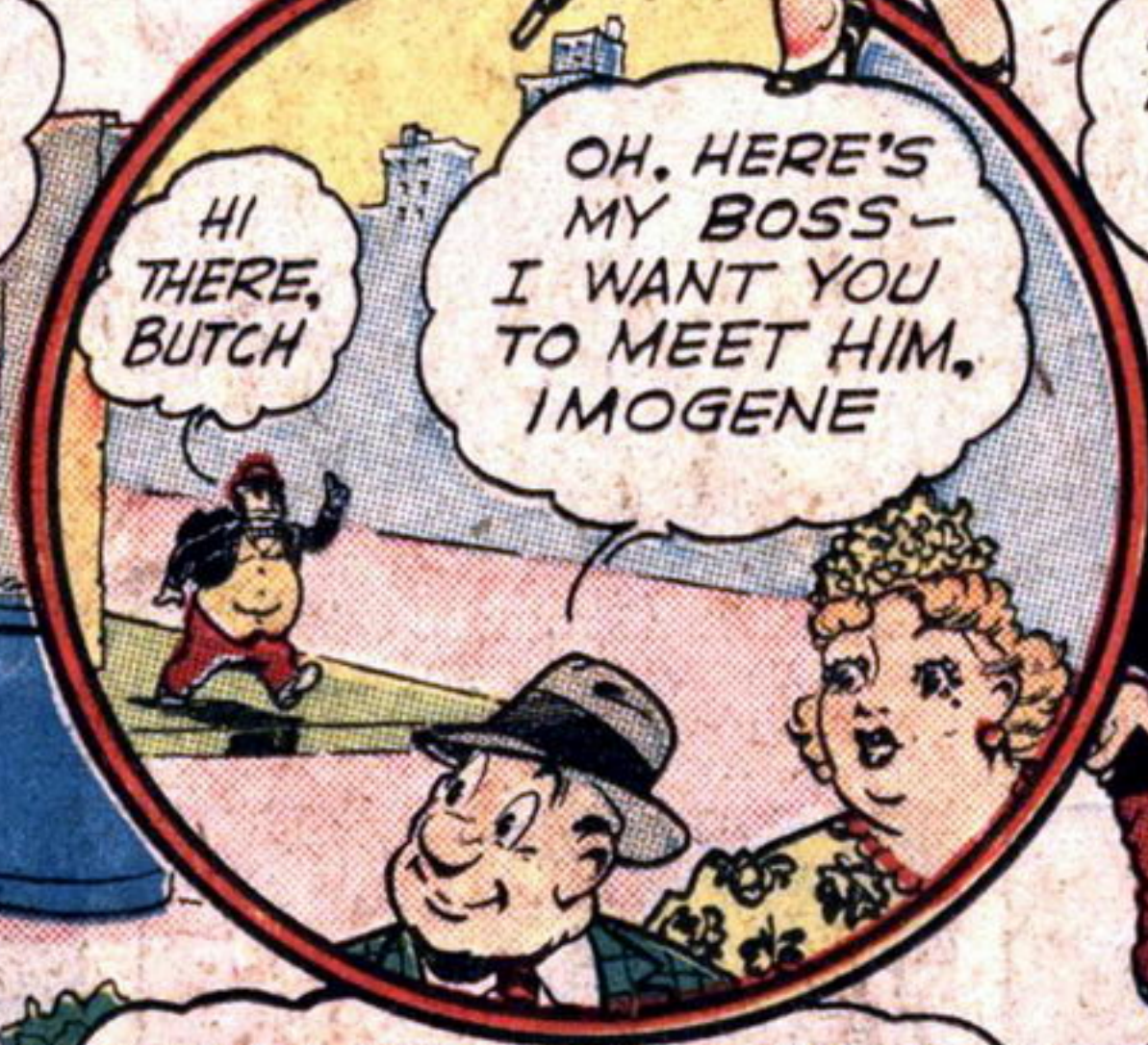


HI THERE, BUTCH

OH, HERE'S MY BOSS—I WANT YOU TO MEET HIM, IMOGENE

IMOGENE—JEFF HERE IS MY BOSS BUT HE'S ALSO MY **BEST FRIEND!**

OH HE IS—IS HE?



WELL, YOUR BEST FRIEND IS **PICKING YOUR POCKET!**



YOU **WORM!** POSING AS BUTCH'S FRIEND WHILE YOU ROB HIM!

YOU'RE TOO GULLIBLE, BUTCH—YOU NEED SOMEONE TO **TAKE CARE OF YOU!**

I'LL SAY I DO—'CAUSE I THINK I JUST **LOST MY JOB!**



SAMAR

BY
John
Charles

SAMAR, MIGHTY MAN OF THE JUNGLE, IS THE RELENTLESS FOE OF ALL WHO DARE TO USE VIOLENCE AND TREACHERY AGAINST HIS FRIENDS OF THE PRIMITIVE WILDWOOD. THE GUARDIAN OF JUNGLE JUSTICE FEARS NO MAN OR BEAST.



SAMAR SHARES HIS MID-DAY MEAL WITH A GIANT AFRICAN CRANE.



SUDDENLY A FRANTIC NATIVE RUSHES UPON THE SCENE.



SAMAR!
BWANA!
HELP!

WHITE MEN
COME. GO BOOM
BOOM WITH DEVIL
STICKS, TRY BREAK
IN VILLAGE AND
STEAL JEWELS
FROM SACRED
CAVE!

SHOW
ME THE
WAY! THIS
CALLS FOR
A LITTLE
ACTION!

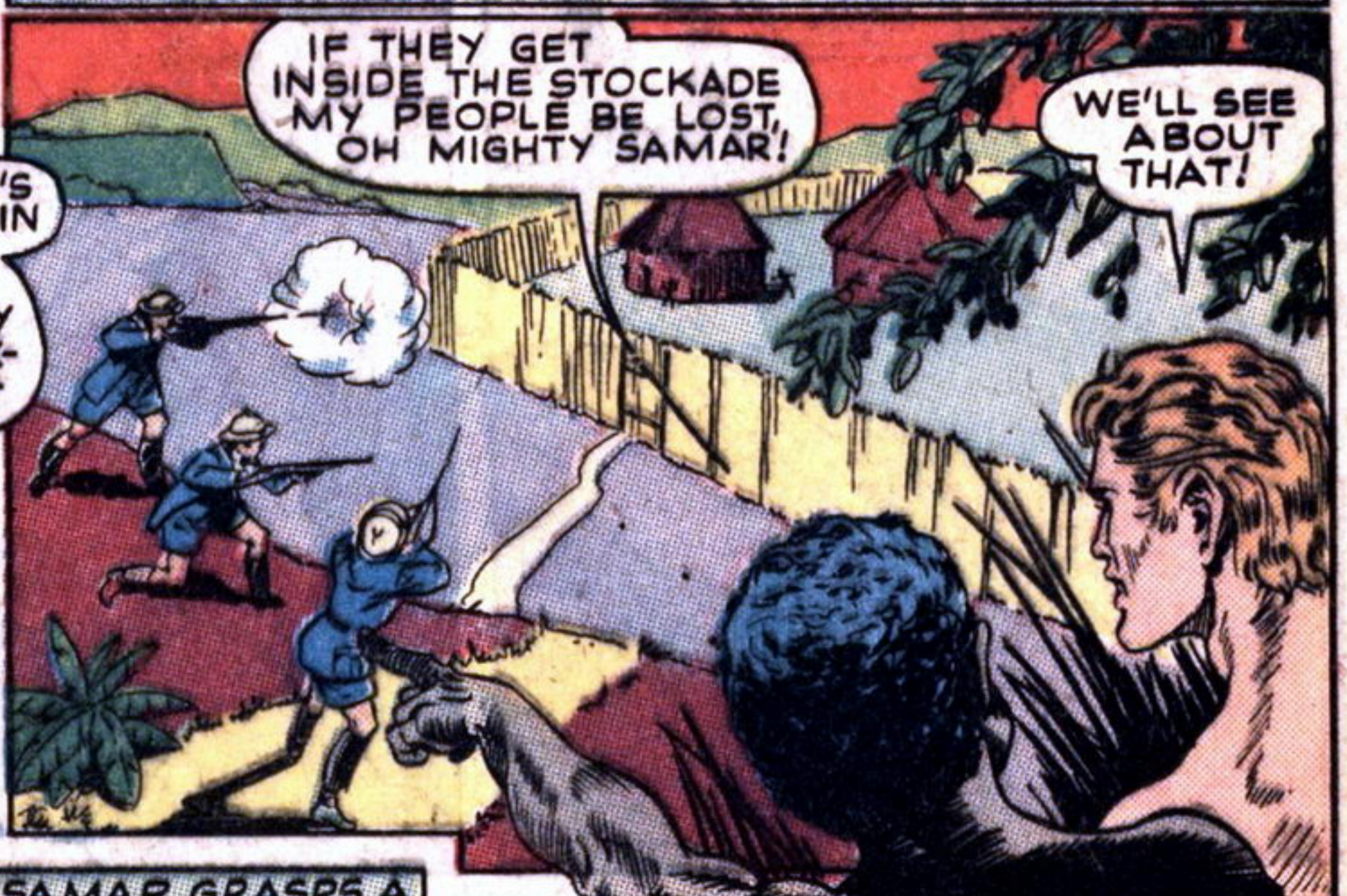


SAMAR INSTITUTES A JUNGLE TAXI-SERVICE..



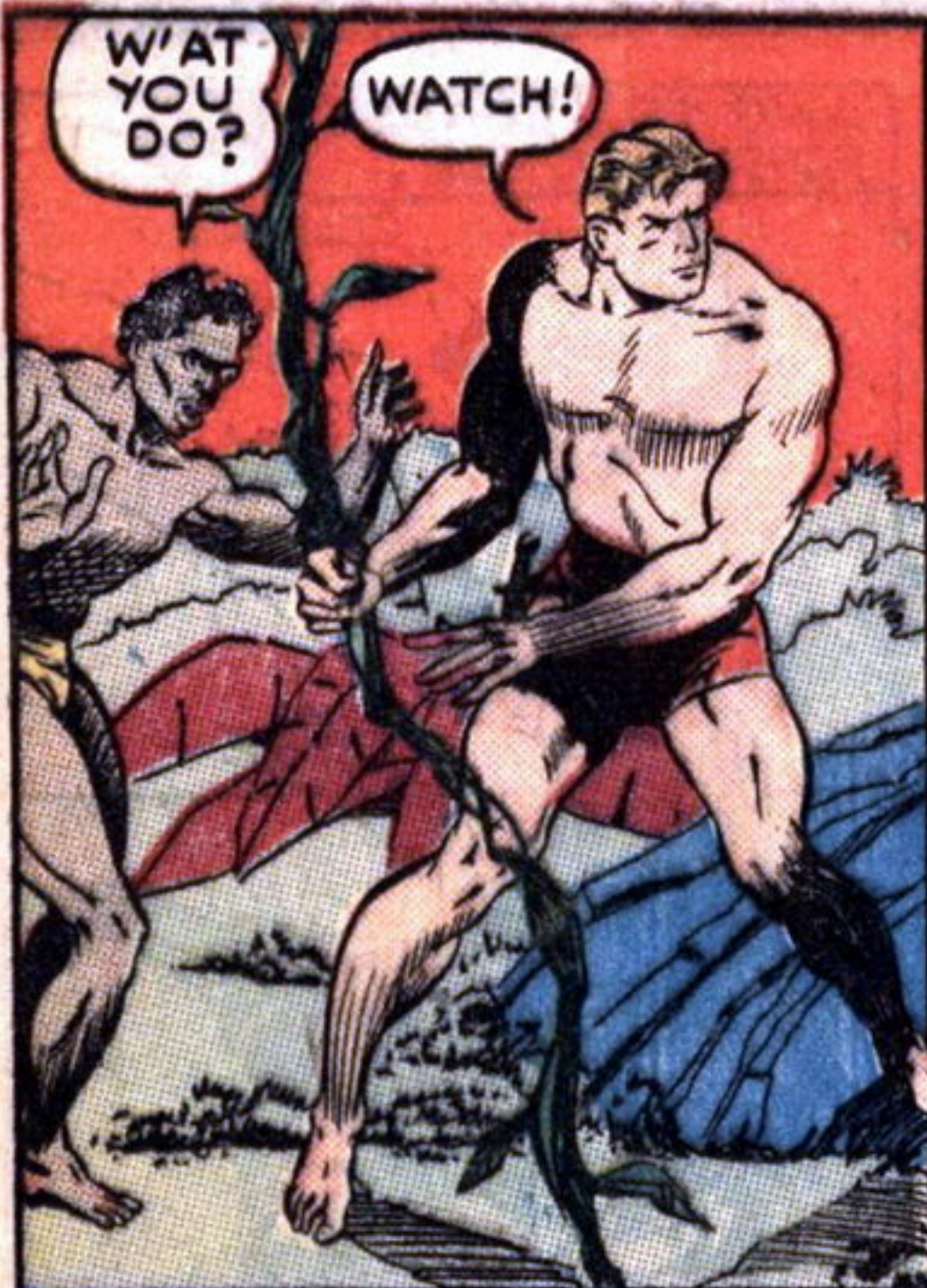
THERE'S ROOM IN THE JUNGLE FOR EVERY ANIMAL EXCEPT TWO-LEGGED RATS!

ARRIVING AT THE VILLAGE, THEY FIND THE HELPLESS TRIBESMEN UNDER MERCILESS FIRE.



IF THEY GET INSIDE THE STOCKADE MY PEOPLE BE LOST, OH MIGHTY SAMAR!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



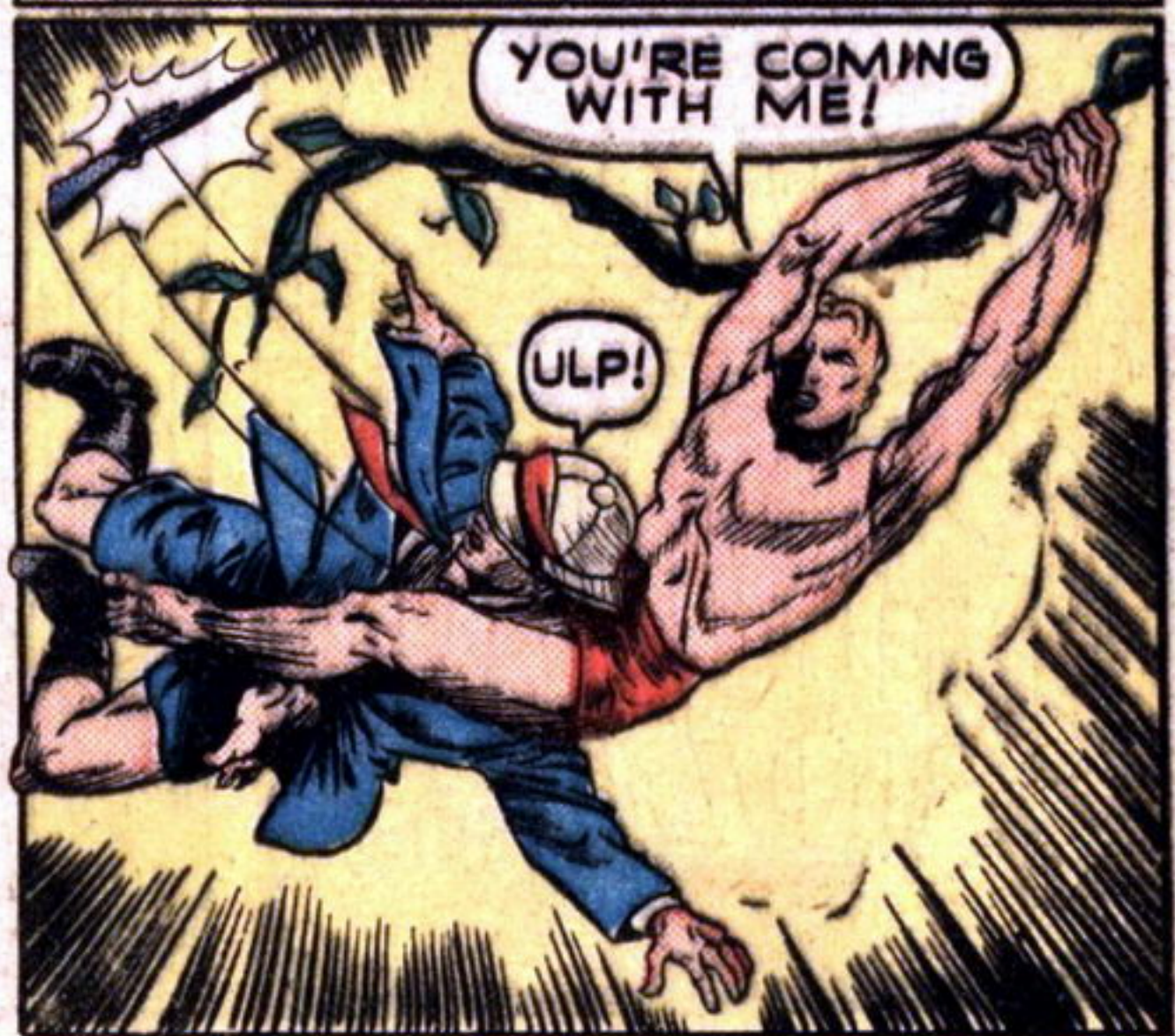
W'AT YOU DO?

WATCH!

SAMAR GRASPS A STOUT VINE AND SWOOPS THROUGH THE AIR.



HIS POWERFUL LEGS CLOSE ABOUT ONE OF THE RAIDERS AND SNATCH HIM FROM THE GROUND.



YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

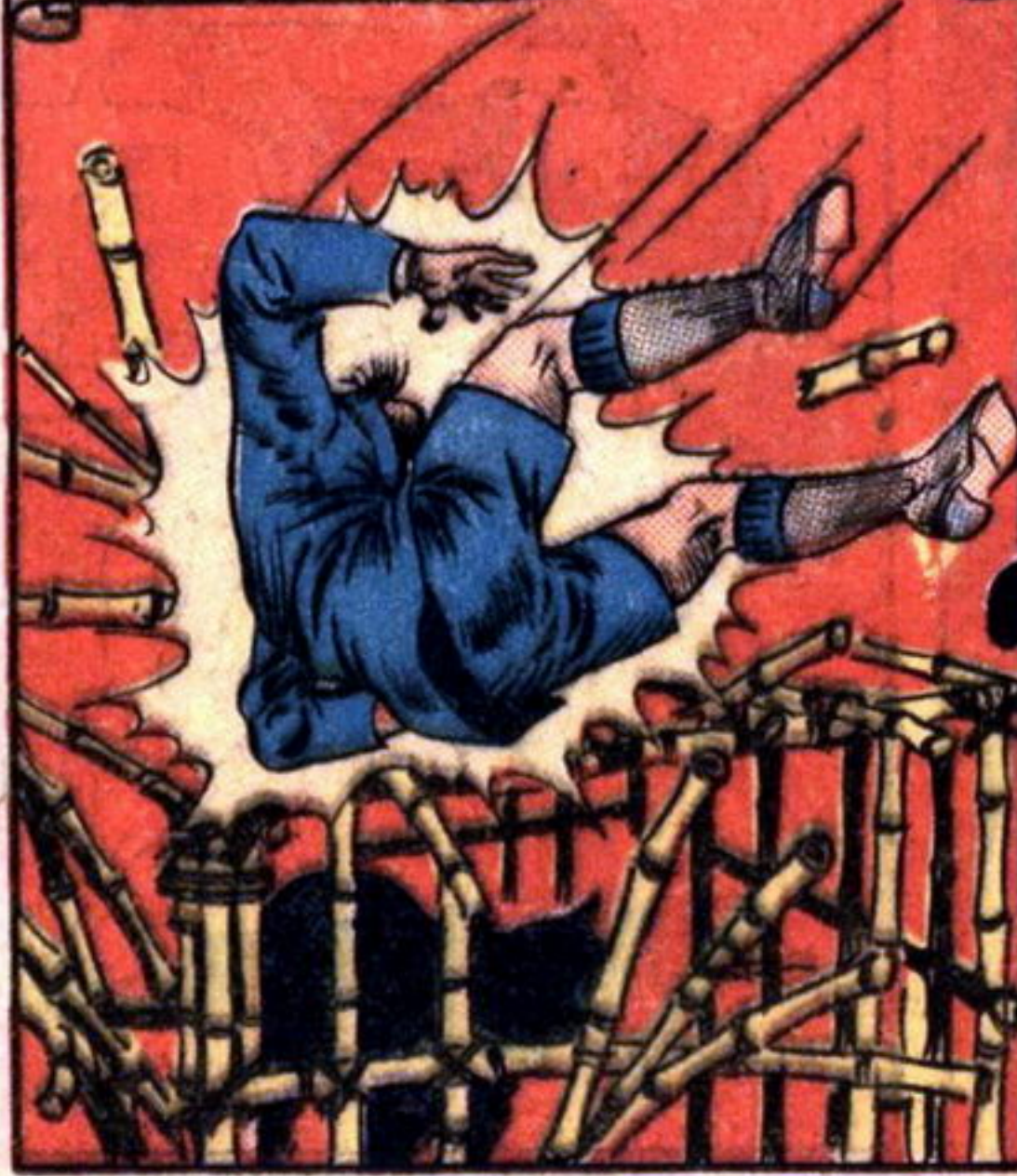
ULP!

SAMAR DUMPS HIM INSIDE THE STOCKADE...



YOU WANTED TO GET IN HERE SO BADLY.. WELL, HERE YOU ARE!

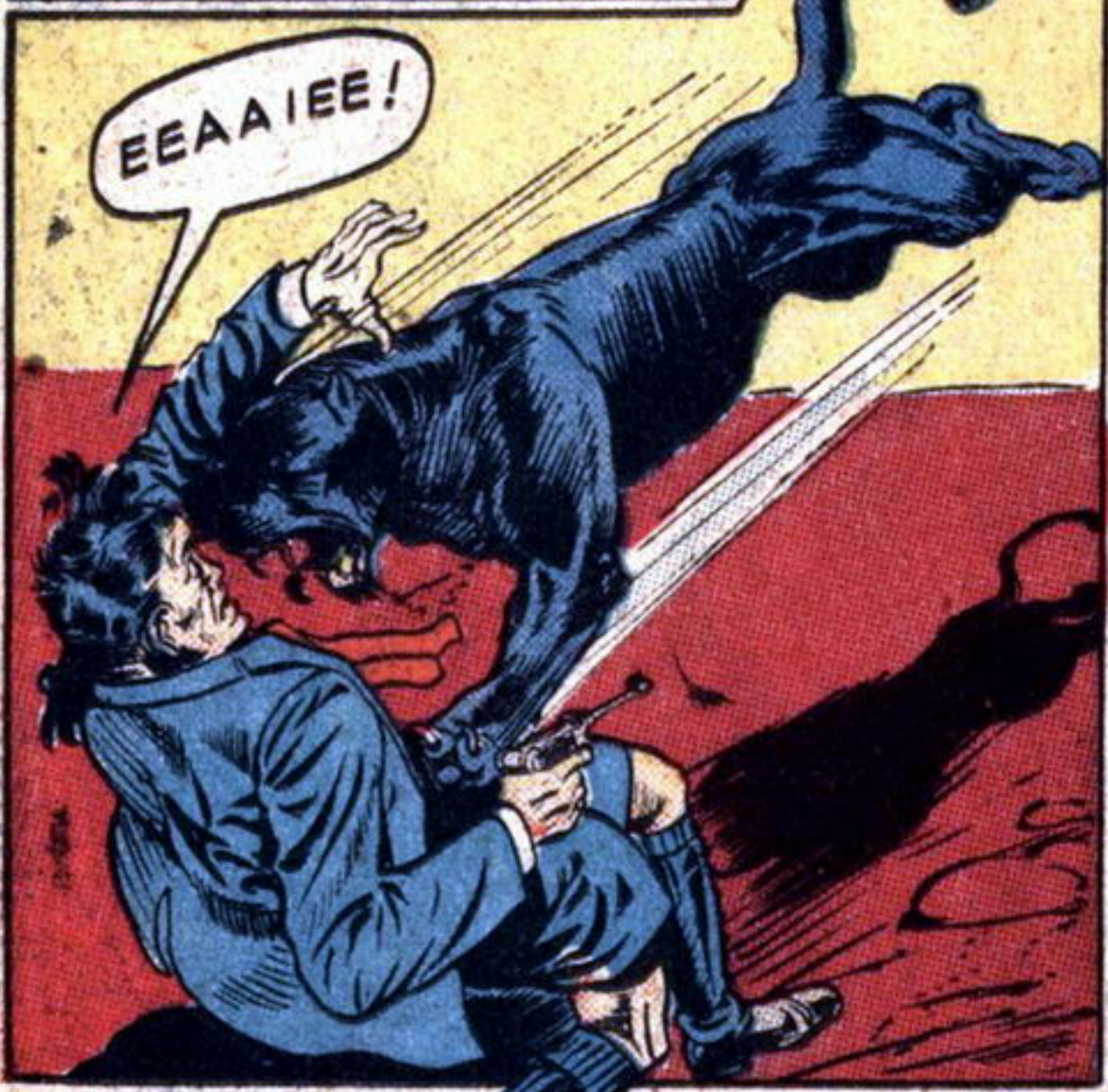
THE GUNMAN SMASHES INTO A HUGE CAGE, RELEASING A BLACK PUMA.



THE SNARLING BEAST BARES ITS UGLY FANGS AND CLAWS.



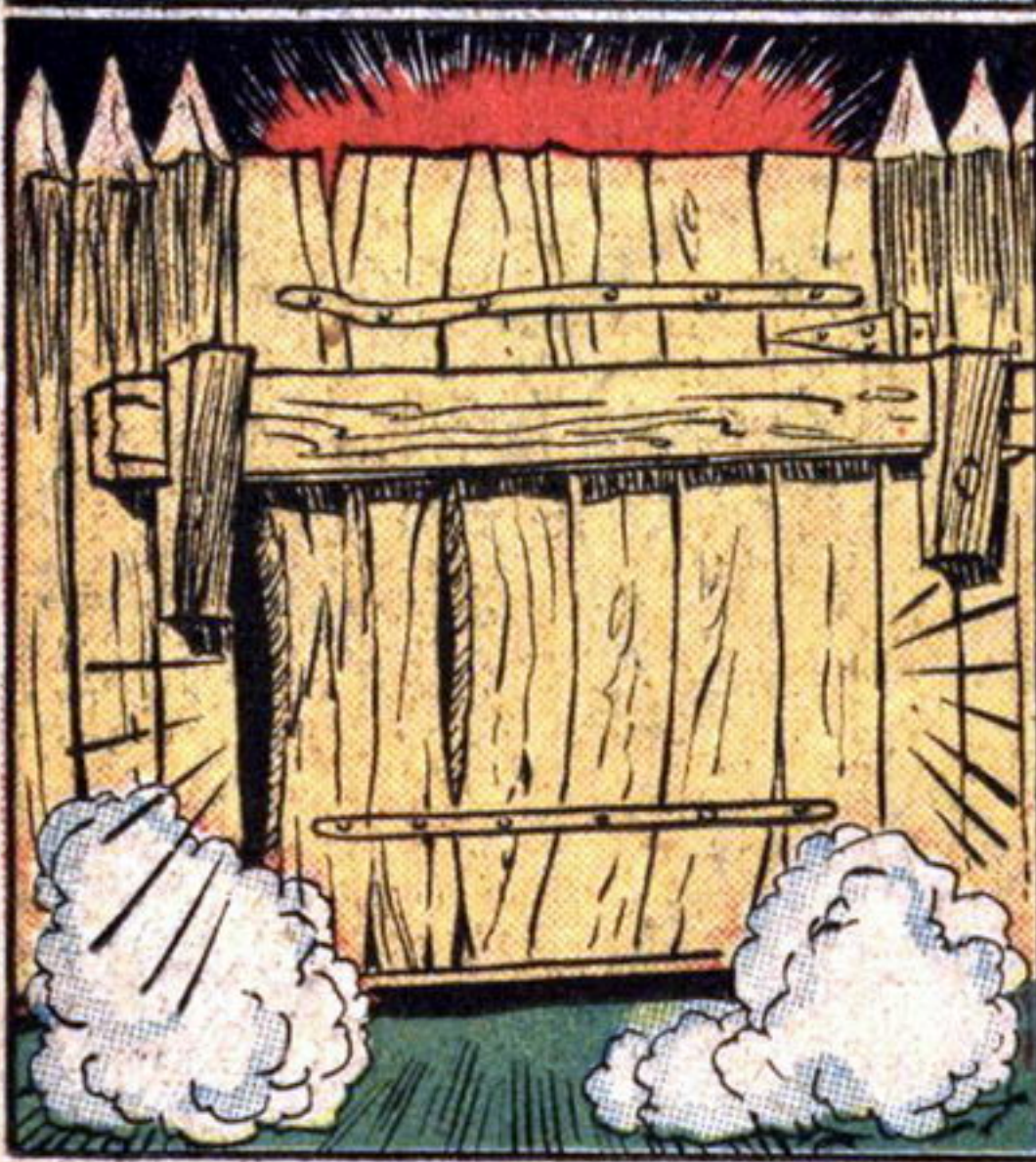
THE PUMA SPRINGS, AND
RIPPING AND SLASHING,
BRINGS THE GUNMAN
TO A HORRIBLE END.



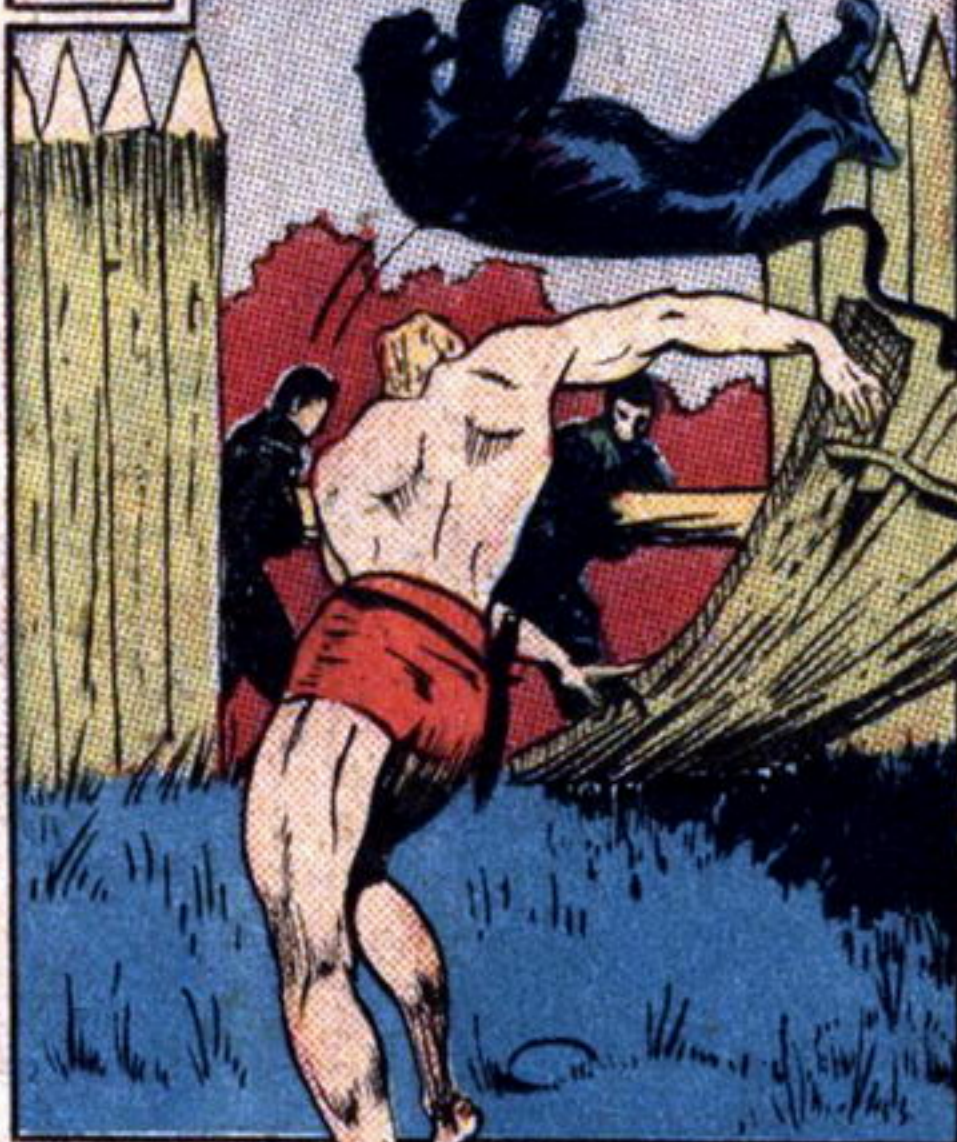
OUTSIDE, THE REST OF THE GANG HAS
CHOPPED DOWN A TREE AND FASHIONED
IT INTO A BATTERING RAM.



THE PLANKS BEND AND
SPLINTER UNDER THE
POWERFUL BLOWS...



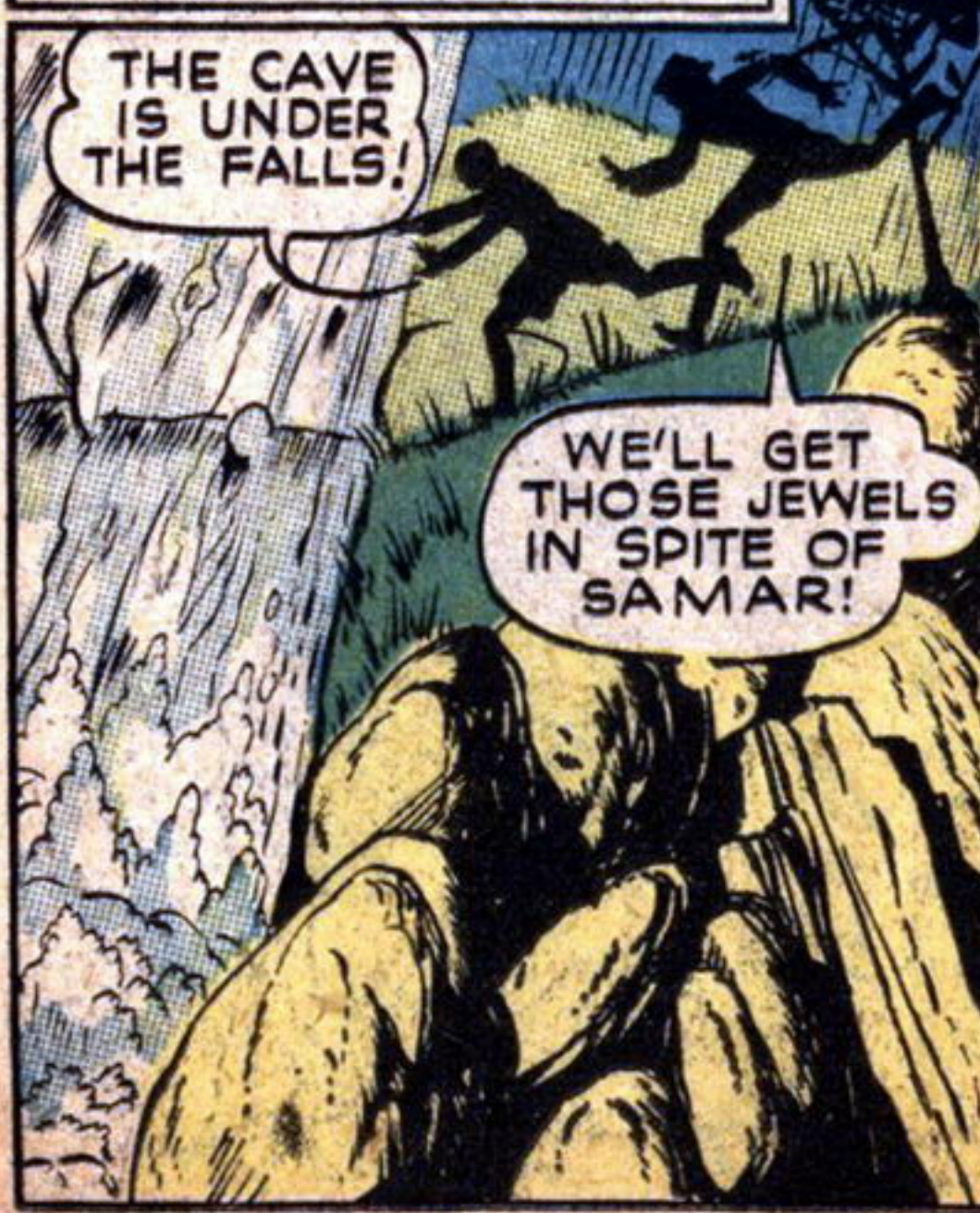
AS THE GATE GIVES WAY,
SAMAR PICKS UP THE
BLACK BEAST AND HURLS
IT.



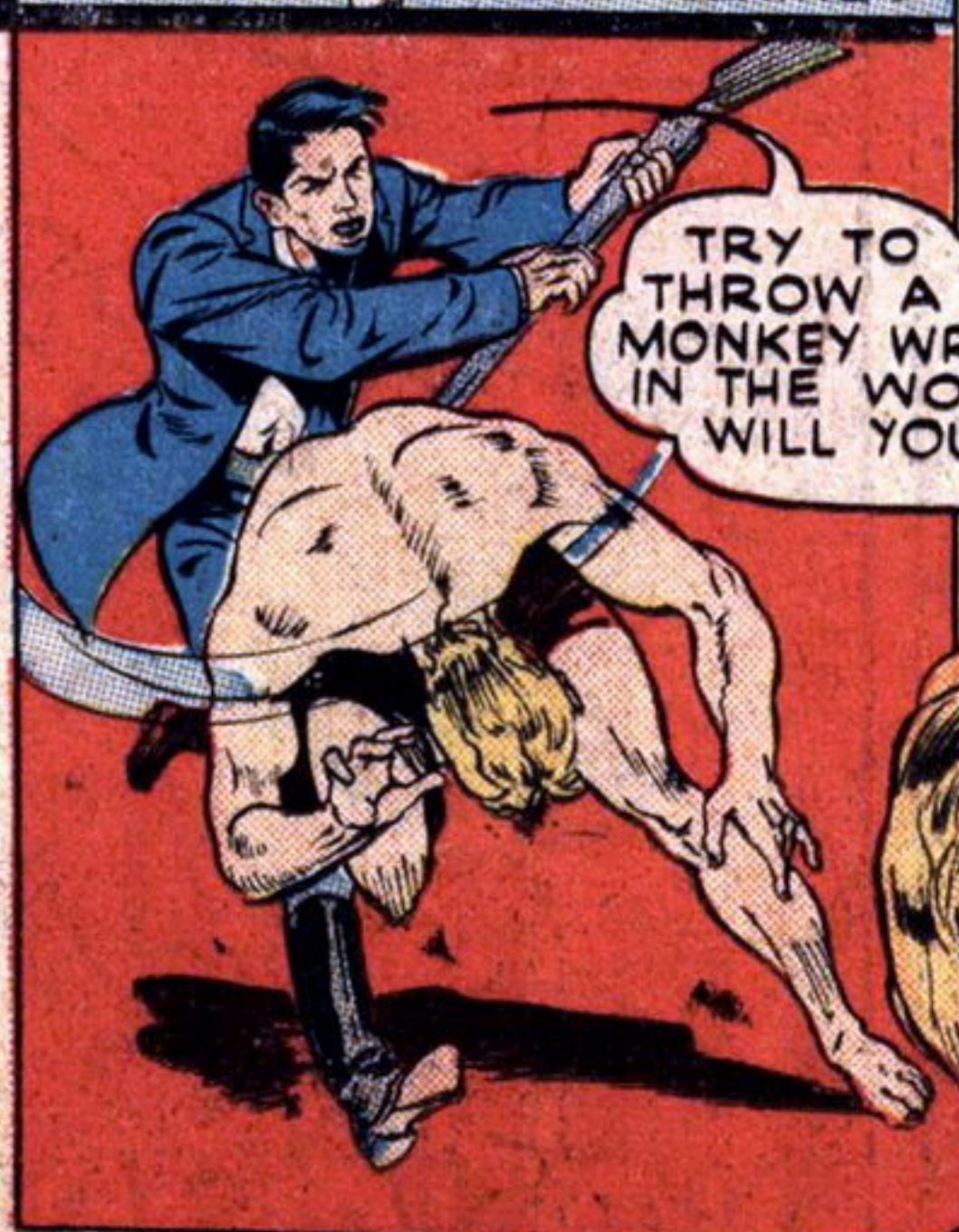
AND THE LEADER IS
BOWLED OVER.



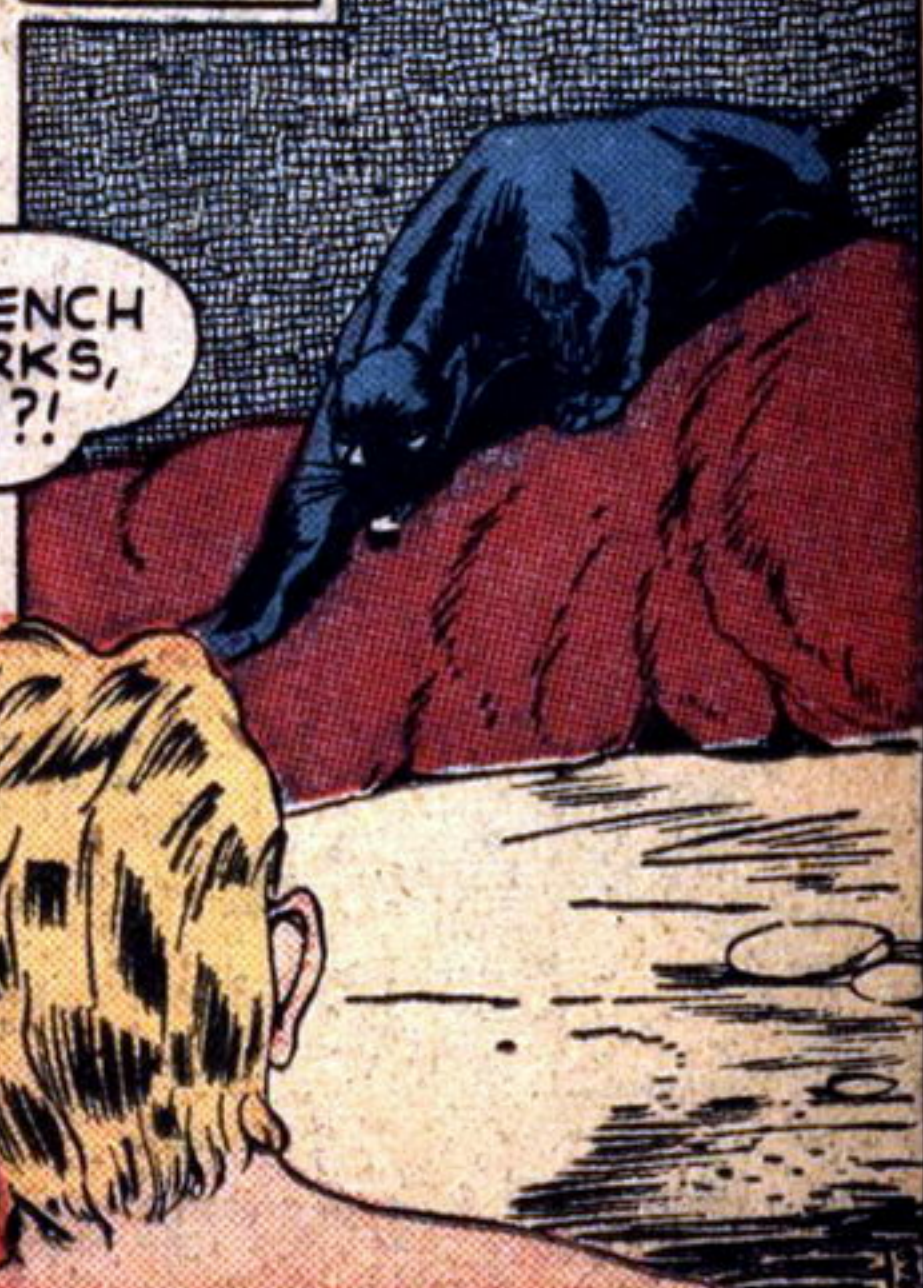
TWO OF THE THUGS RACE
THROUGH THE VILLAGE TO-
WARD A WATERFALL.



ONE OF THE GANG CLUBS
SAMAR FROM BEHIND.



GROGGILY, SAMAR FACES
THE GROWLING, ENRAGED
PUMA.



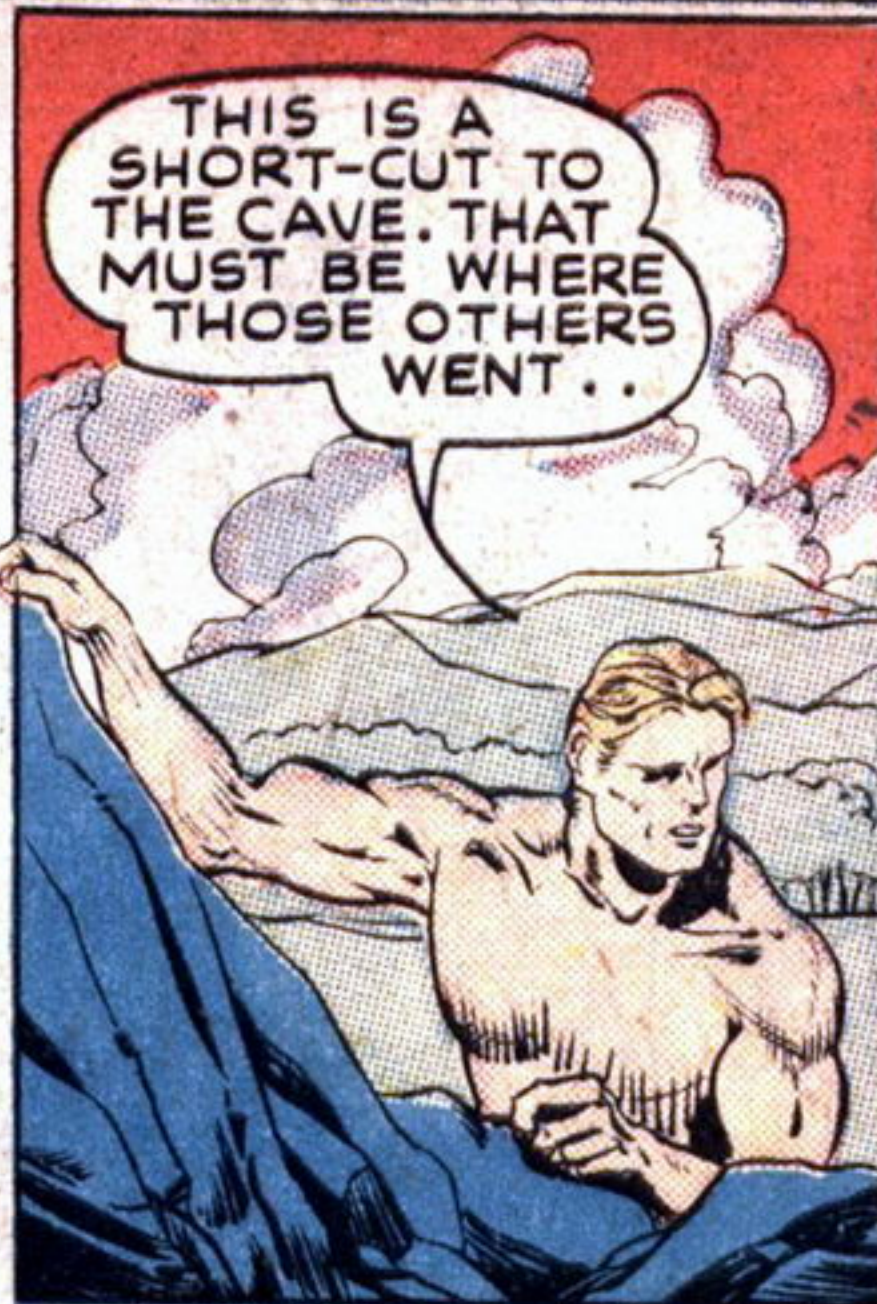
BUT HIS STRENGTH IS TOO MUCH FOR THE SNARLING BRUTE.

YOUR MANGLING DAYS ARE OVER!



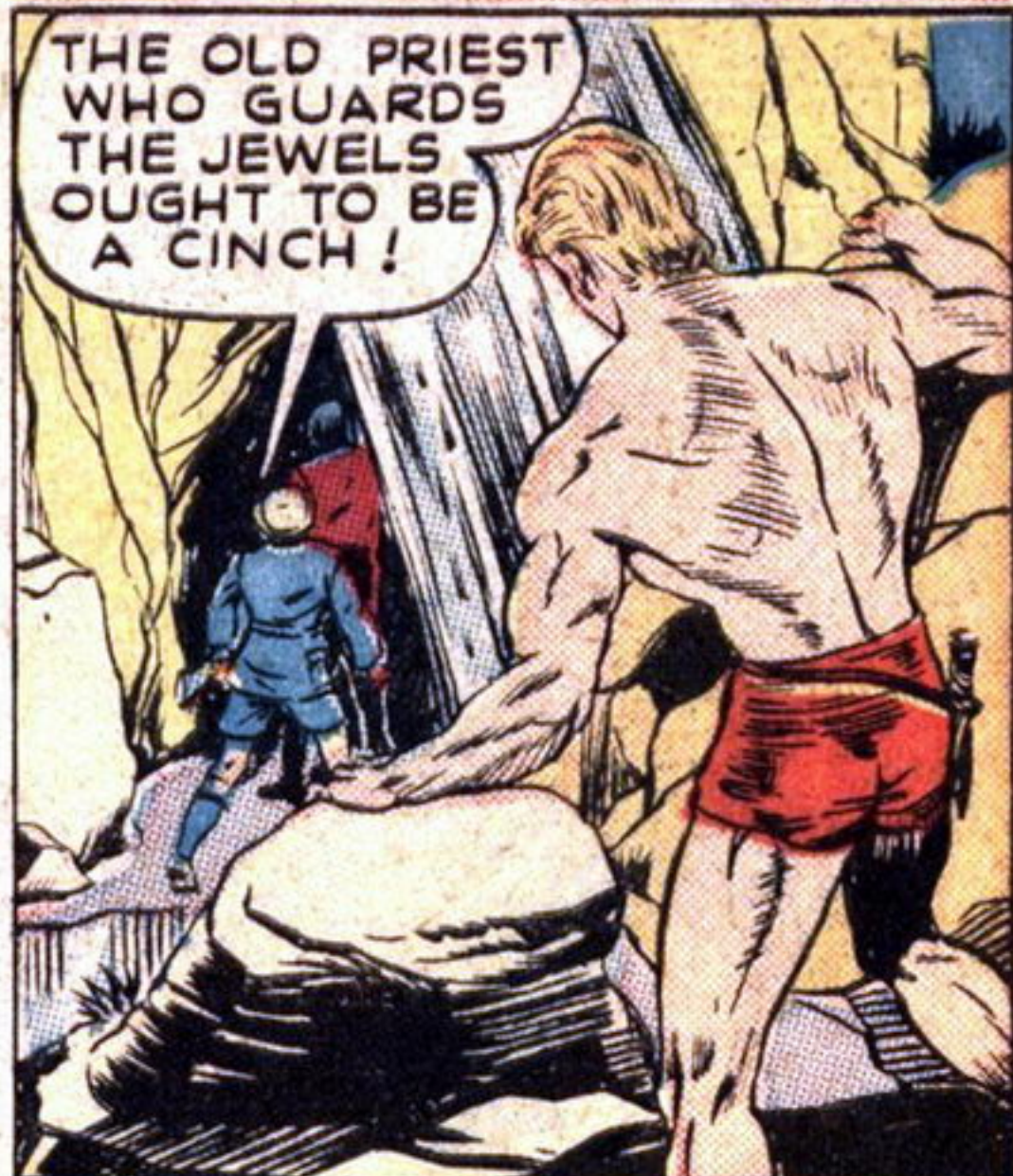
SAMAR THEN CLAMBERS UP A ROCKY LEDGE...

THIS IS A SHORT-CUT TO THE CAVE. THAT MUST BE WHERE THOSE OTHERS WENT..



HE ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE THUGS DISAPPEAR BEHIND THE WATERFALL..

THE OLD PRIEST WHO GUARDS THE JEWELS OUGHT TO BE A CINCH!



INSIDE THE CAVE...

IF YOU COME ONE STEP FURTHER, MY SACRED COBRAS WILL DESTROY YOU!

OH, YEAH? WE KNOW YOU CAN HYPNOTIZE THEM SNAKES! DO IT QUICK OR WE'LL BLAST YOU!



THE PRIEST OBEYS, PLAYING A WEIRD TUNE WHICH PARALYZES THE HOODED SERPENTS.



ONE OF THE CROOKS PRIES LOOSE PRECIOUS GEMS FROM THE GREAT STONE IDOL.

BOY! WE'LL BE RICH FOR LIFE!

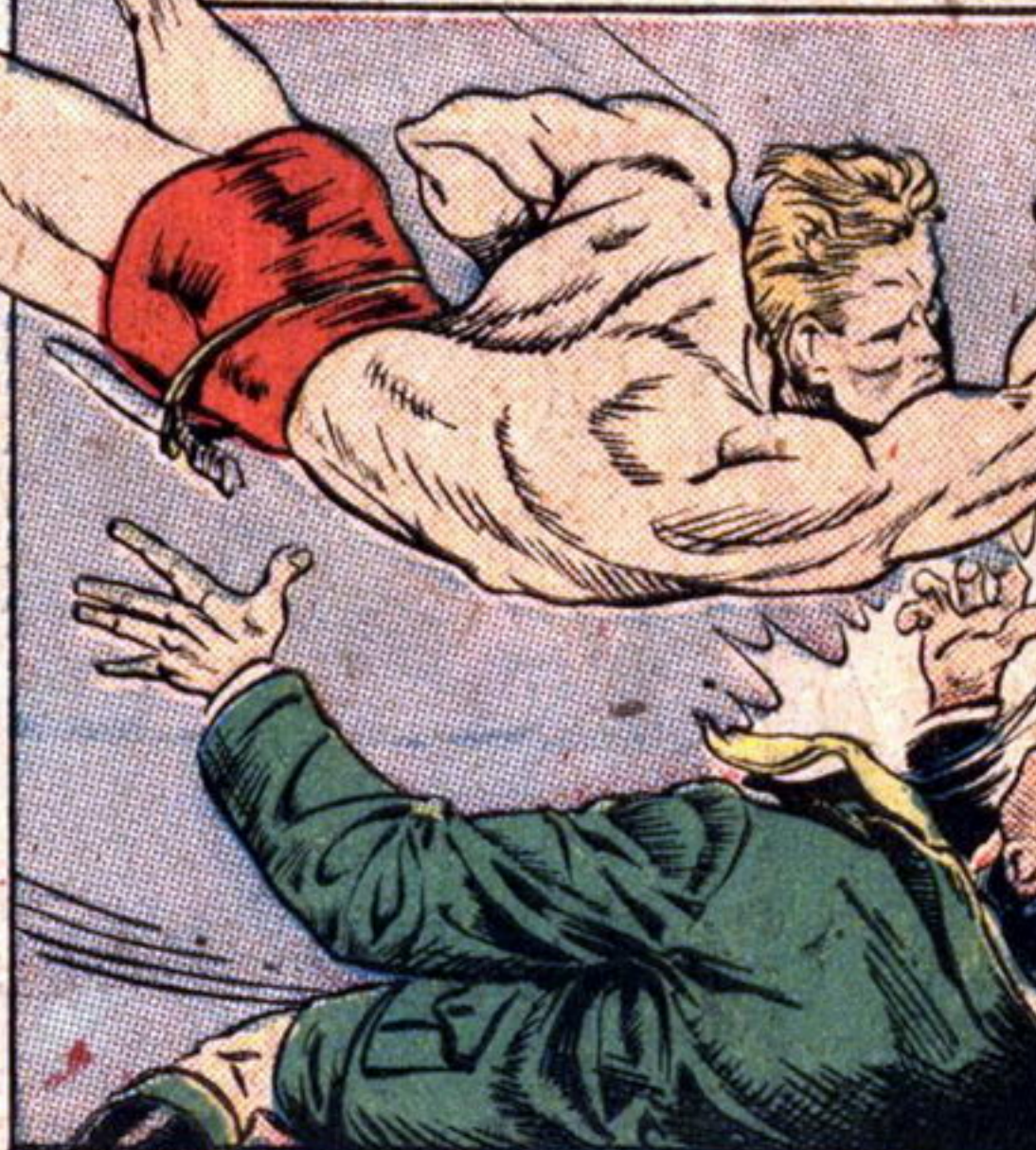


HE RACES OUTSIDE TO FIND A ROPE LADDER AND THE PRIEST'S DUGOUT...



WHAT A BREAK! A GETAWAY JUST MADE TO ORDER!

BUT SAMAR HURTTLES THROUGH SPACE AND SWINGS A DYNAMITE-LADEN FIST...



THE THUG, HIS NECK SNAPPED BY THE MIGHTY BLOW, PERISHES IN THE WATER BELOW...





THE PRIEST RELEASES HIS COBRAS FROM THE HYPNOTIC SPELL . . .

N'GAI OBLAMBA TRAMBUIE! LET THE EVIL WHITE ONE FEEL THE DEADLY STAB OF THY FANGS!

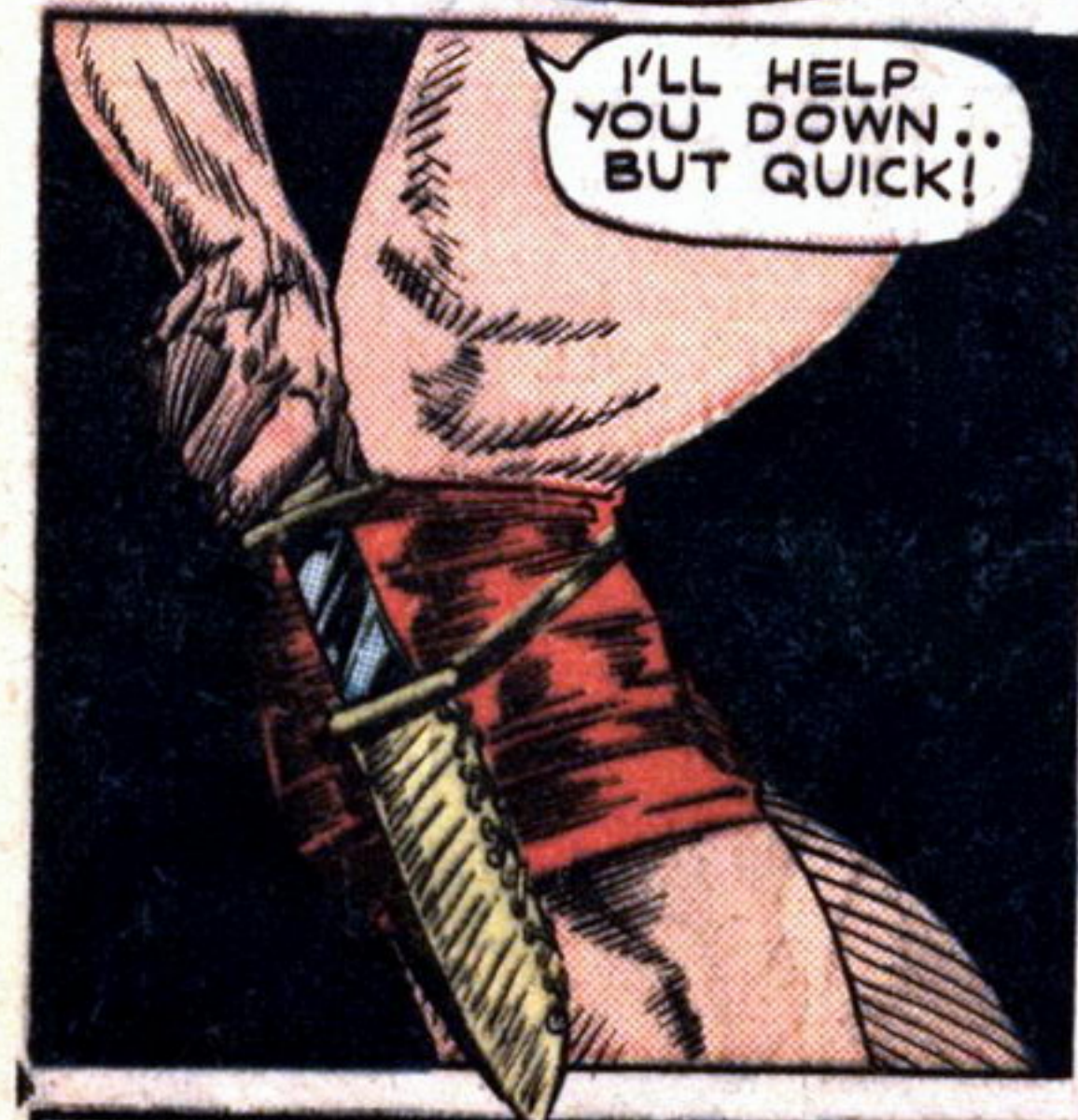


THE COBRA STRIKES, AND FATAL VENOM FLOODS THE VEINS OF THE MARAUDER.

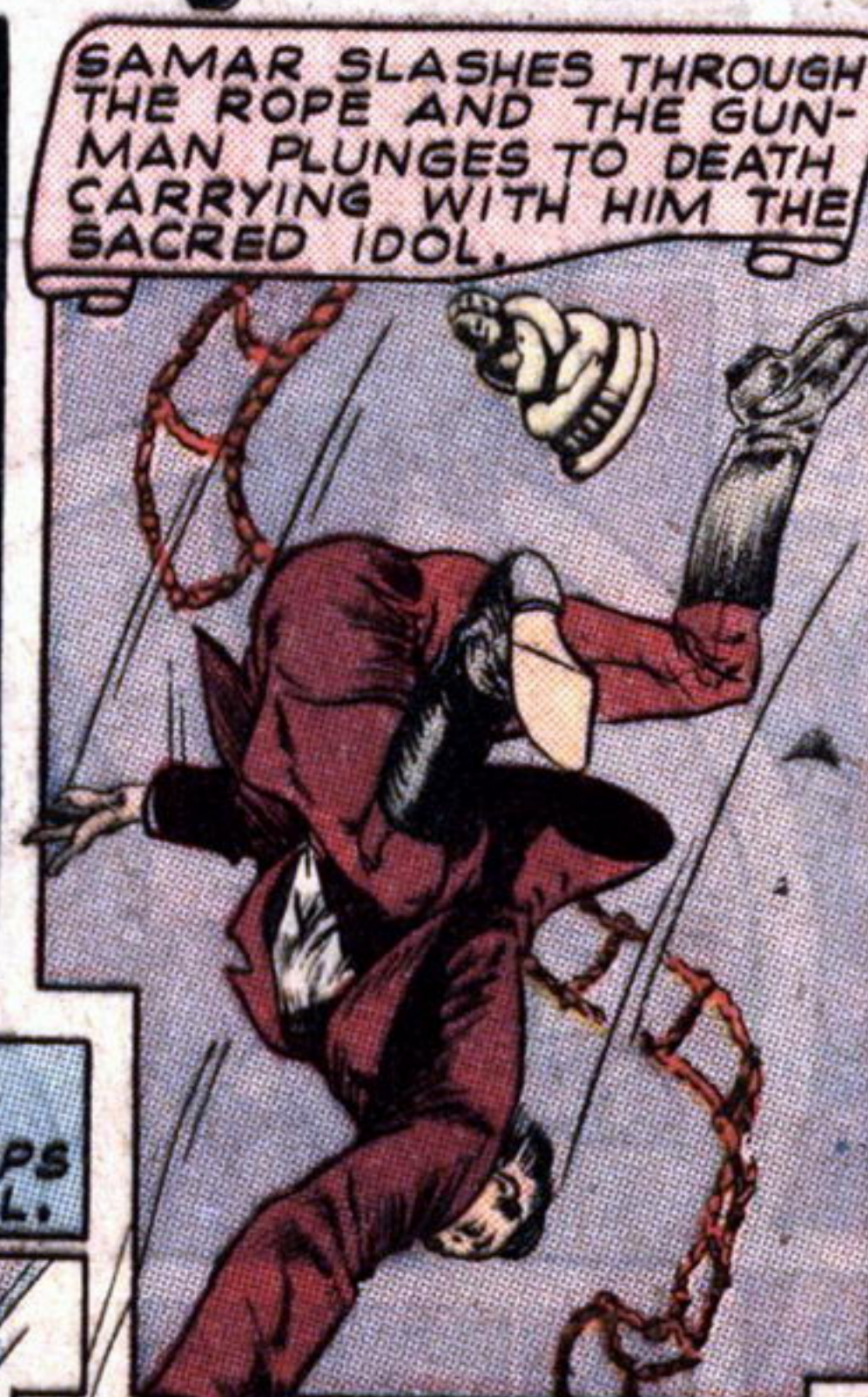


THE THIRD THUG STARTS DOWN THE LADDER WITH A GOLDEN IDOL . . .

THAT MUSCLE-MAN CAN'T CATCH ME NOW! AND THIS IDOL OUGHT TO BE WORTH TEN GRAND TO A COLLECTOR!



I'LL HELP YOU DOWN.. BUT QUICK!



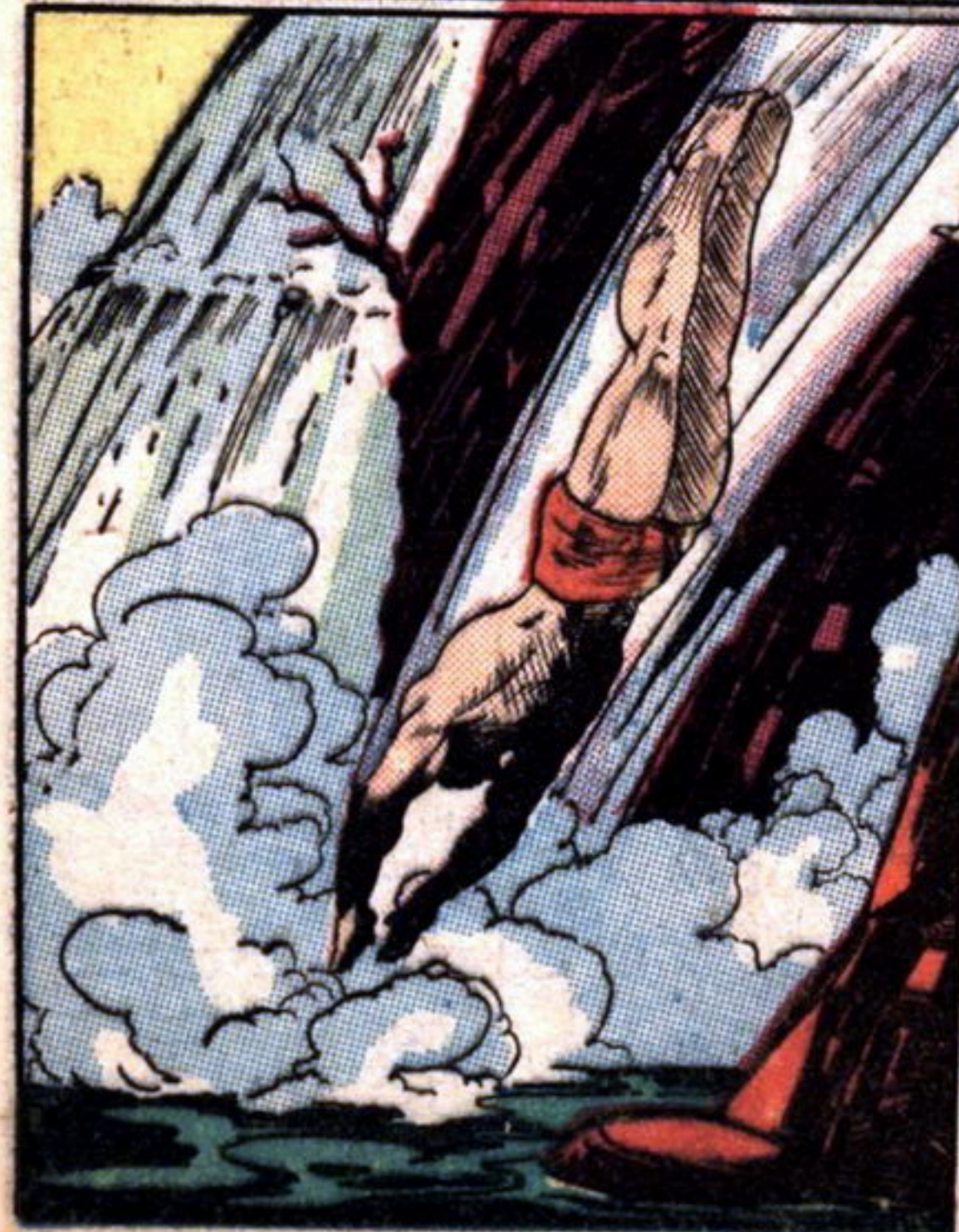
SAMAR SLASHES THROUGH THE ROPE AND THE GUN-MAN PLUNGES TO DEATH CARRYING WITH HIM THE SACRED IDOL.



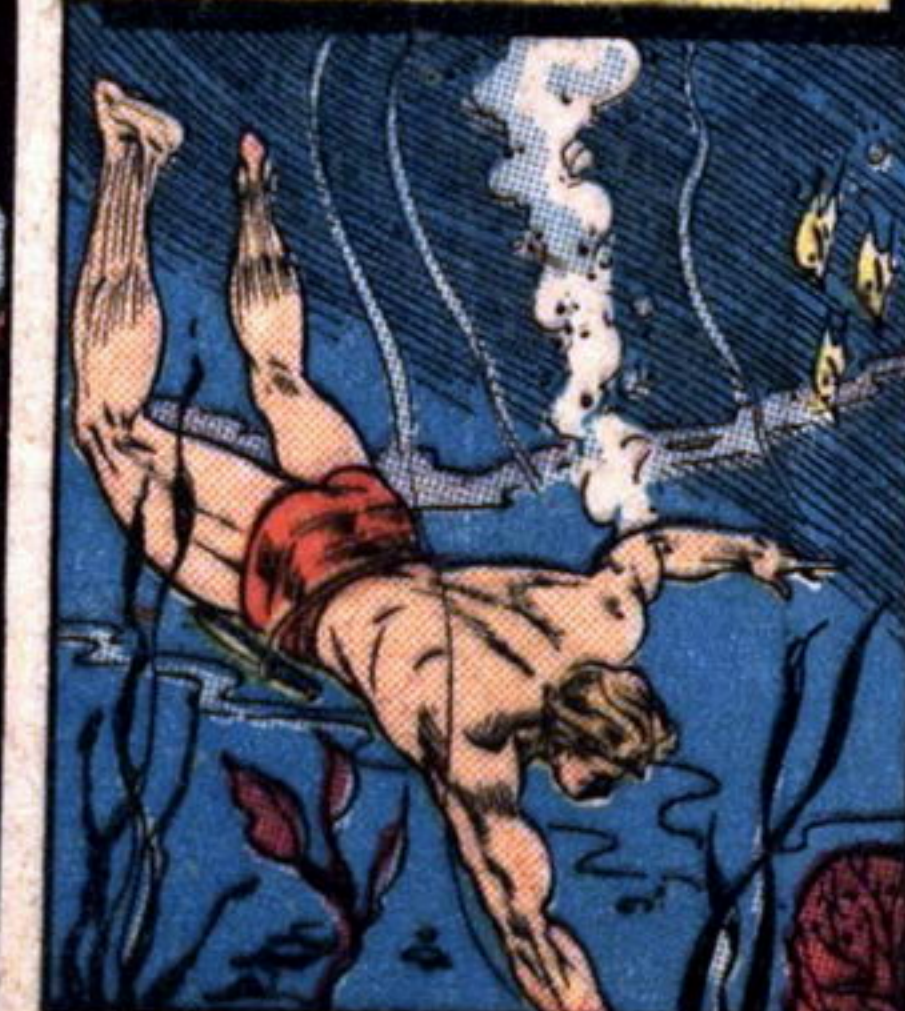
YOU BATTLED BRAVELY, OH GREAT ONE! BUT THE SACRED GOLDEN IDOL OF M'BOBO IS LOST! IT WAS ENTRUSTED TO OUR PEOPLE BY THE FIERCE ZAMBUTIS. THERE WILL BE A GREAT AND BLOODY WAR!

I SHALL RECOVER IT. THERE WILL BE NO WAR!

IN A GRACEFUL HIGH DIVE WHICH WOULD BREAK MOST MEN'S NECKS, SAMAR SWOOPS DOWN TO THE CRYSTAL POOL.



AND ON THE BOTTOM LOCATES THE PRICELESS STATUETTE . . .



HE RETURNS IT TO THE GRATEFUL PRIEST . . .



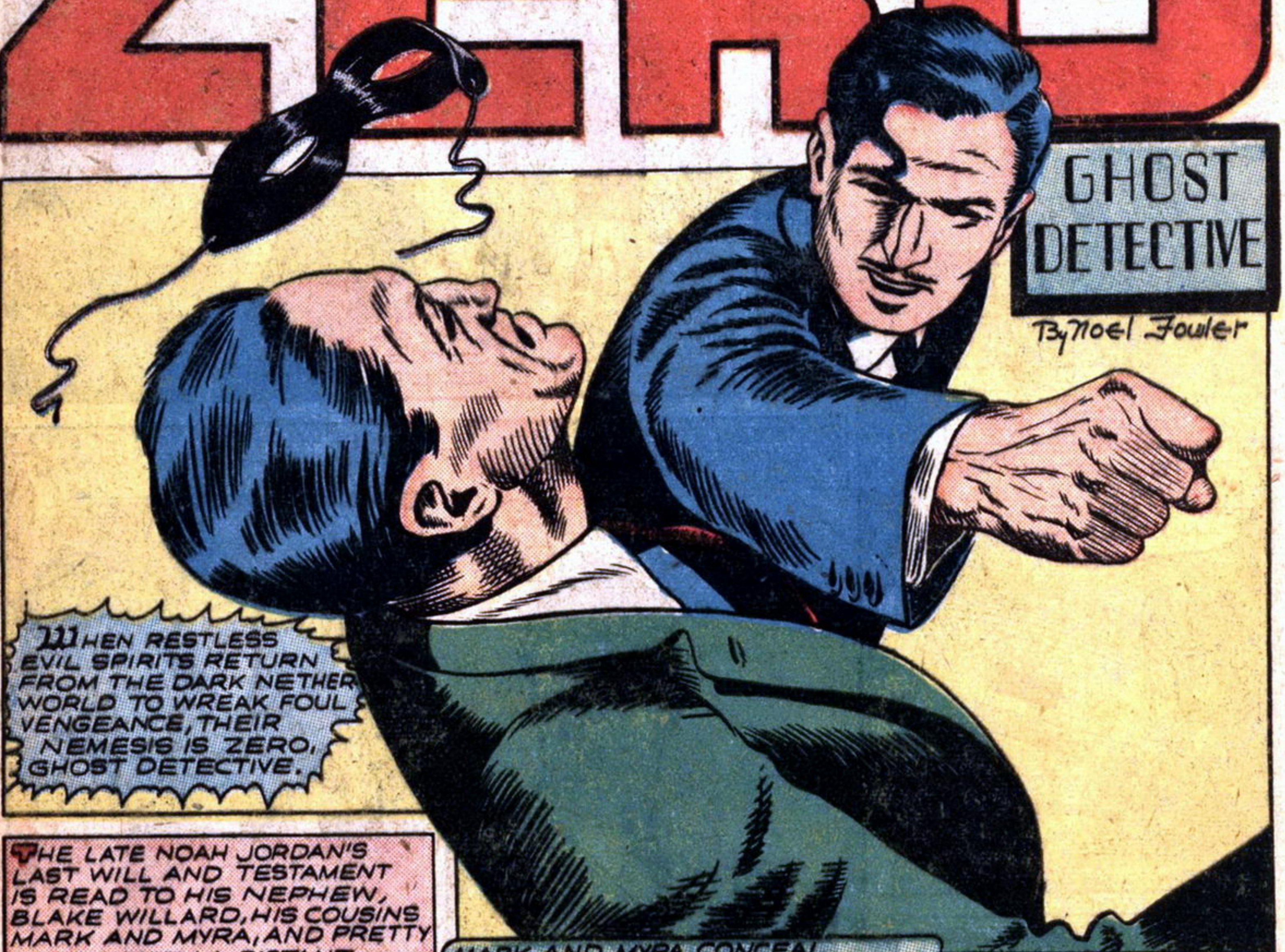
OH MIGHTY ONE, WE MAKE YOU HONORARY CHIEF.. WE GIVE YOU A THOUSAND THANKS.

Follow Samar in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 26th.

ZERO

GHOST
DETECTIVE

By Noel Fowler



WHEN RESTLESS
EVIL SPIRITS RETURN
FROM THE DARK NETHER
WORLD TO WREAK FOUL
VENGEANCE, THEIR
NEMESIS IS ZERO,
GHOST DETECTIVE.

THE LATE NOAH JORDAN'S
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
IS READ TO HIS NEPHEW,
BLAKE WILLARD, HIS COUSINS
MARK AND MYRA, AND PRETTY
JUNE WYETH, A DISTANT
RELATIVE.

MARK AND MYRA CONCEAL
THEIR RAGE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

...AND I HEREBY
BEQUEATH THE ENTIRE
ESTATE TO MY NEPHEW
BLAKE WILLARD.

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR
FORTUNE, BLAKE..ER..WHY
DON'T YOU AND MISS WYETH
STEP OUT IN THE GARDEN
AND PICK A BOUQUET FOR
THE DINNER TABLE?

FINE
IDEA!

AND A
GOOD CHANCE
TO GET
ACQUAINTED!

HEH! HEH! THEY
DON'T KNOW THAT
NOAH SWORE TO COME
BACK FROM HIS GRAVE
IF ANYONE TOUCHED
THOSE PRECIOUS
POSIES OF HIS..IF
BLAKE DIES THE
MONEY WILL BE
MYRA'S AND MINE!



OUTSIDE IN THE GARDEN, BLAKE PETS THE DEAD MAN'S HUGE POLICE DOG.



COUSIN MYRA SAYS HE WOULD OBEY UNCLE NOAH'S EVERY COMMAND.

THEY HEAD BACK TO THE HOUSE.

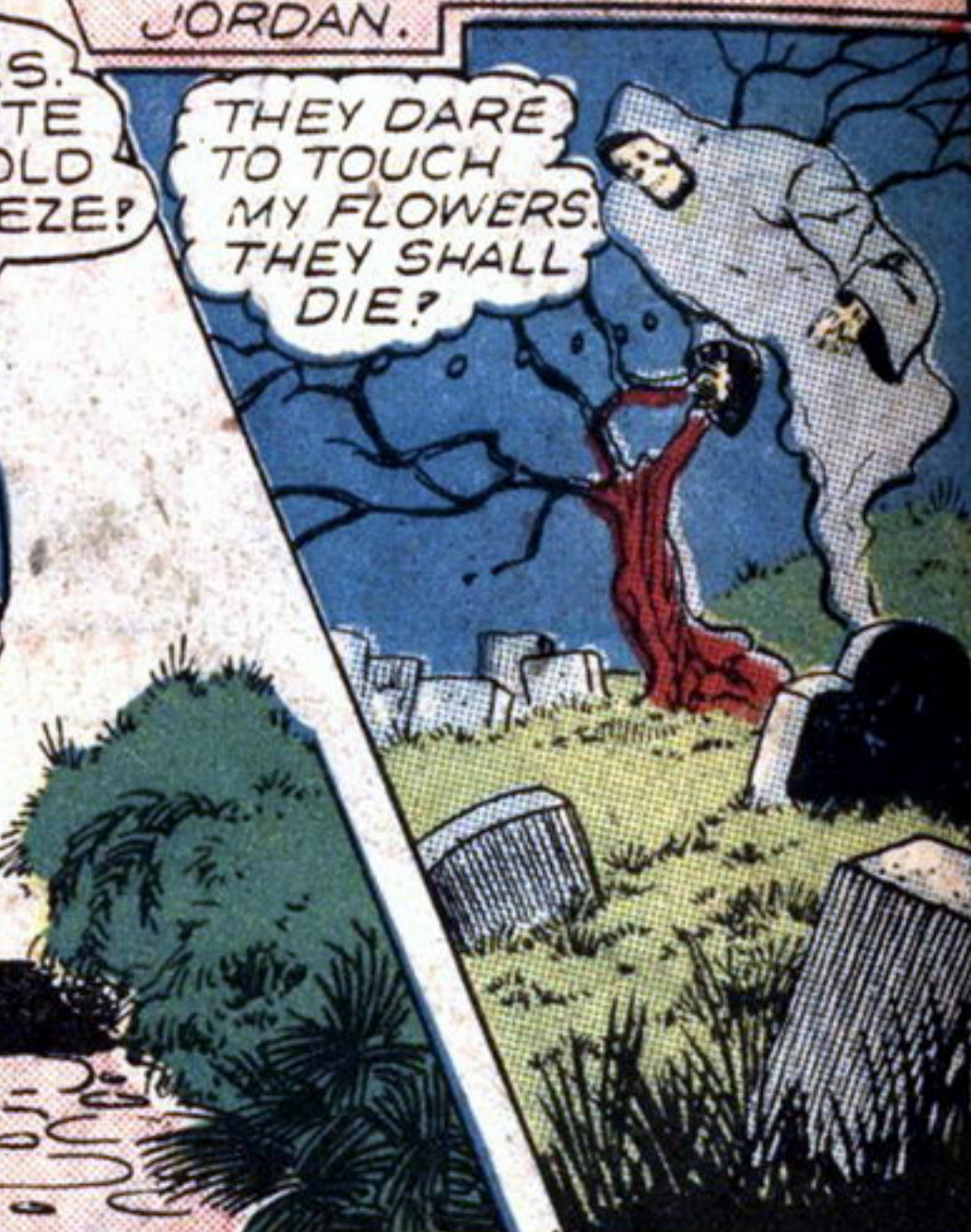
WE'D BETTER GO INSIDE.. IT'S GETTING CHILLY!

YES. QUITE A COLD BREEZE!

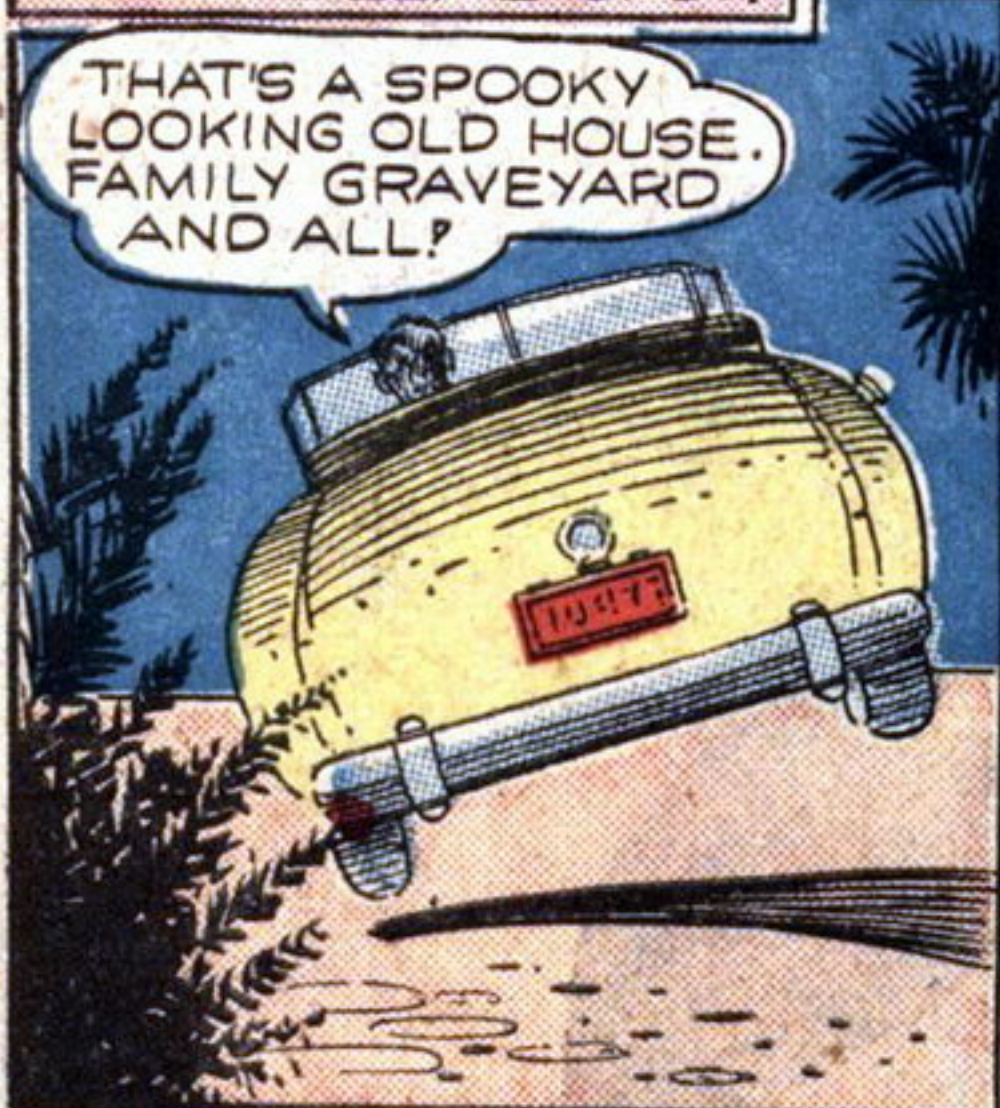


A GHASTLY WRAITH APPEARS FROM THE GRAVE OF NOAH JORDAN.

THEY DARE TO TOUCH MY FLOWERS. THEY SHALL DIE?



AT THIS MOMENT, ZERO DRIVES PAST THE EERIE SPOT.



THAT'S A SPOOKY LOOKING OLD HOUSE. FAMILY GRAVEYARD AND ALL?

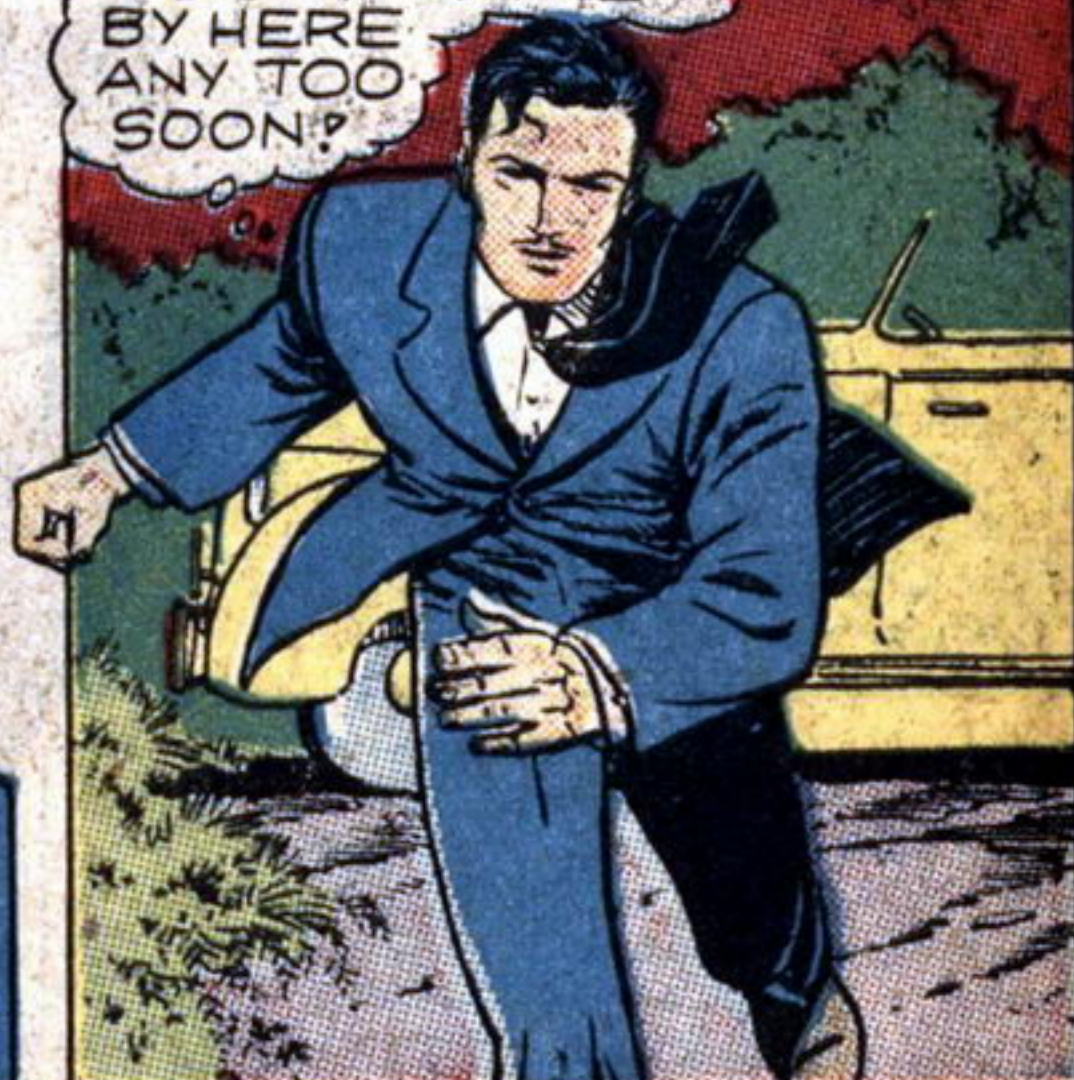
SUDDENLY HE SEES THE SPECTRAL FIGURE OF NOAH JORDAN.

SAY! WHAT GOES ON OVER THERE? THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE GHOST DETECTIVE!



HE LEAPS FROM THE ROADSTER AND RACES TOWARD THE GRAVEYARD.

I DIDN'T HAPPEN BY HERE ANY TOO SOON?



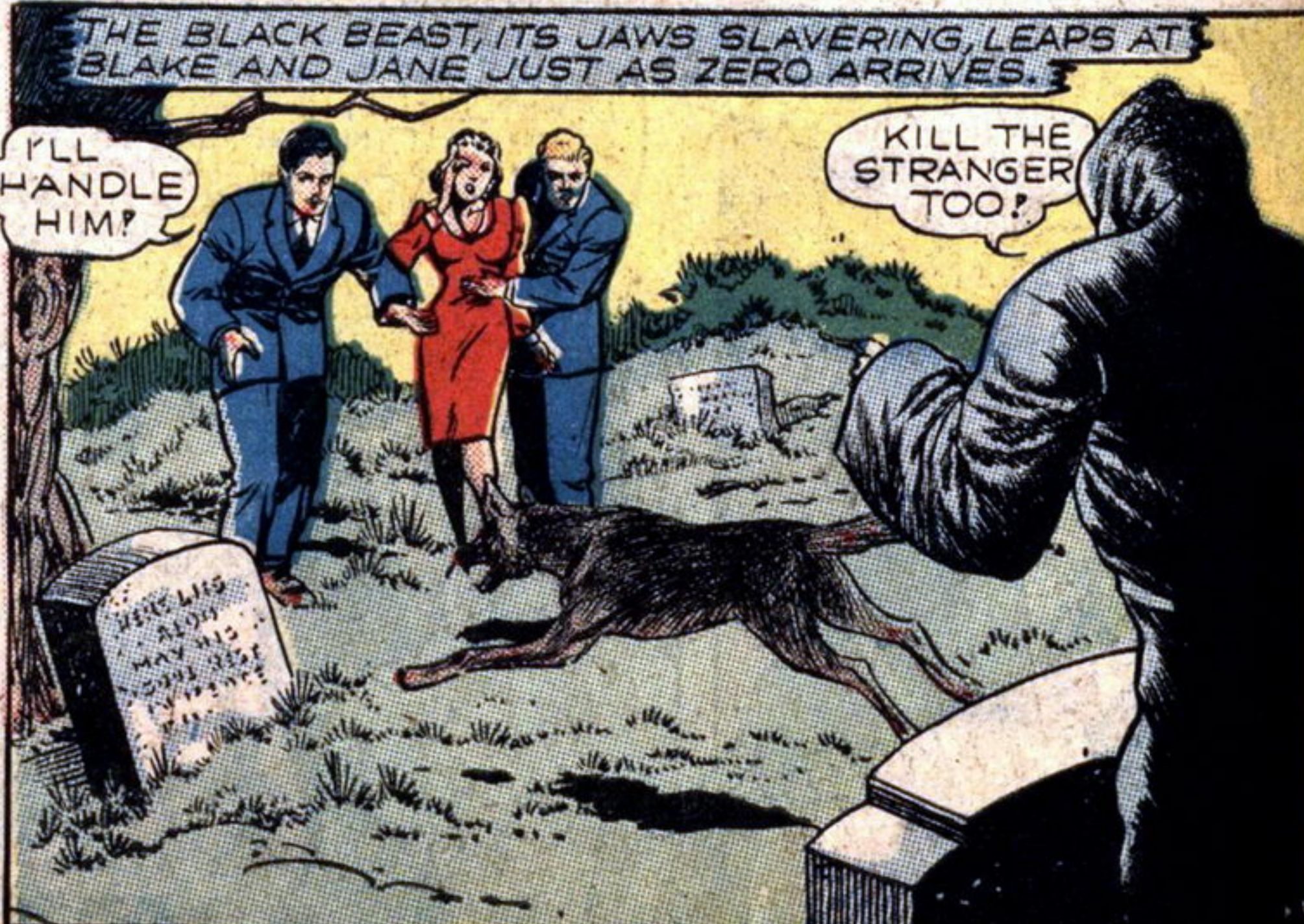
THEY DISTURBED THE FLOWER BED WHICH WAS SACRED TO MY MEMORY? KILL? KILL?



THE BLACK BEAST, ITS JAWS SLAVERING, LEAPS AT BLAKE AND JANE JUST AS ZERO ARRIVES.

I'LL HANDLE HIM?

KILL THE STRANGER TOO?



AS THE DOG LUNGES, FANGS BARED, ZERO SNATCHES UP A STOUT CLUB...



I LIKE DOGS BUT...

A WELL-AIMED BLOW SENDS THE BEAST FLYING...



SORRY, OLD MAN! BUT THE ONLY CHEWING YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO IS ON A SOUP BONE!

NOAH'S GHOST ROCKS ZERO WITH A STINGING JAB.



WOE UNTO THE FOOLISH MORTAL WHO DARES OPPOSE ME!

THE GHOST DETECTIVE IS STAGGERED BUT...



YOU CAN GIVE IT. NOW LET'S SEE YOU TAKE IT!

ZERO SWINGS BUT HIS FIST WHIZZES THROUGH EMPTY AIR AS THE SPECTRE DEMATERIALIZES.



WHAT TH'??

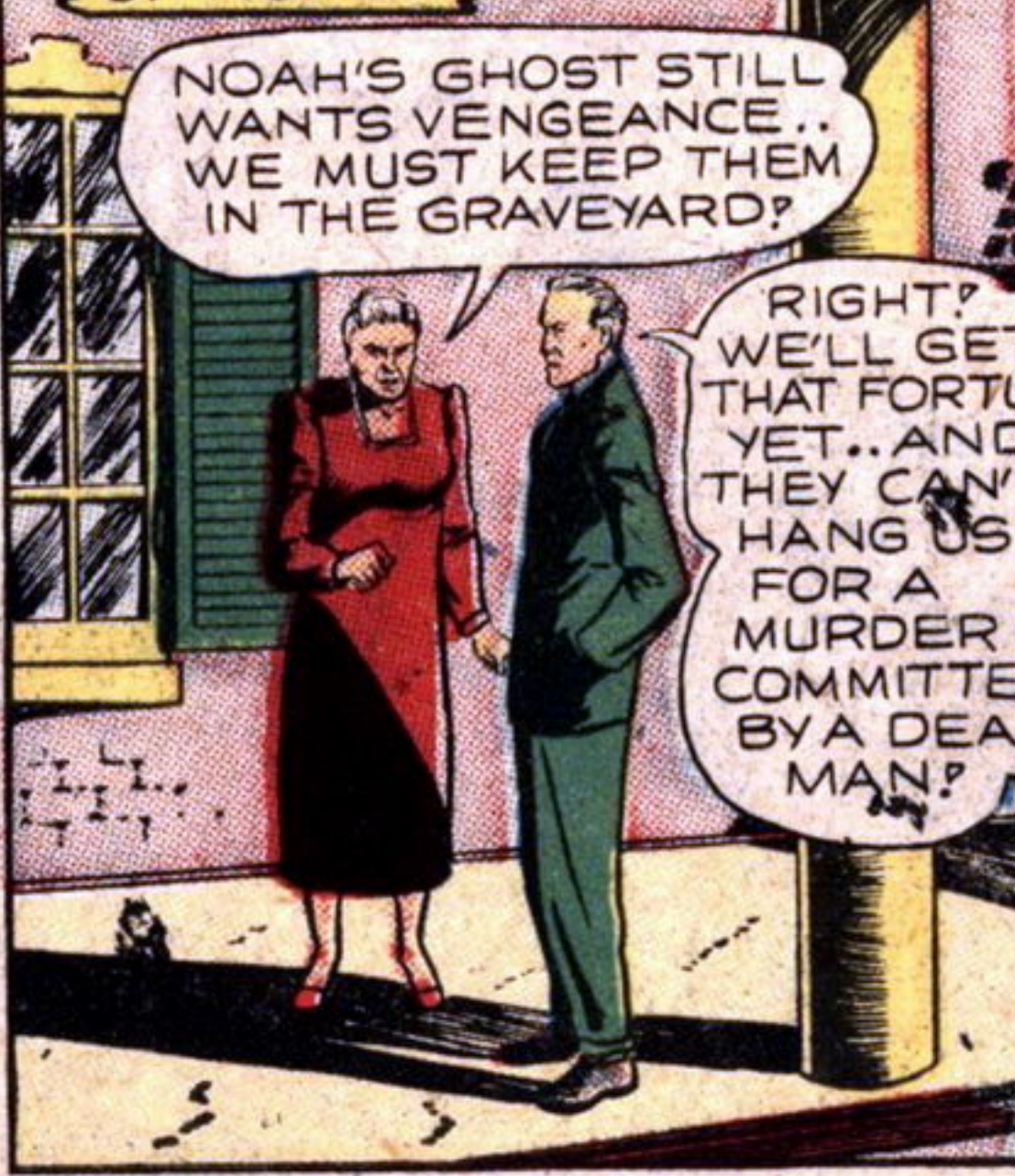
HEE! HEE!

SO MARK AND MYRA TOLD YOU TO PICK THE FLOWERS...VERY INTERESTING.



WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

BUT THE VILLAINOUS PAIR HAS NOT GIVEN UP HOPE.



NOAH'S GHOST STILL WANTS VENGEANCE.. WE MUST KEEP THEM IN THE GRAVEYARD?

RIGHT! WE'LL GET THAT FORTUNE YET..AND THEY CAN'T HANG US FOR A MURDER COMMITTED BY A DEAD MAN!

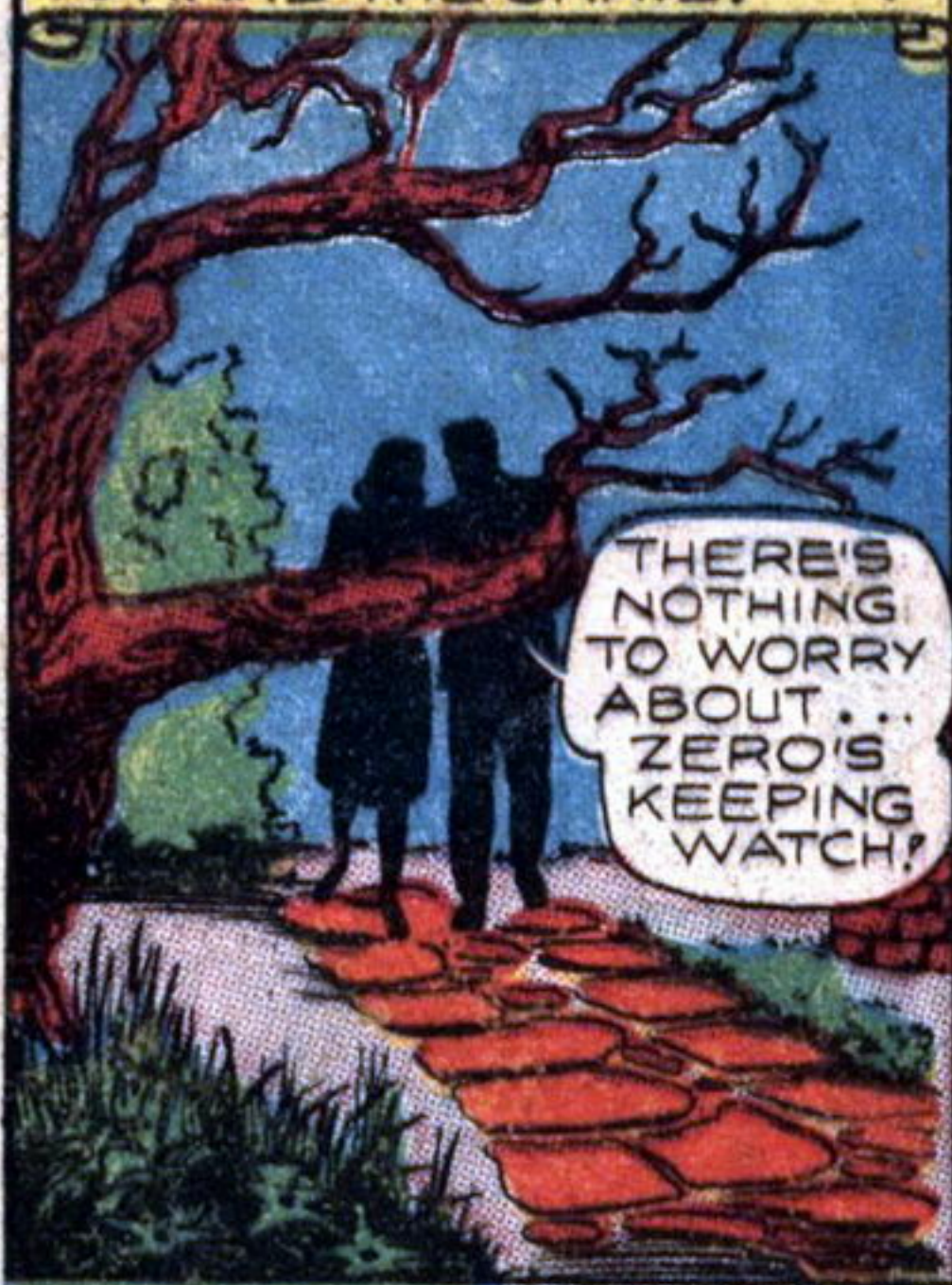
MARK AND MYRA DEVISE A CLEVER SCHEME.



ONE PROVISION OF YOUR UNCLE'S WILL IS THAT YOU MUST PAY YOUR LAST RESPECTS AT HIS GRAVE WHEN THE MOON IS FULL..

IT'S FULL NOW

JUNE AND BLAKE STROLL TOWARD THE GRAVE.



THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... ZERO'S KEEPING WATCH!

SHE NOTICES A CRUMBLING, YAWNING OLD WELL.



HOW QUANT! BUT IT'S DANGEROUS, BLAKE. SOMEONE MIGHT FALL IN!

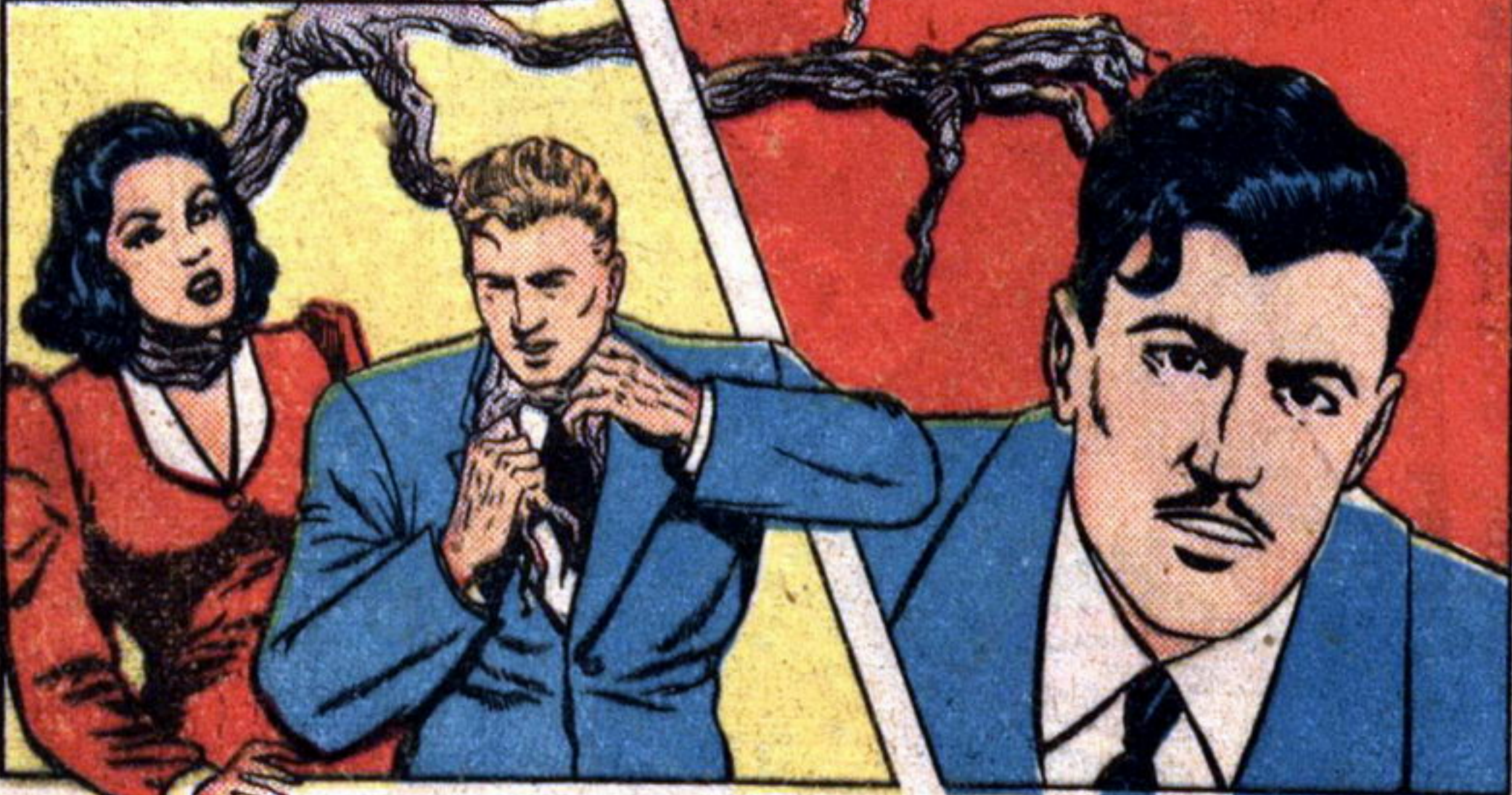
I FEEL THAT STRANGE BREEZE AGAIN!

THE SPIRIT OF NOAH AGAIN RISES FROM THE GRAVE AND INHABITS A GNARLED CYPRESS.. TWISTED BRANCHES COME TO LIFE AND REACH OUT TOWARD BLAKE AND JUNE..



SO DO I, JUNE?

SUDDENLY THE WRITHING TENTACLES CLOSE ABOUT THEIR THROATS IN A STRANGLEHOLD, THRUSTING THEM TOWARD THE WELL.



ZERO RUSHES TO THEIR AID BUT THE GHOST TREE HAS MORE THAN ONE CLAW TO KILL WITH.

MAF.K AND MYRA CHUCKLE EVILLY AT THE GROTESQUE SPECTACLE.



HA! HA! THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL THREE!

GOOD OLD UNCLE NOAH! NOW WE'LL INHERIT THE ENTIRE ESTATE!

HE DODGES THE BRANCH BUT IS SNATCHED BY A CLUTCHING ROOT.. ZERO FALLS NEAR AN AXE.



IT HAD BETTER BE SHARP OR WE'LL ALL BE THRUST DOWN THE WELL!

THE GHOST DETECTIVE SINKS THE BLADE DEEP INTO THE WRITHING ROOT.



YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR KEEN STEEL!

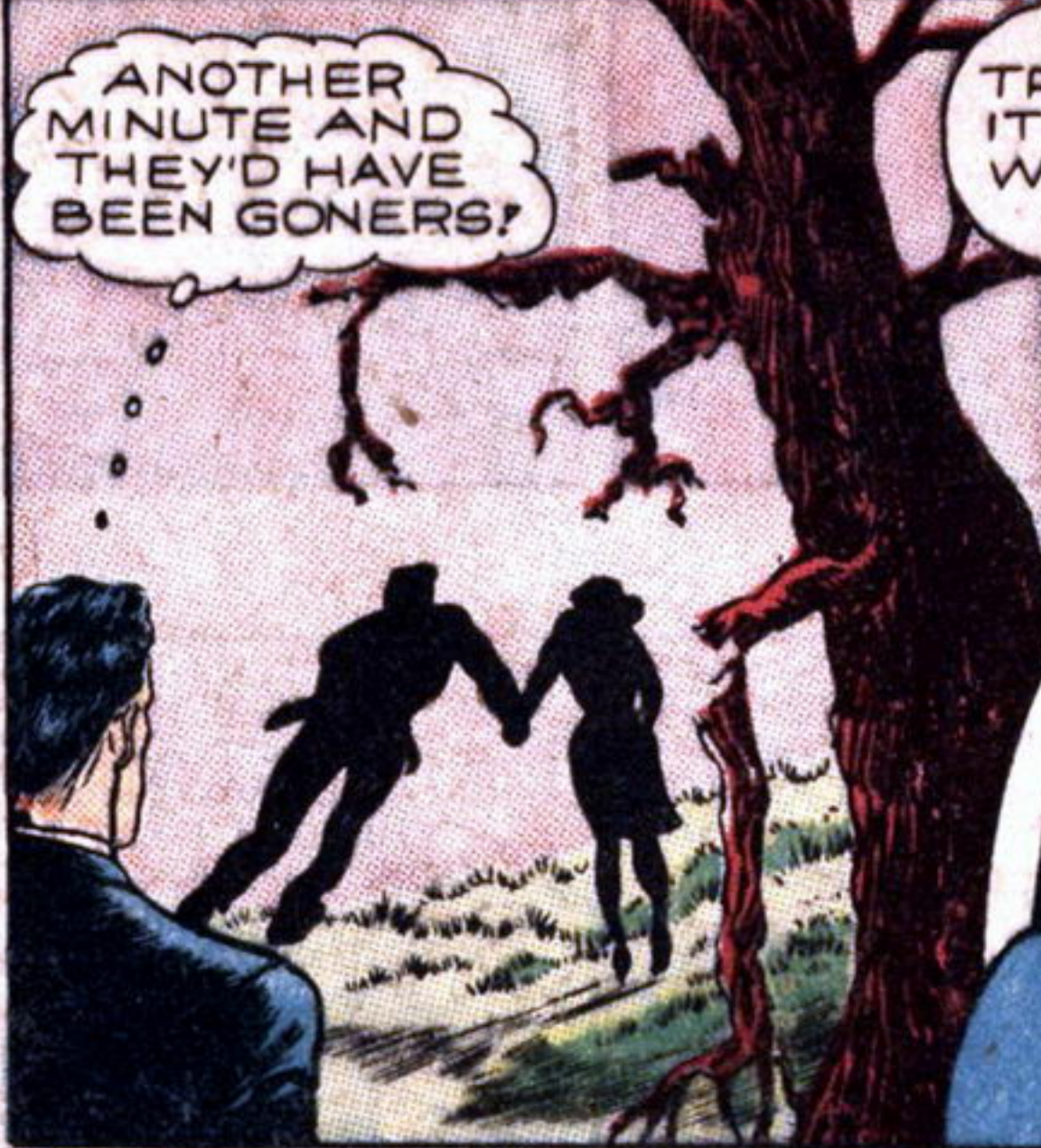
FREED FROM THE MURDEROUS GRIP, ZERO TURNS TO JUNE AND BLAKE WHO STRUGGLE HELPLESSLY.



SWINGING THE AXE WITH DEADLY SKILL HE HACKS THE BRANCHES TO BITS.



AS THE CYPRESS'S EVIL IS ENDED, JUNE AND BLAKE ARE FREED.



ANOTHER MINUTE AND THEY'D HAVE BEEN GONERS!

ZERO ADDRESSES THE SPIRIT IN THE TREE.

YOU HAVE BEEN TRICKED, NOAH JORDAN! IT WAS MARK AND MYRA WHO TOLD BLAKE AND JUNE TO PICK THE FLOWERS!



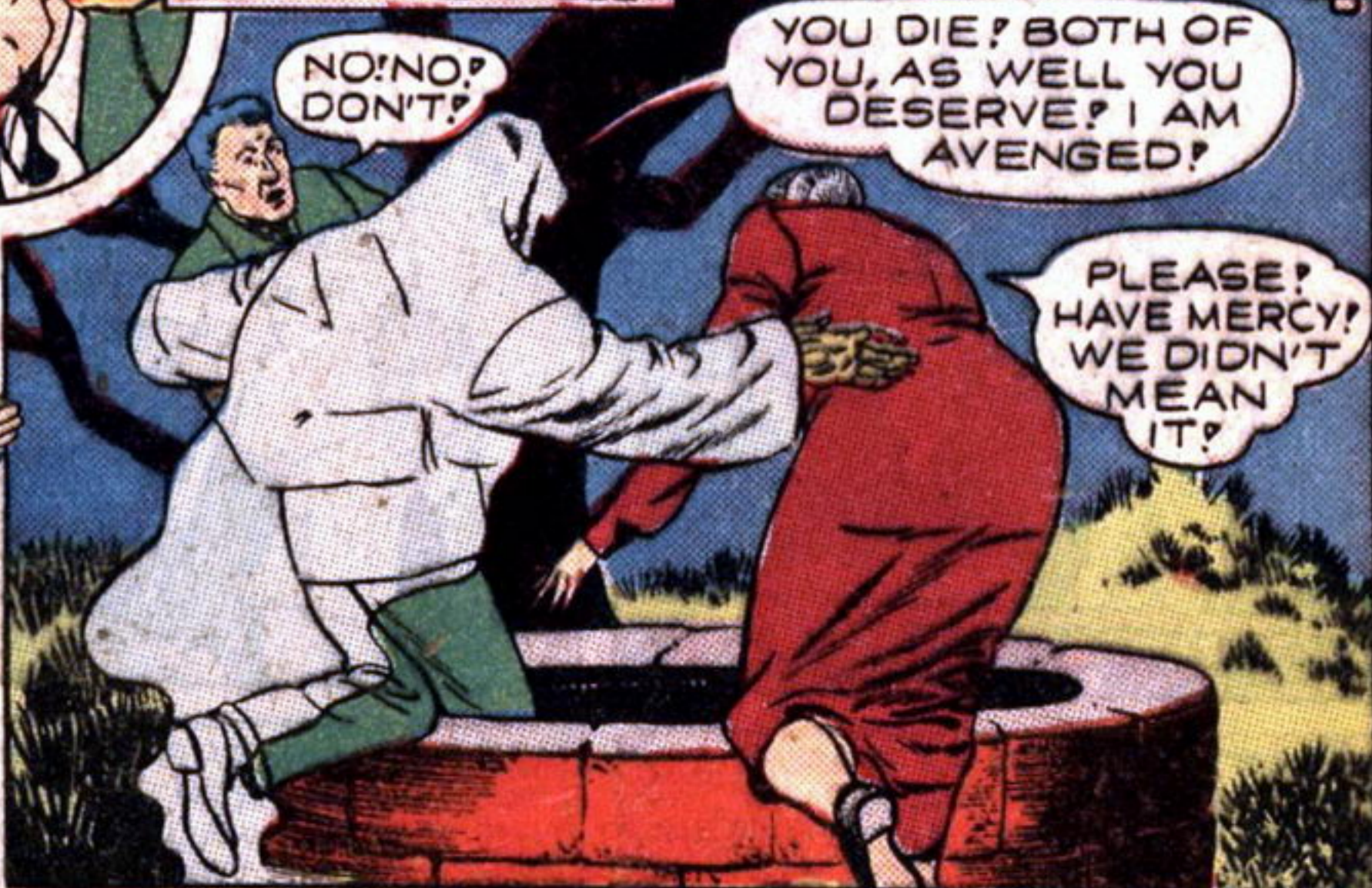
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T BE TRIED FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!



SUDDENLY THE DWINDLING AND STRICKEN SPECTRE FLOATS OUT OF THE CYPRESS AND THRUSTS THE TRAITOROUS COUSINS DOWN THE WELL.

NO! NO! DON'T!

YOU DIE! BOTH OF YOU, AS WELL YOU DESERVE! I AM AVENGED!



PLEASE! HAVE MERCY! WE DIDN'T MEAN IT!

BLAKE COMFORTS JUNE WHO IS HORRIFIED AT THIS SCENE.



THEY RECEIVED THE FATE THEY INTENDED FOR US!

OH! HOW TERRIBLE, BLAKE!

NOAH JORDAN'S GHOST VANISHES.



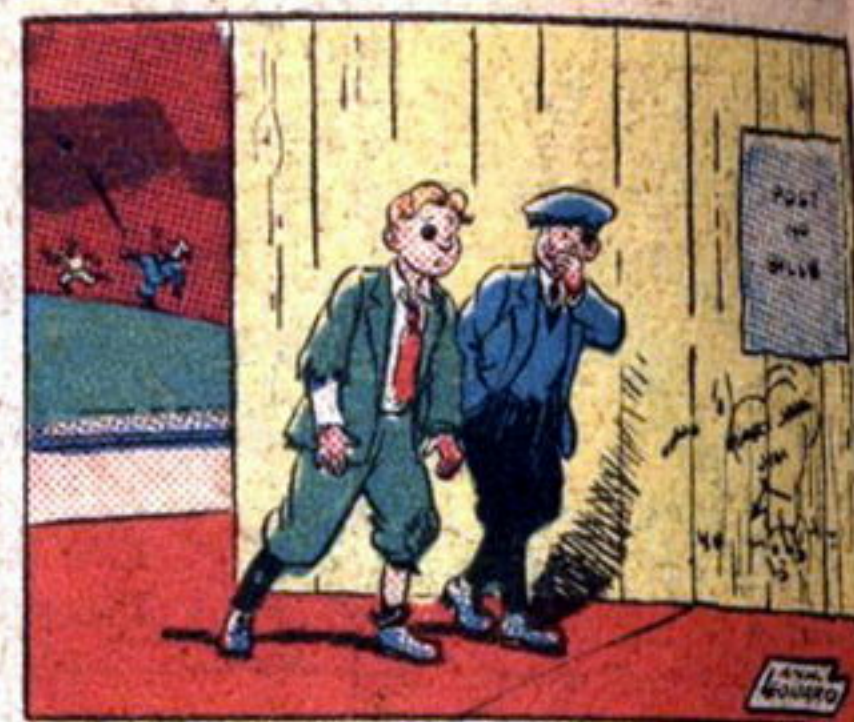
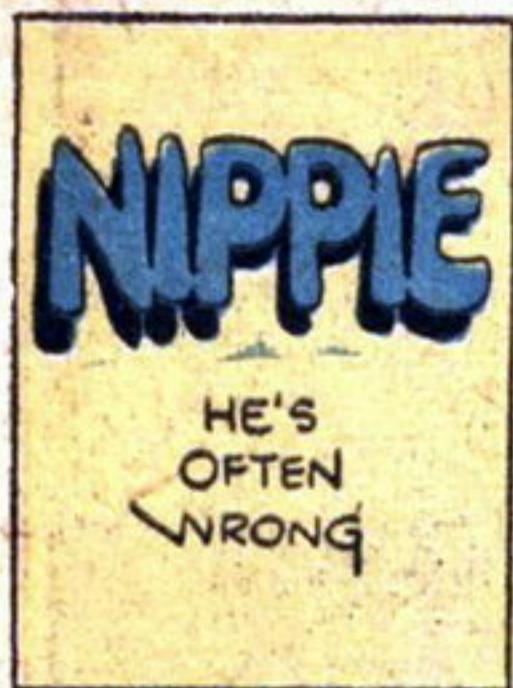
YOU WON'T HAVE TO FEAR HIM ANY MORE, HE'S GONE FOREVER!

THAT'S TWICE YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES TODAY!

I'LL WRITE YOU A CHECK FOR ANY AMOUNT YOU SAY, ZERO!

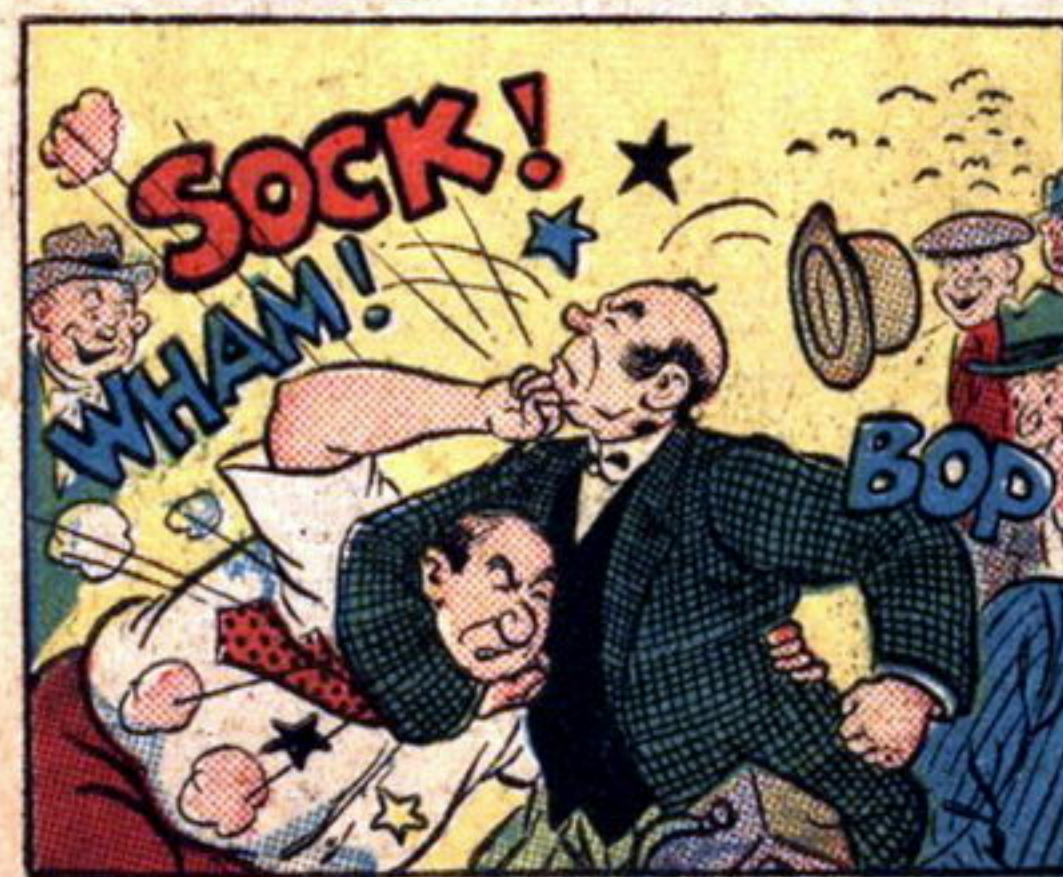
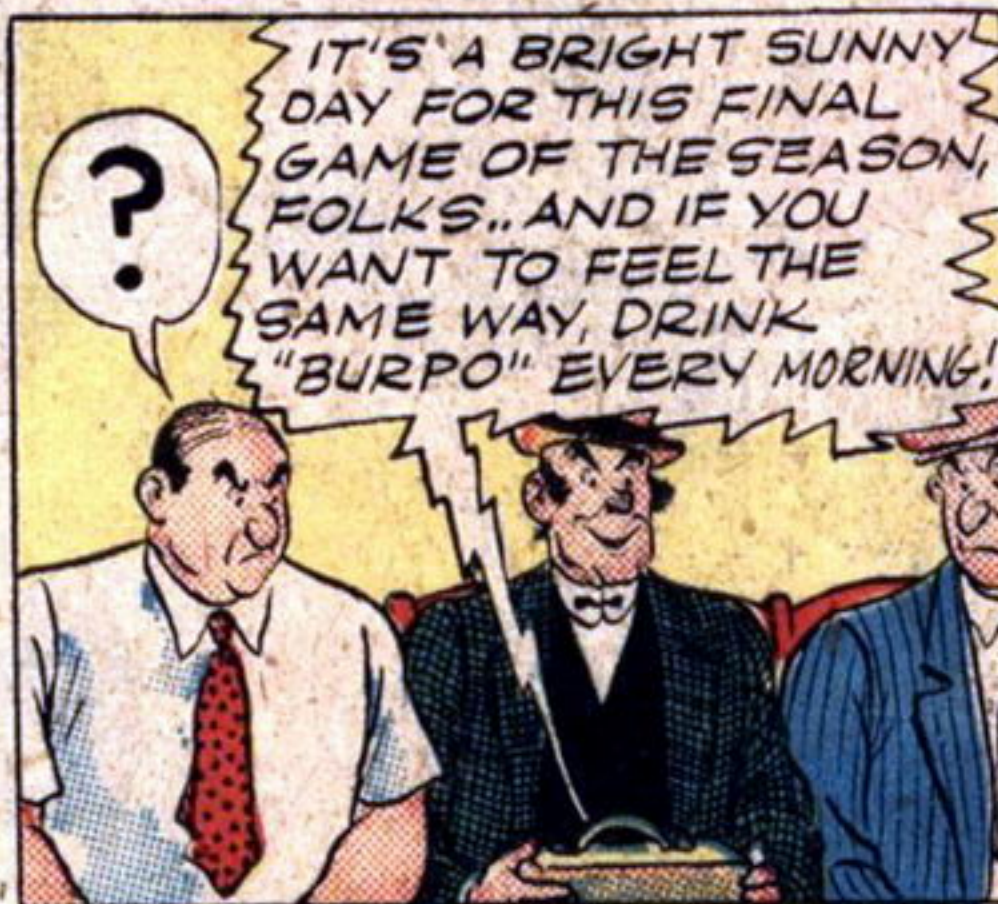
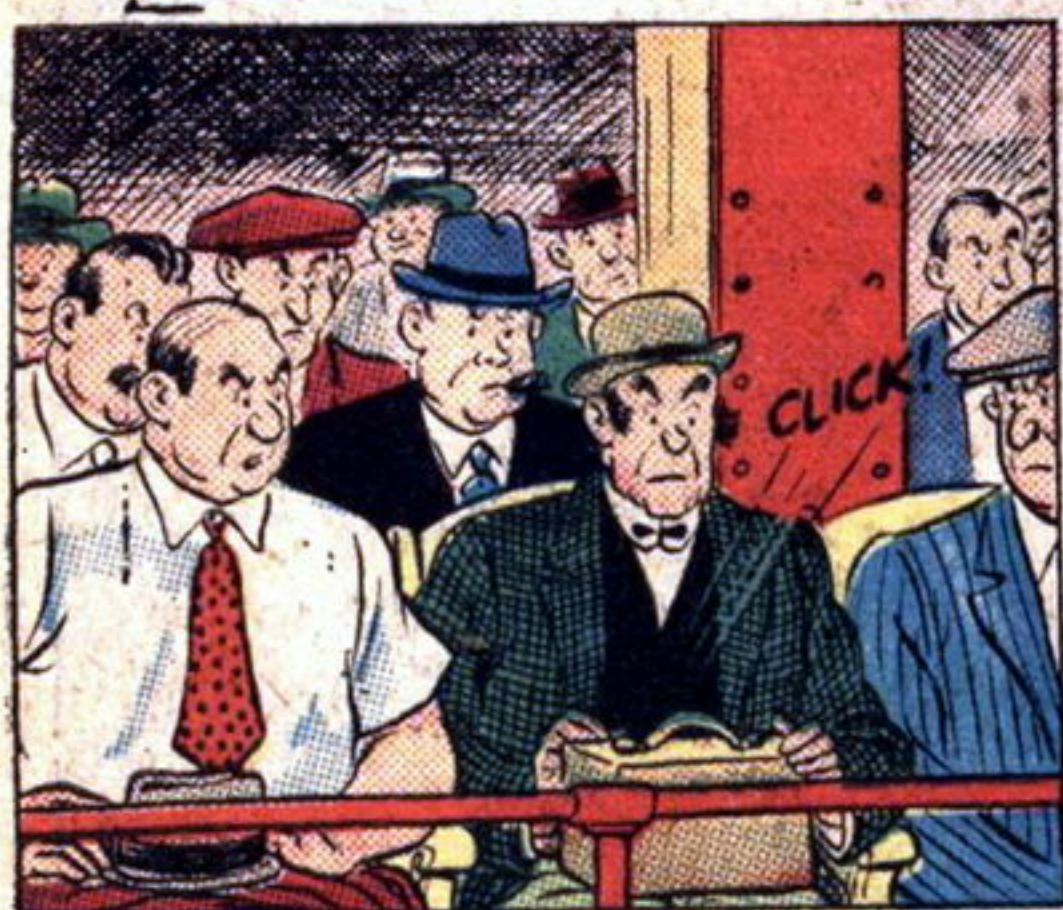
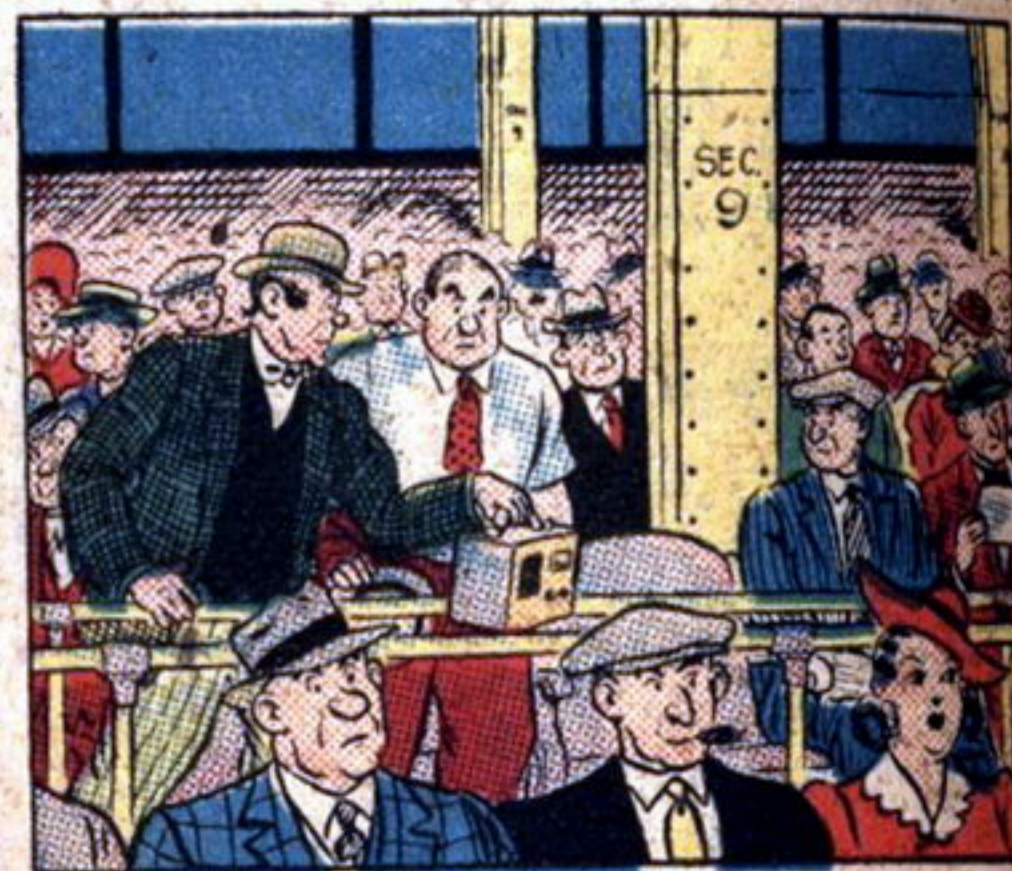
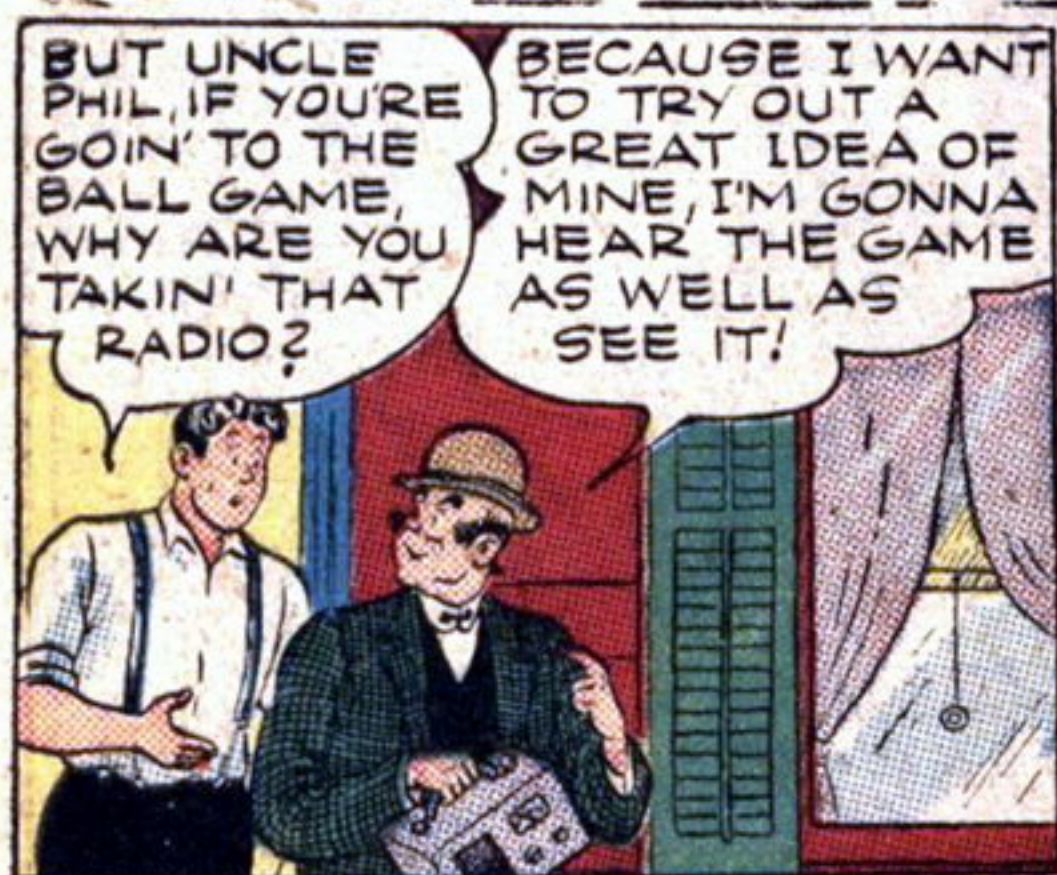
THANKS, BUT GHOST CHASING IS MY HOBBY AND NOT A BUSINESS





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

IT'S THE LAST
HALF OF THE
NINTH...IT'S TWO
OUT AND THE
BASES ARE
LOADED...HERE
COMES 'HOMERUN'
HANSEN UP
TO BAT!

I'LL BET
YOU A
SODA HE
STRIKES
OUT,
NIPPIE!

OKAY!

YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE AGREED TO
THAT, NIPPIE...IT'S
GAMBLING AND
THAT AIN'T
RIGHT!

BUT HOMERUN
HANSEN
NEVER
STRIKES
OUT!

ADOD

BRADIO YONAD

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

IT'S A LONG
TIME SINCE I
SAW YOUR
UNCLE PHIL
WITH A BLACK
EYE, MICKEY!

OH, HE HAS A NEW
POLICY OF NOT
GETTING INTO AN
ARGUMENT UNLESS
IT'S ABOUT SOME-
THING IMPORTANT!

WHO DO YOU
THINK IS
GONNA BE
ELECTED,
PHIL?

TO TELL YOU THE
TRUTH, MICKEY I
HAVEN'T GIVEN
IT ANY THOUGHT
AT ALL!

YOU'RE CRAZY!
DEMPSEY COULD
HAVE LICKED
JOE LOUIS
WITH ONE HAND
BEHIND HIS
BACK!

WHAT
ABOUT
IT, PHIL!

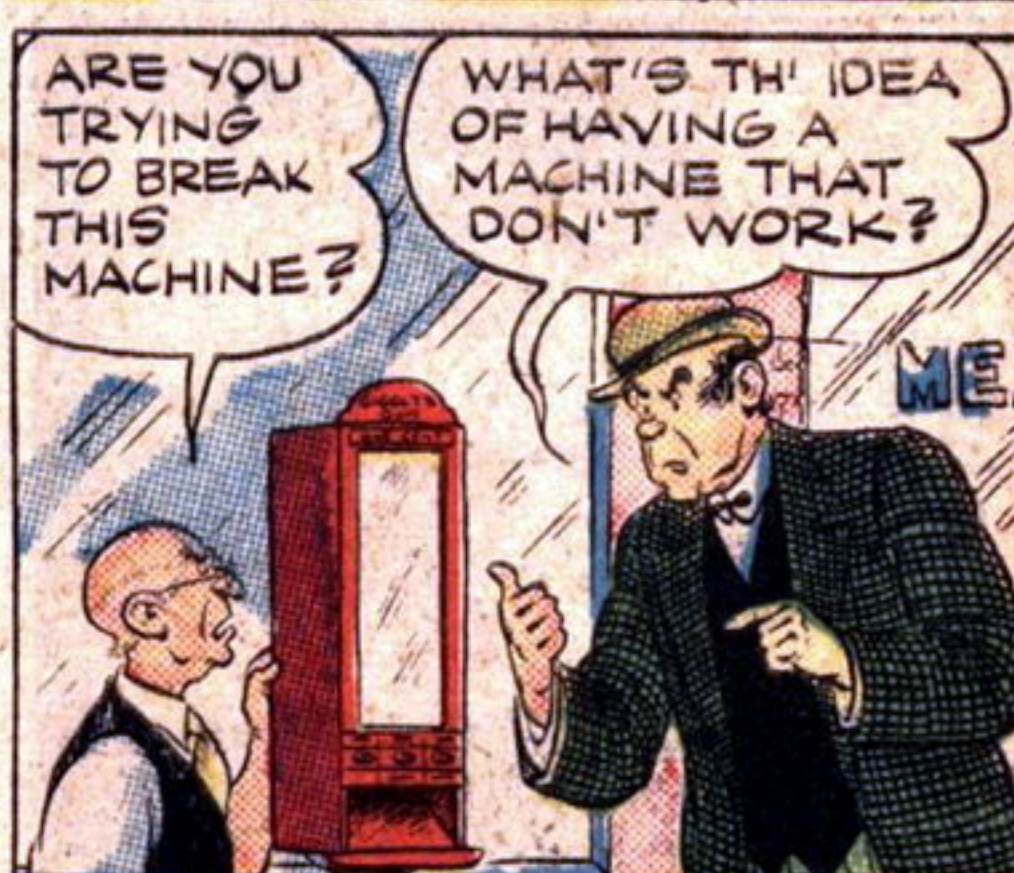
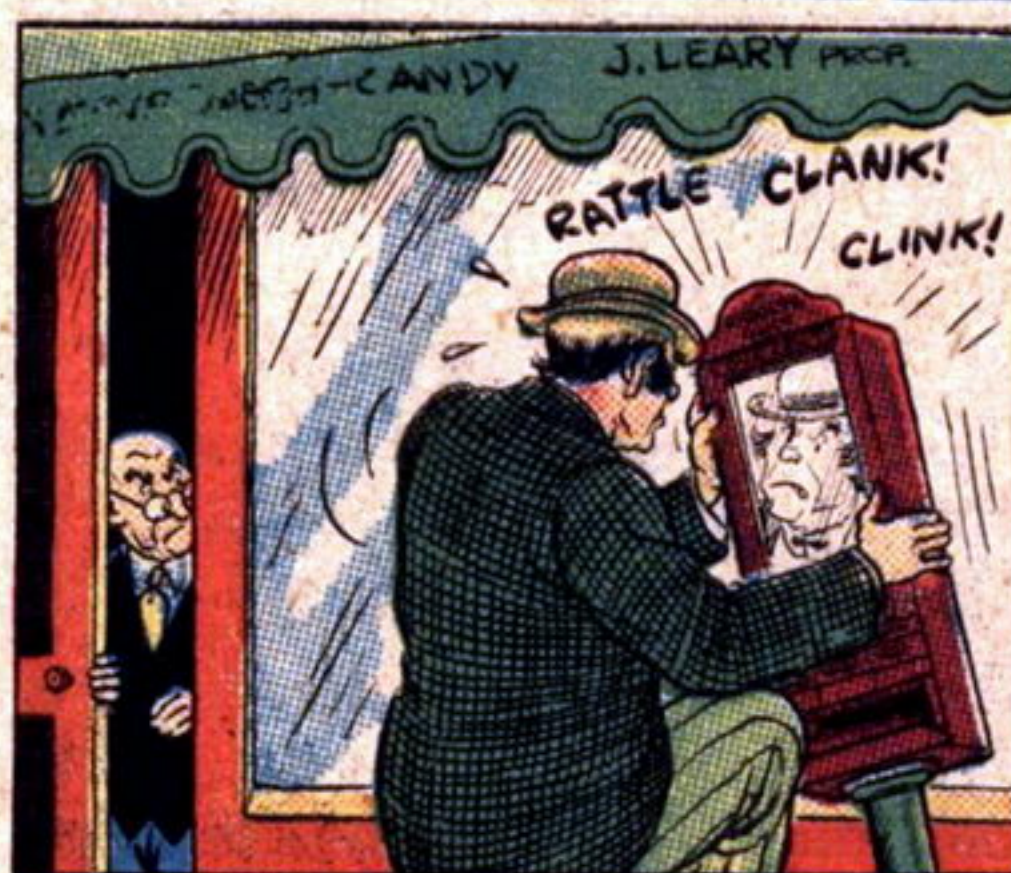
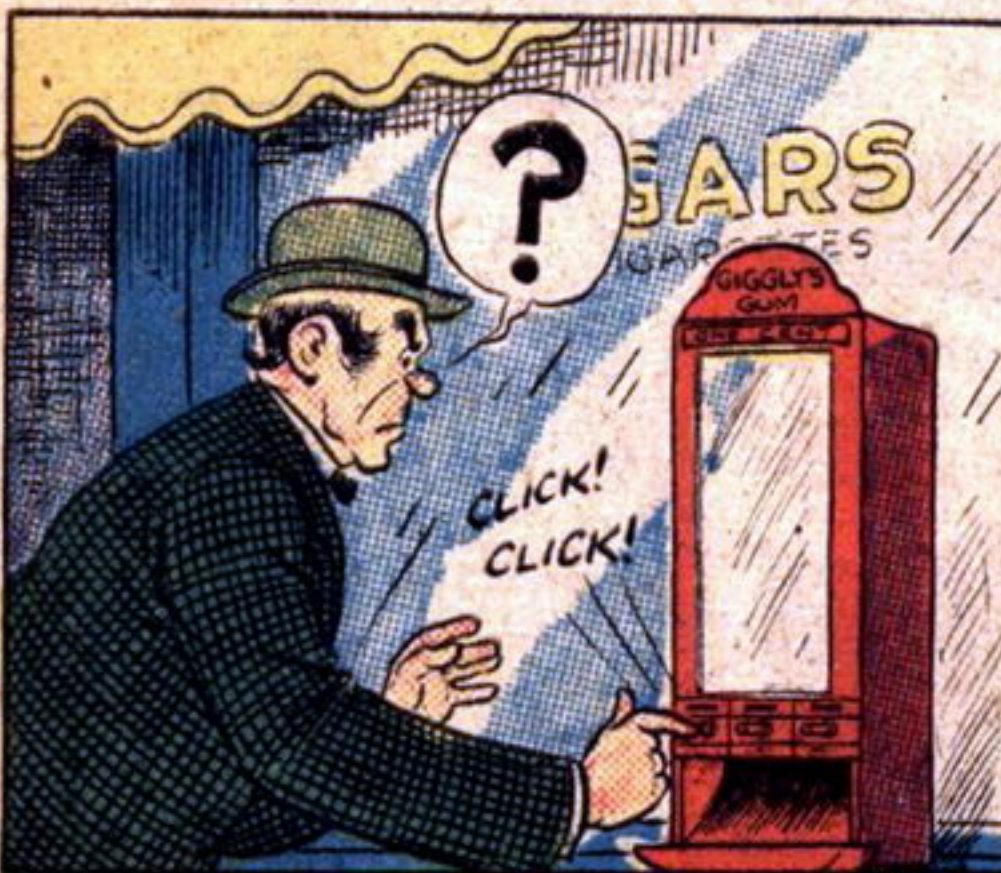
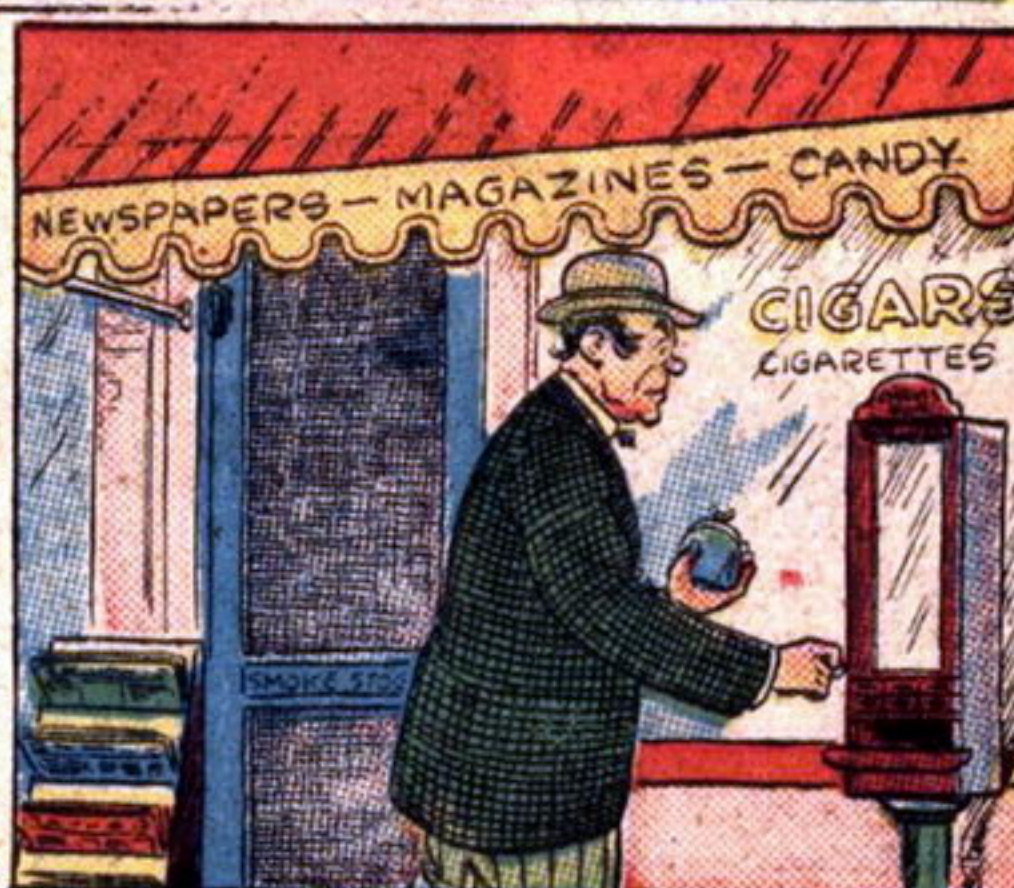
NOT
A
WORD,
I'M
NEUTRAL!

WHAT D'YA
THINK ABOUT
CHANGING THE
BY-LAWS OF
OUR LODGE,
PHIL?

I'M NOT SAYIN'
ANYTHING UNTIL
I HEAR BOTH
SIDES OF THE
QUESTION!

PHIL CERTAINLY
IS A CHANGED
MAN, HOULIHAN!

G'WAN! HE'LL
FORGET HIM-
SELF AND
LOSE HIS
TEMPER BEFORE
T'NIGHT!



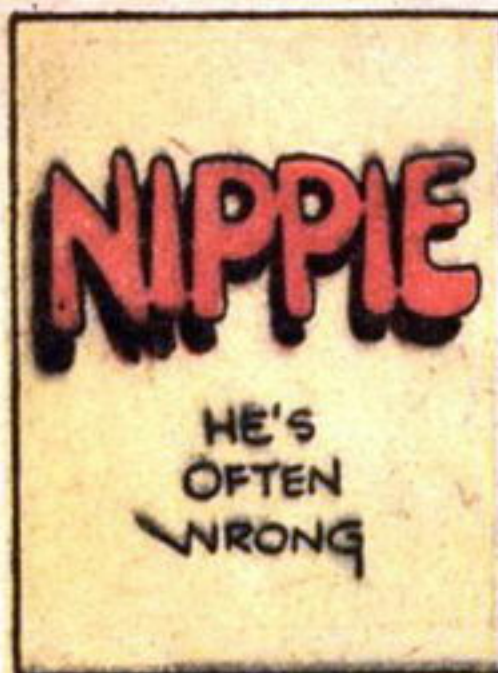
I'VE JUST
PROVEN TO YOU
THAT IT WORKS!
ARE YOU SURE
YOU PUT A CENT
IN IT?

WHY YOU
SAWED OFF
LITTLE RUNT!
I OUGHTA
WRAP THAT
MACHINE
AROUND YA!

LISTEN, WISE GUY!
GO AWAY FROM
HERE BEFORE I
PUNCH YOU IN
THE EYE!

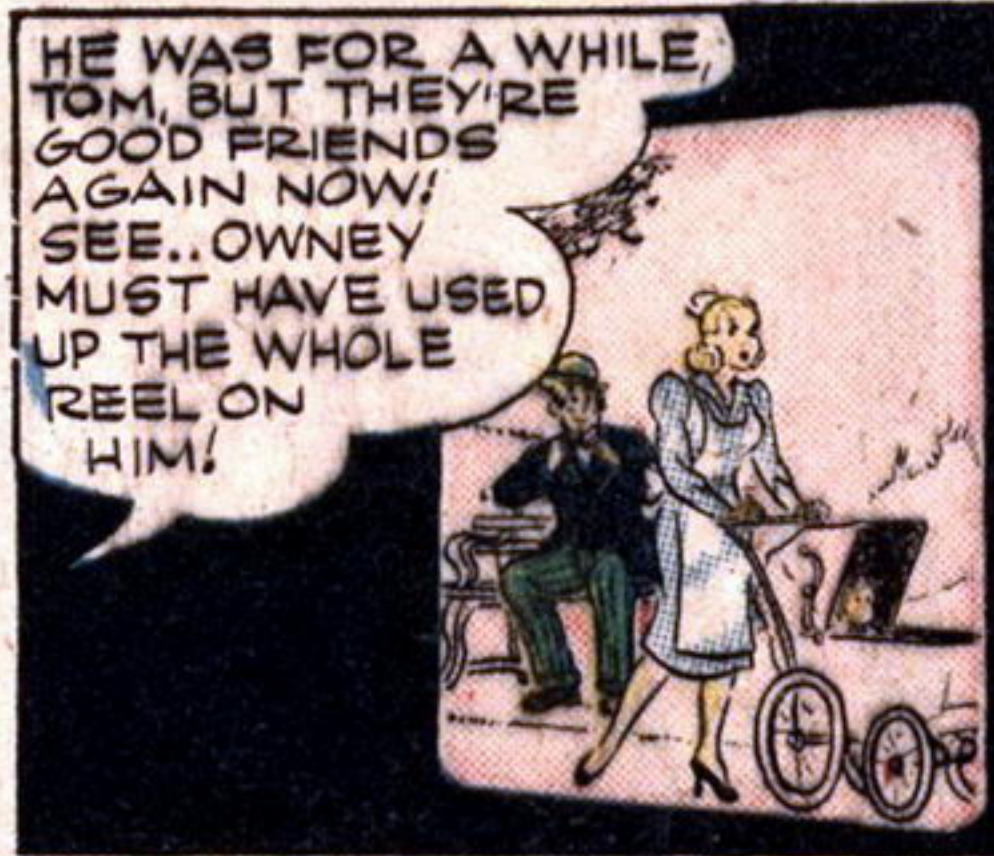
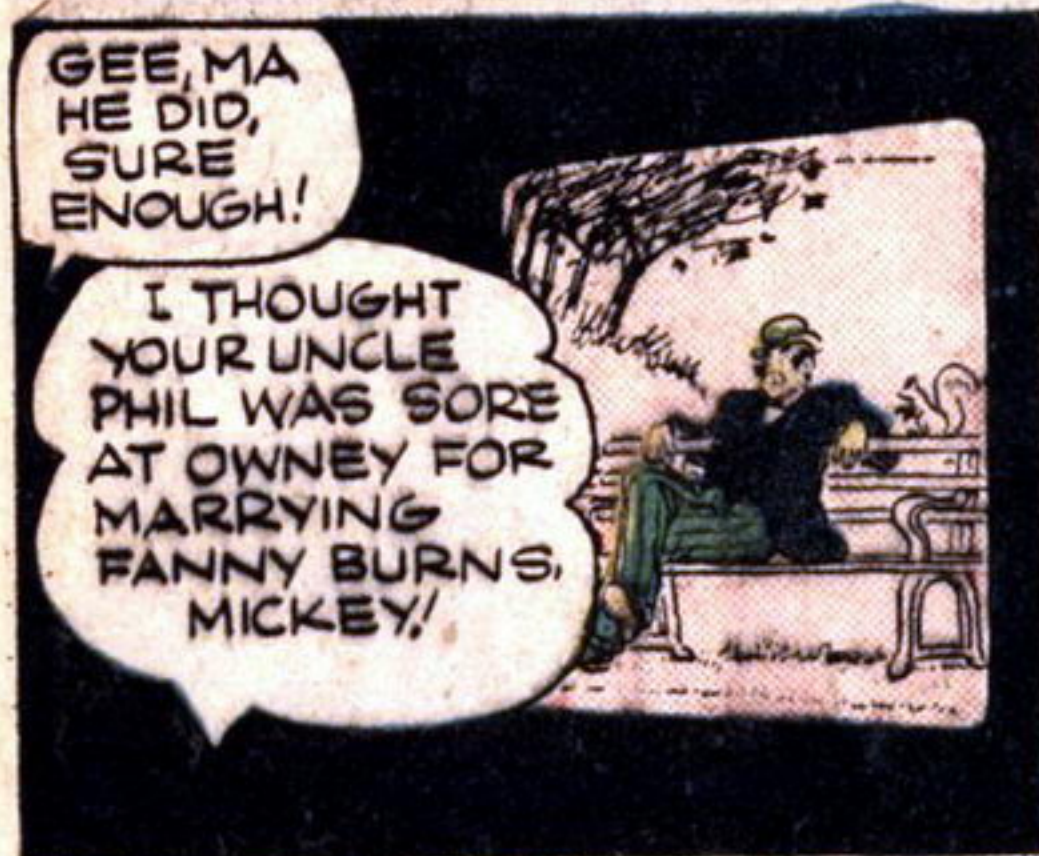
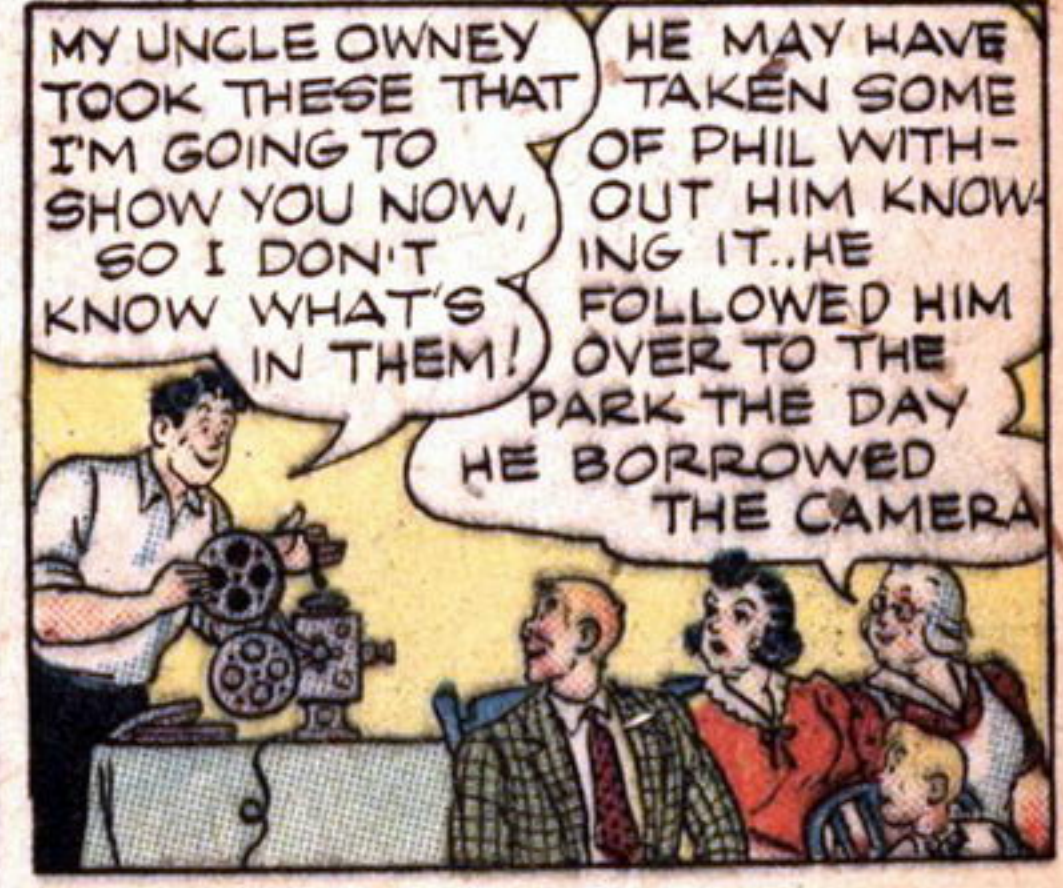
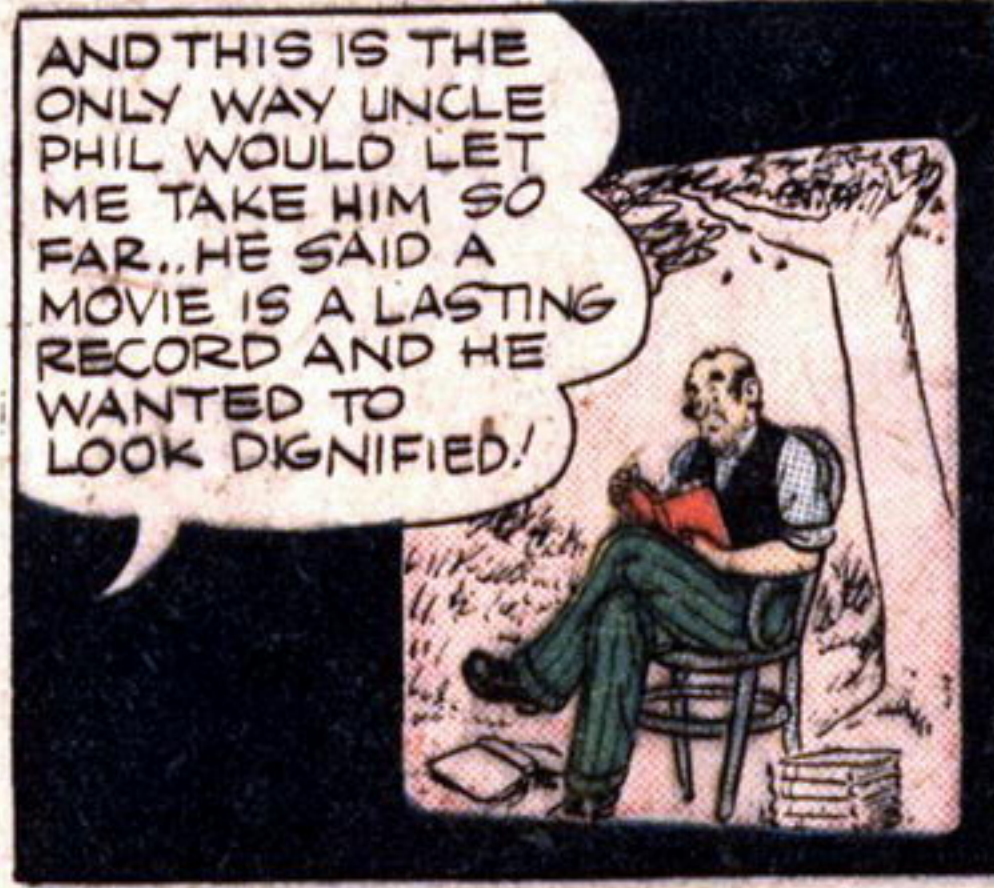
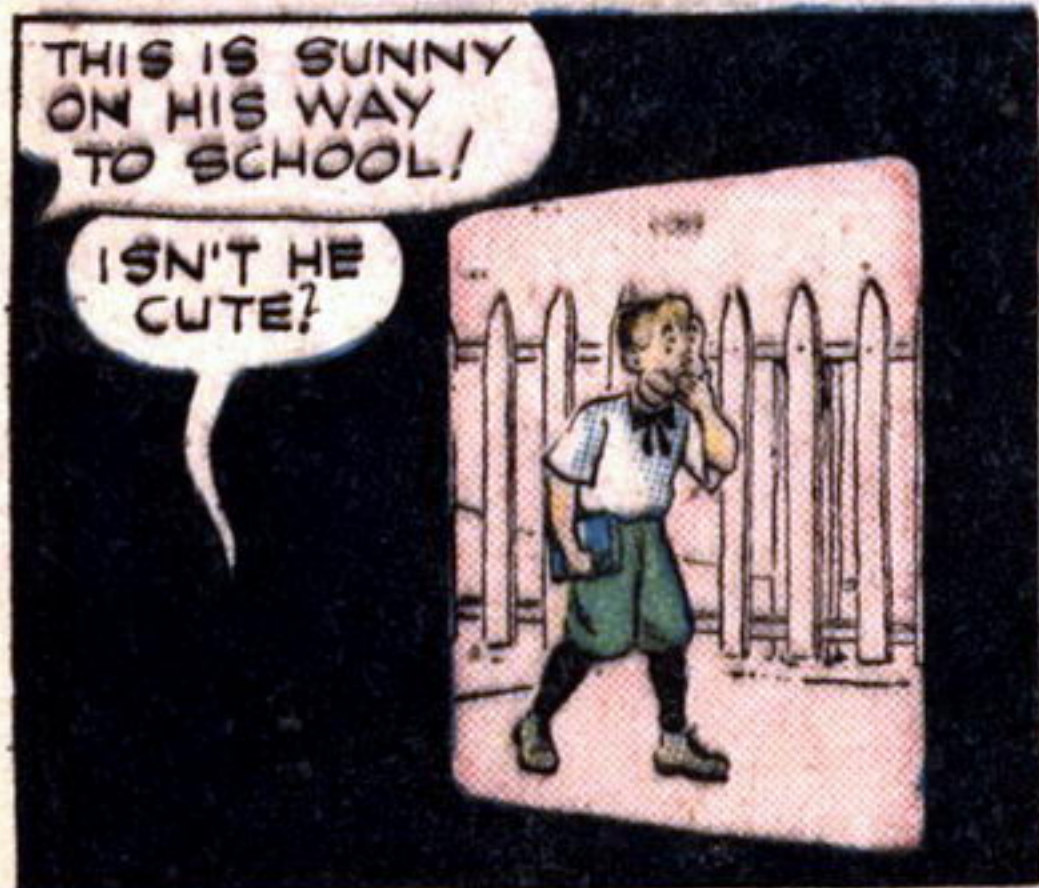
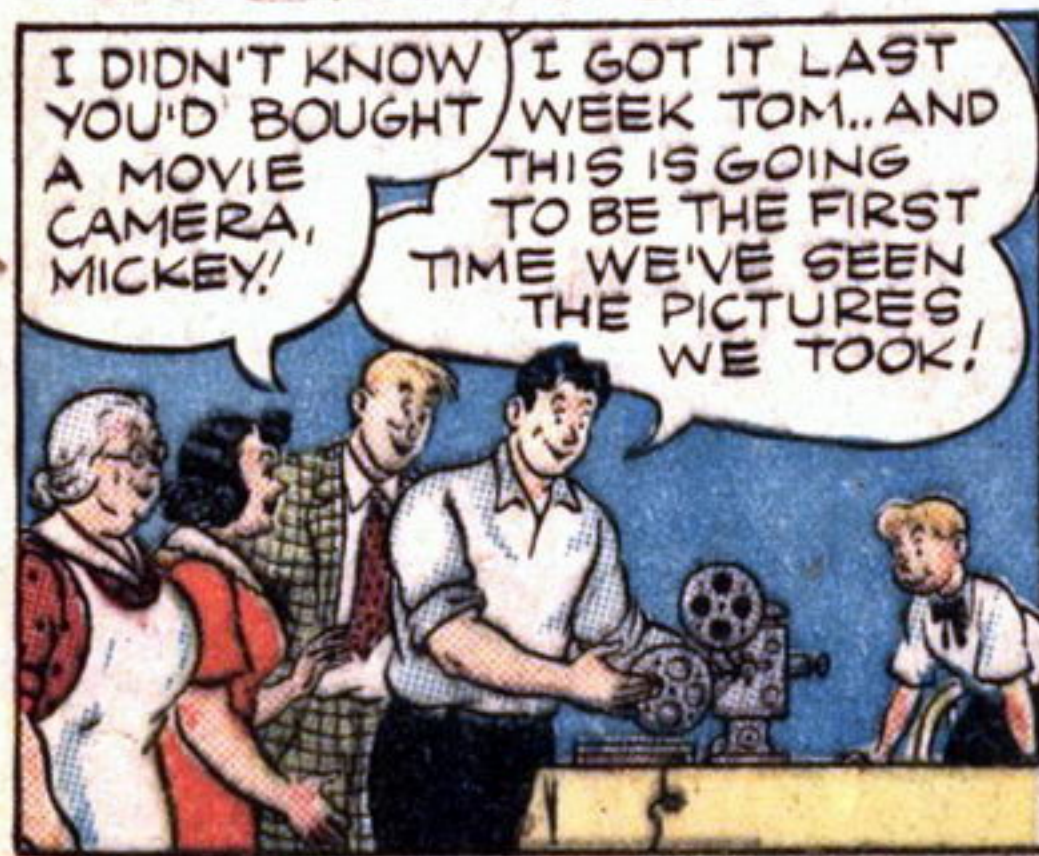
YEAH?
WHICH
ONE?

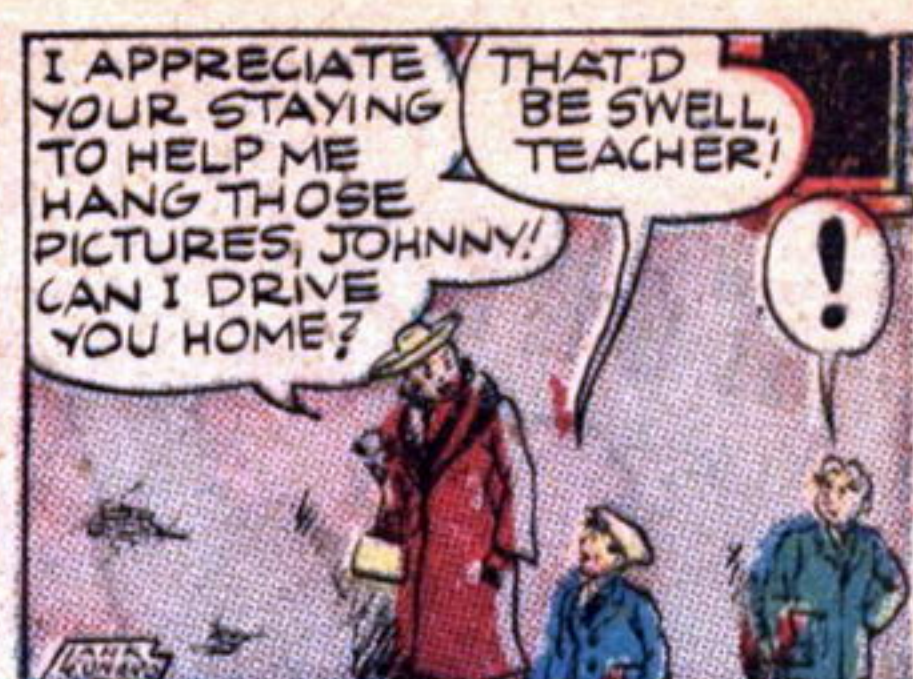
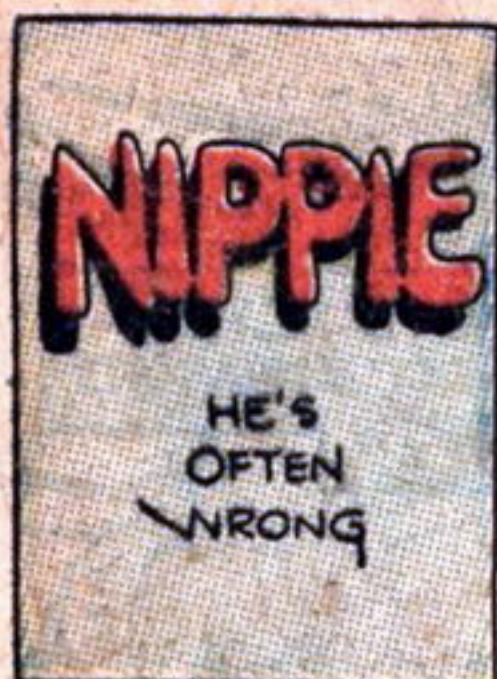




MICKEY FINN

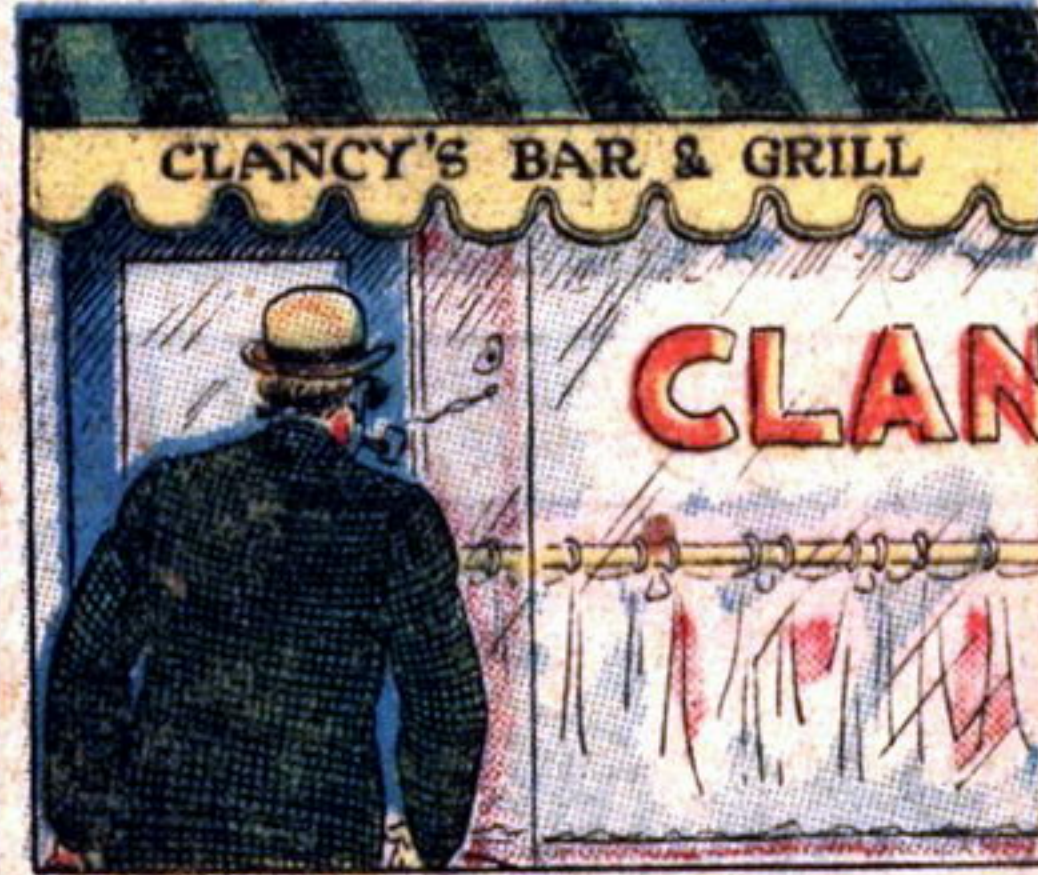
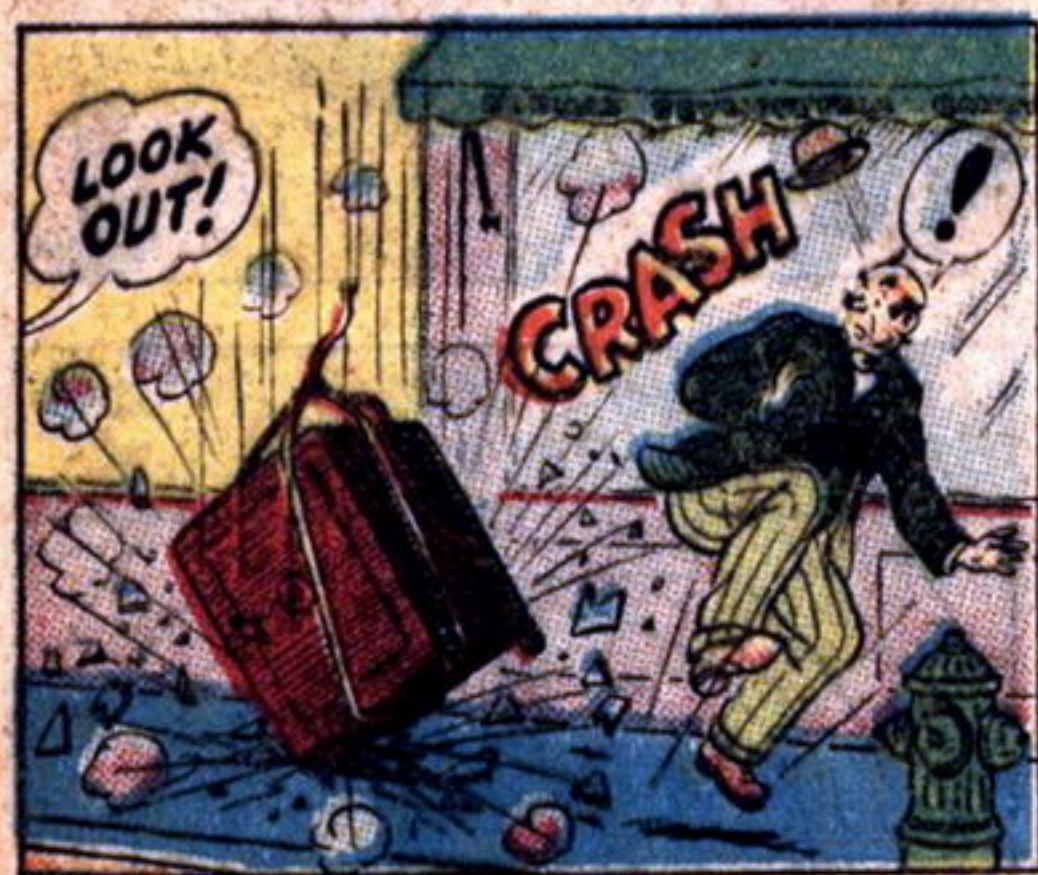
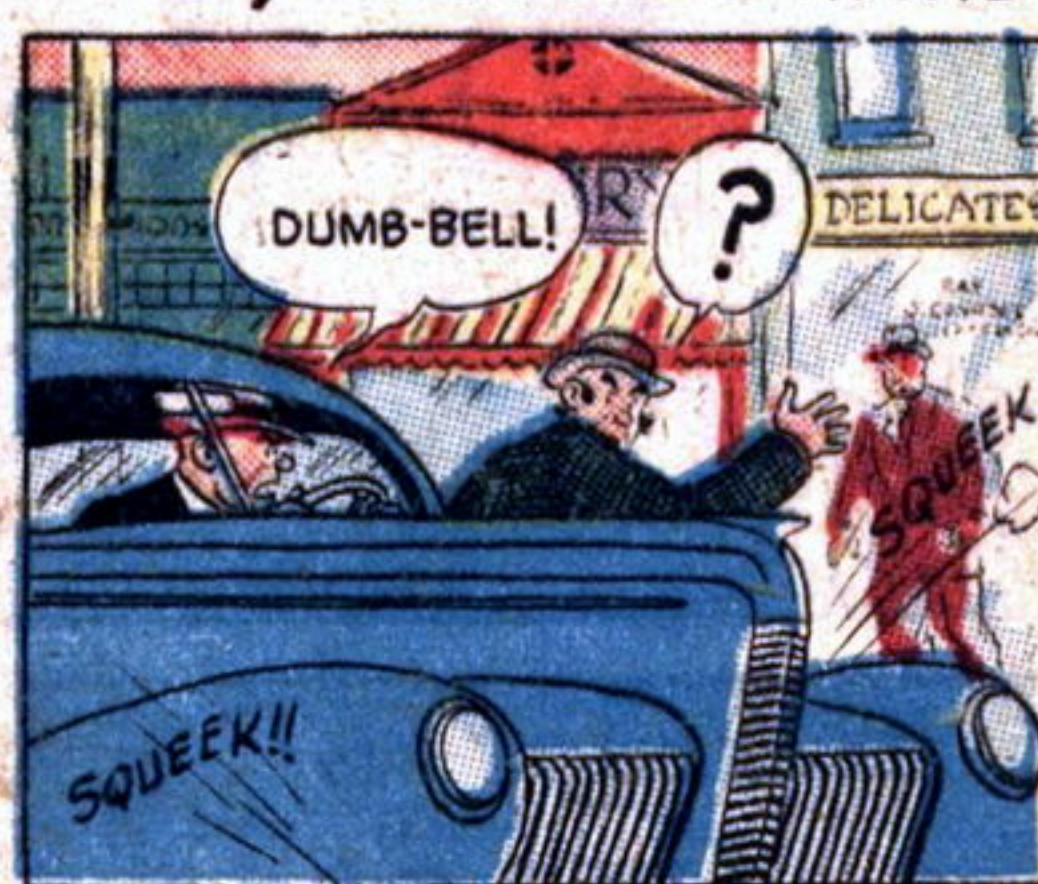
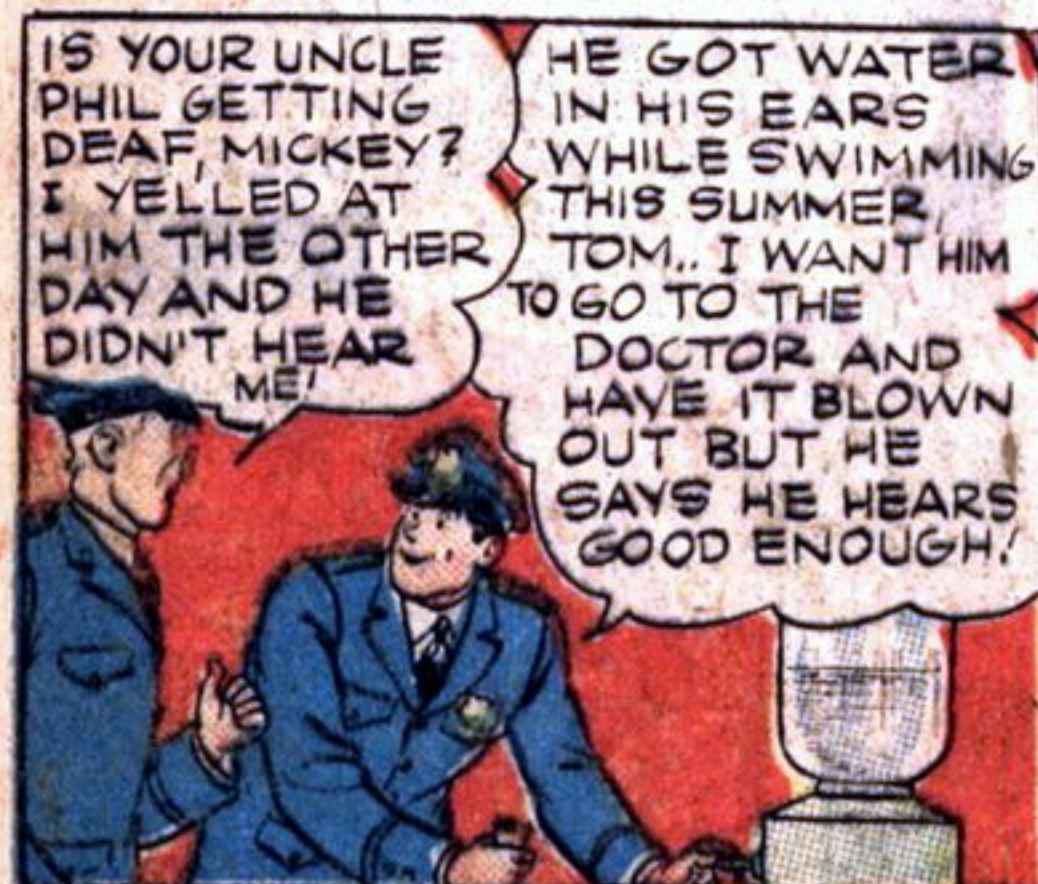
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

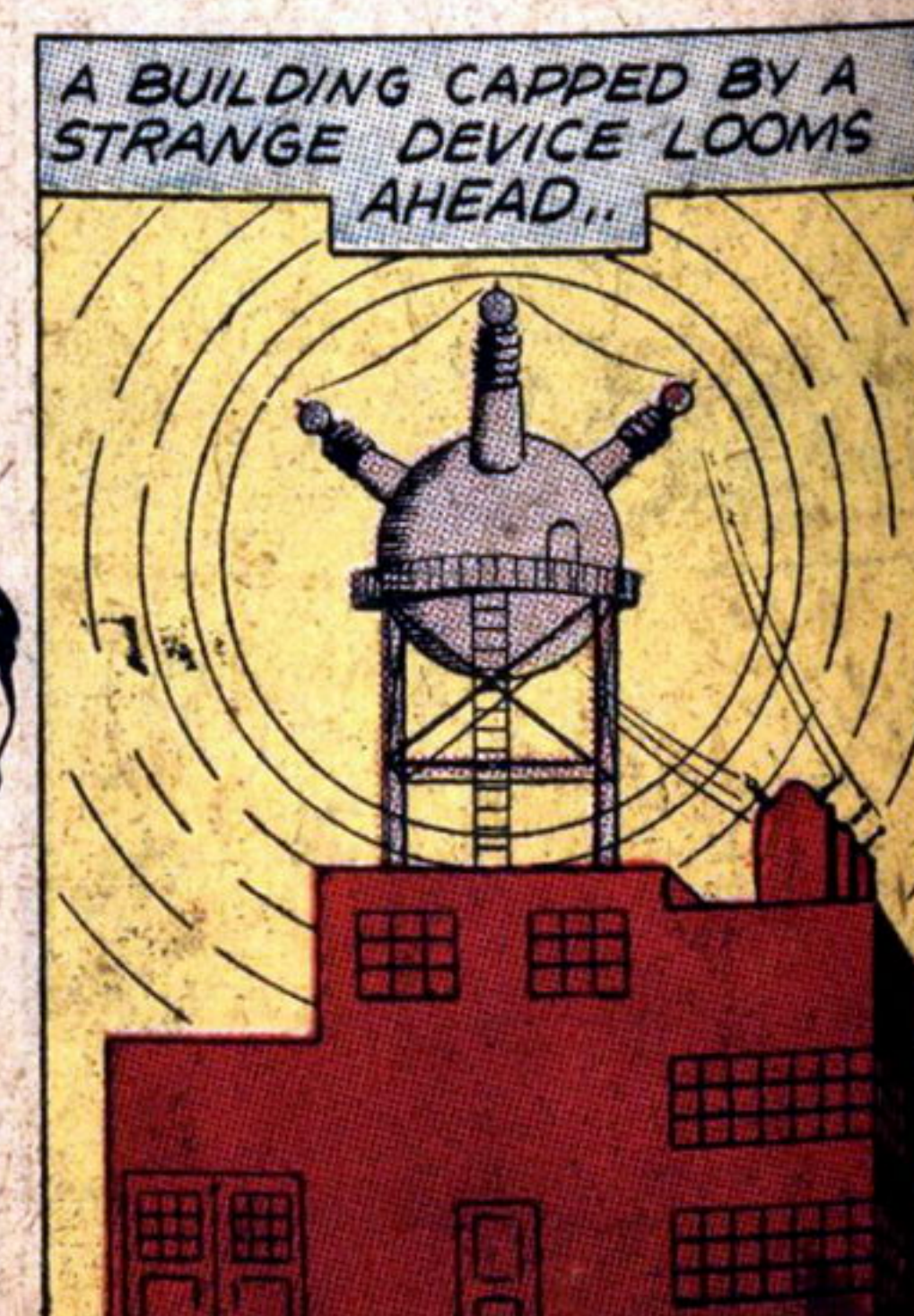
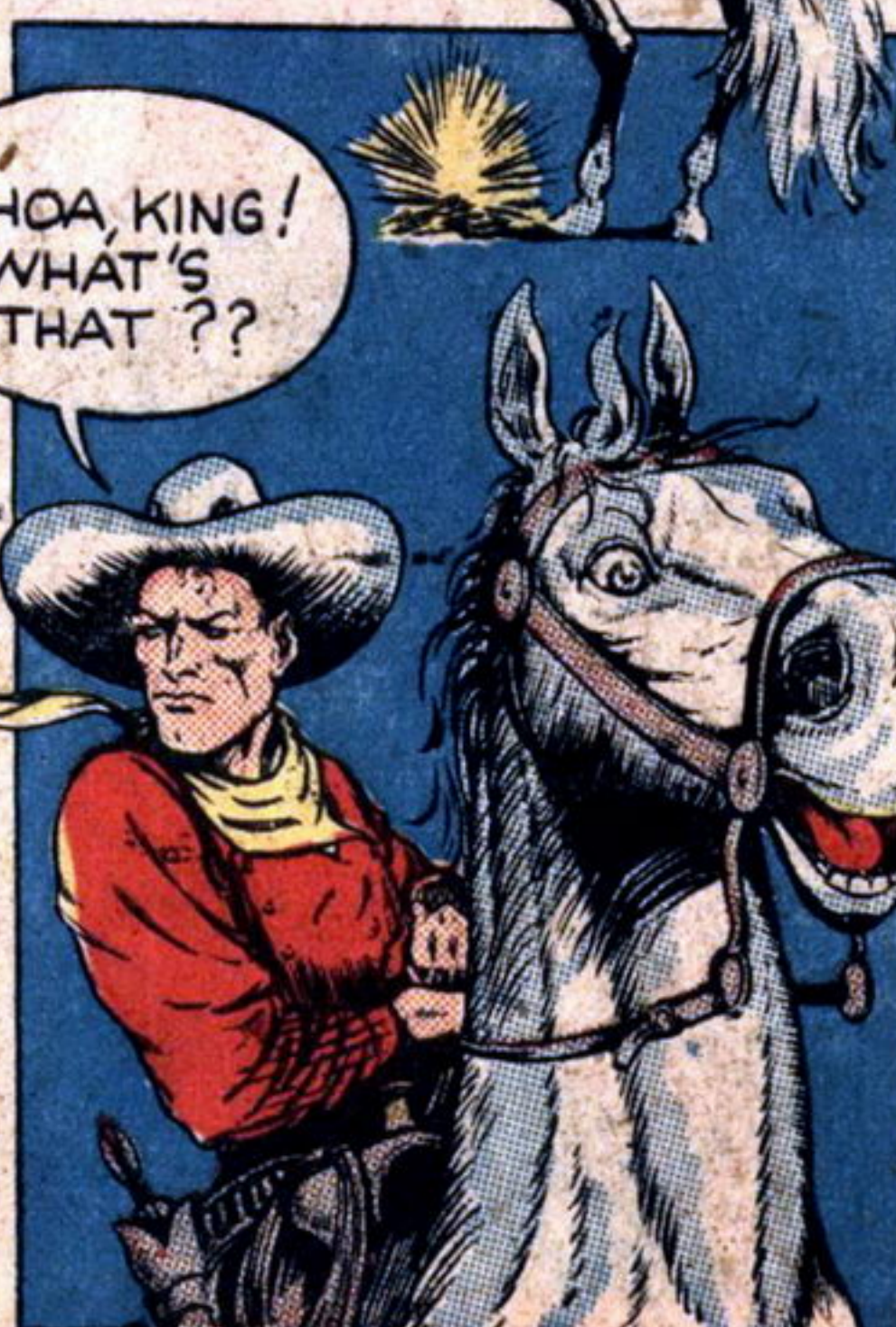
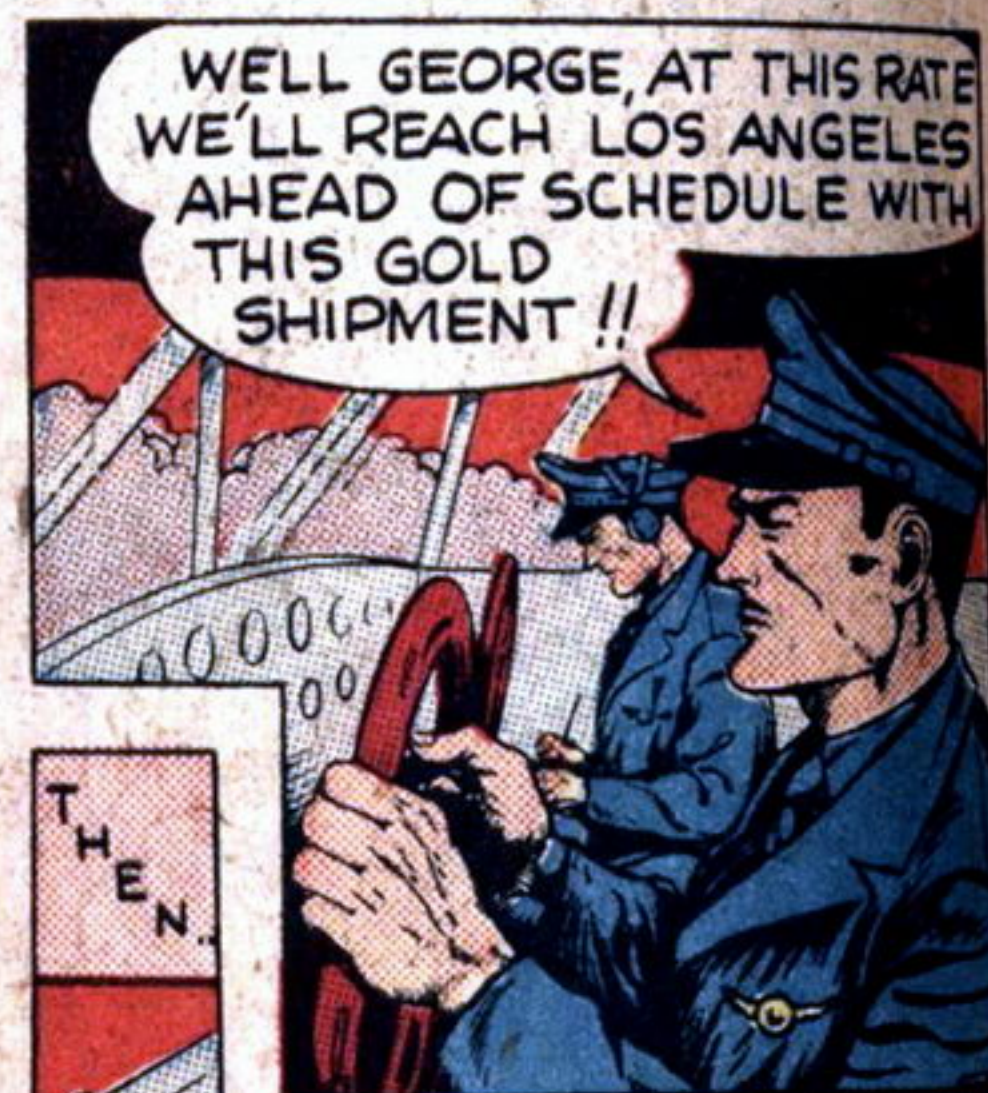
By LANK LEONARD

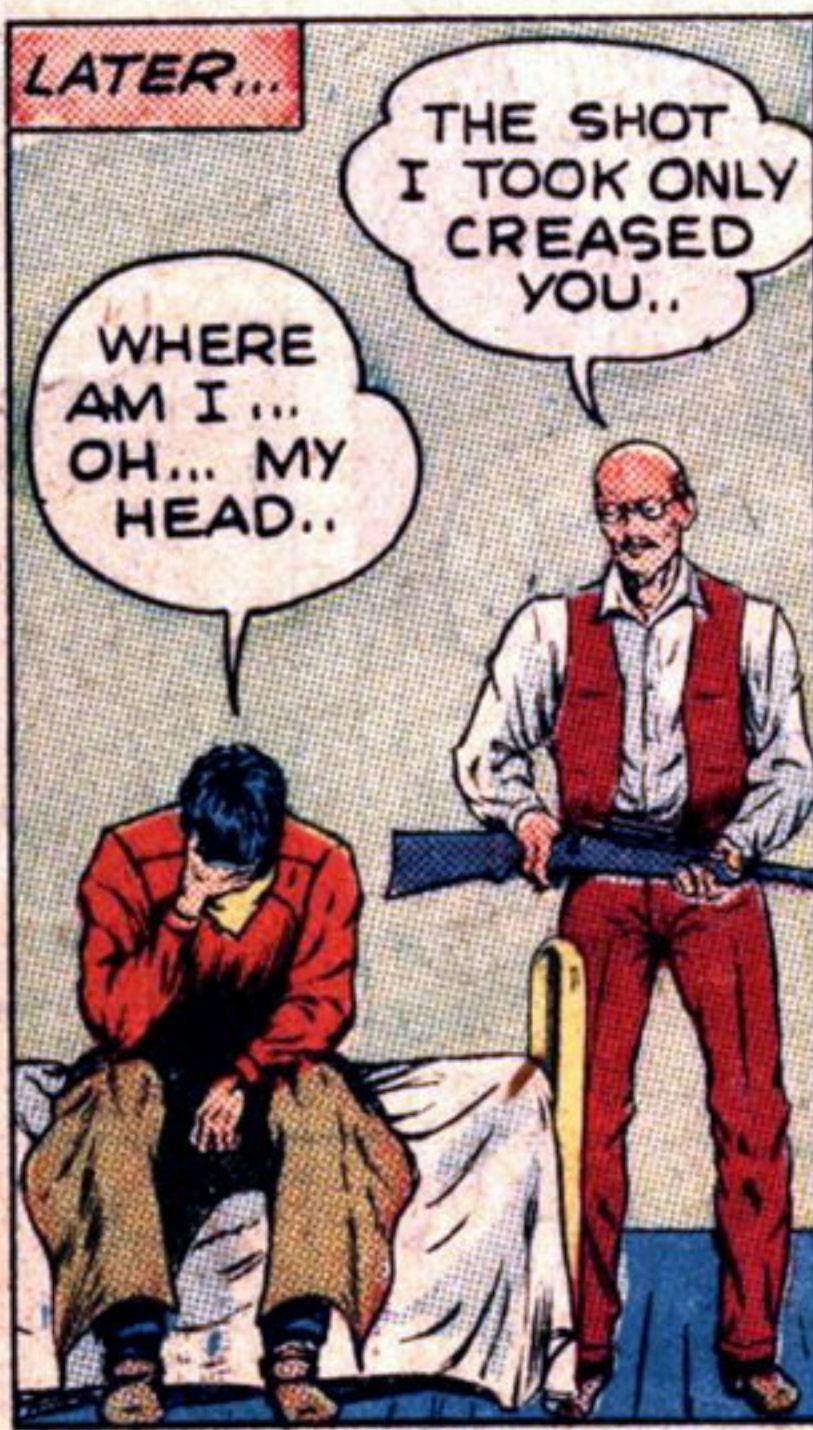
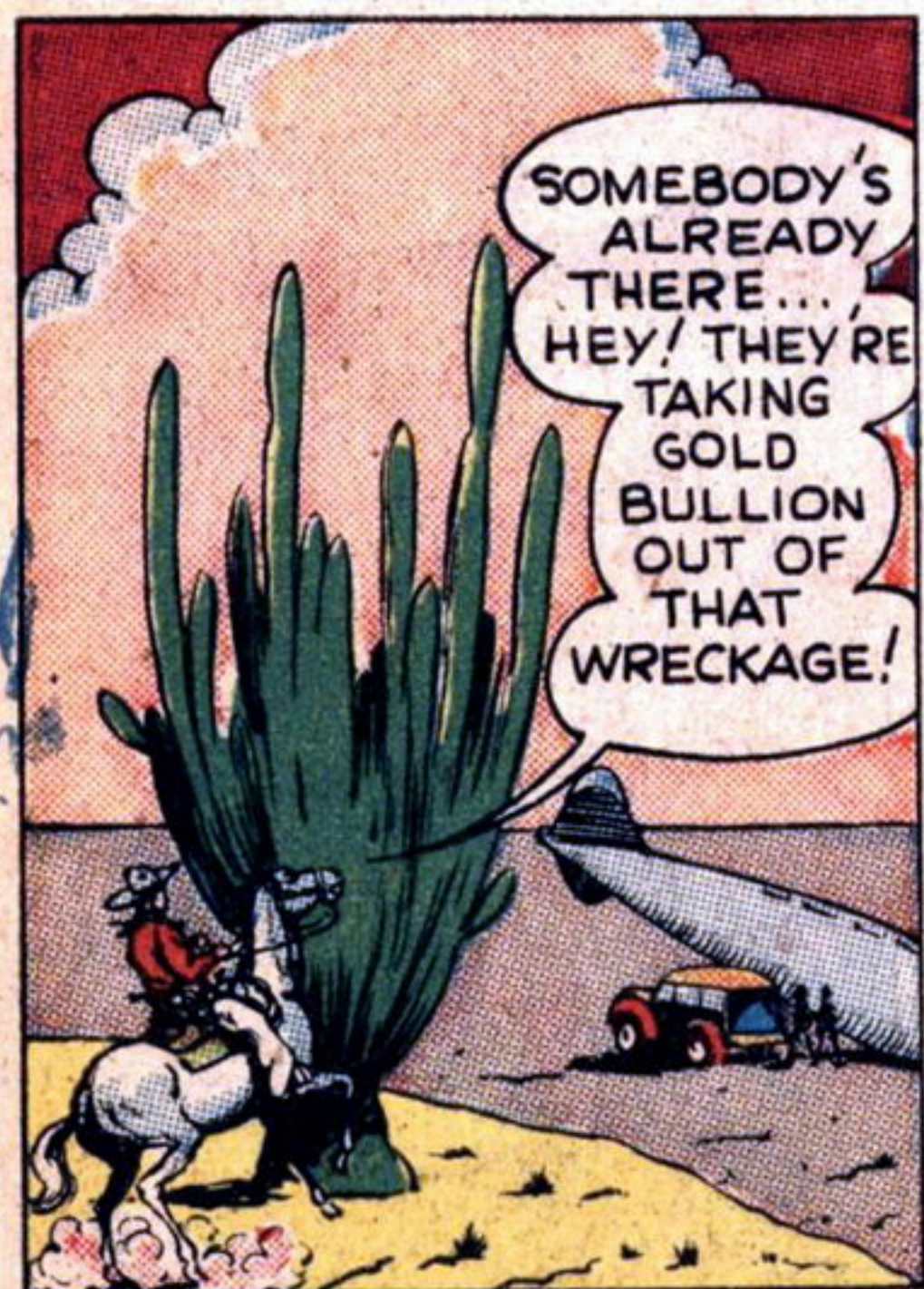
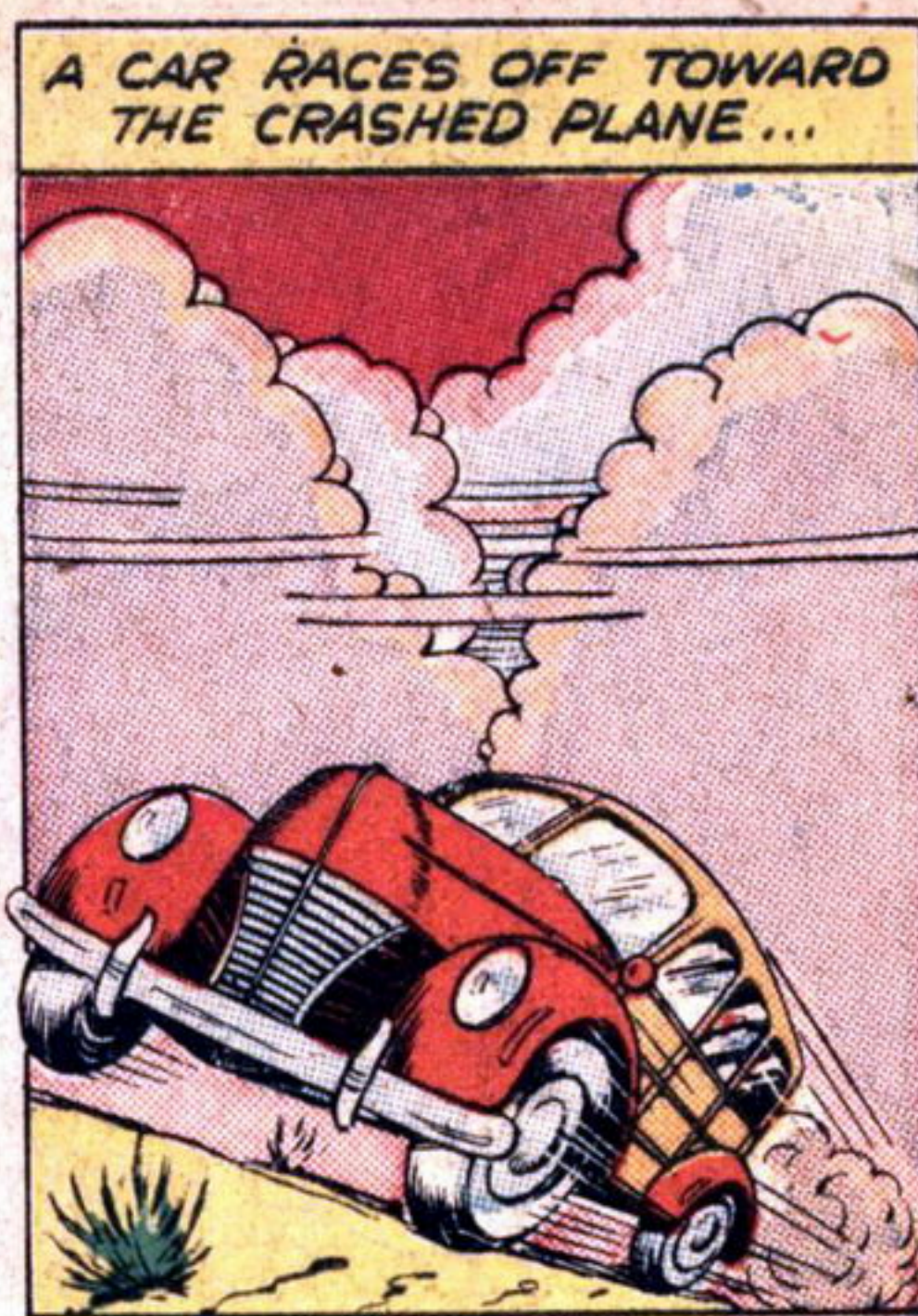
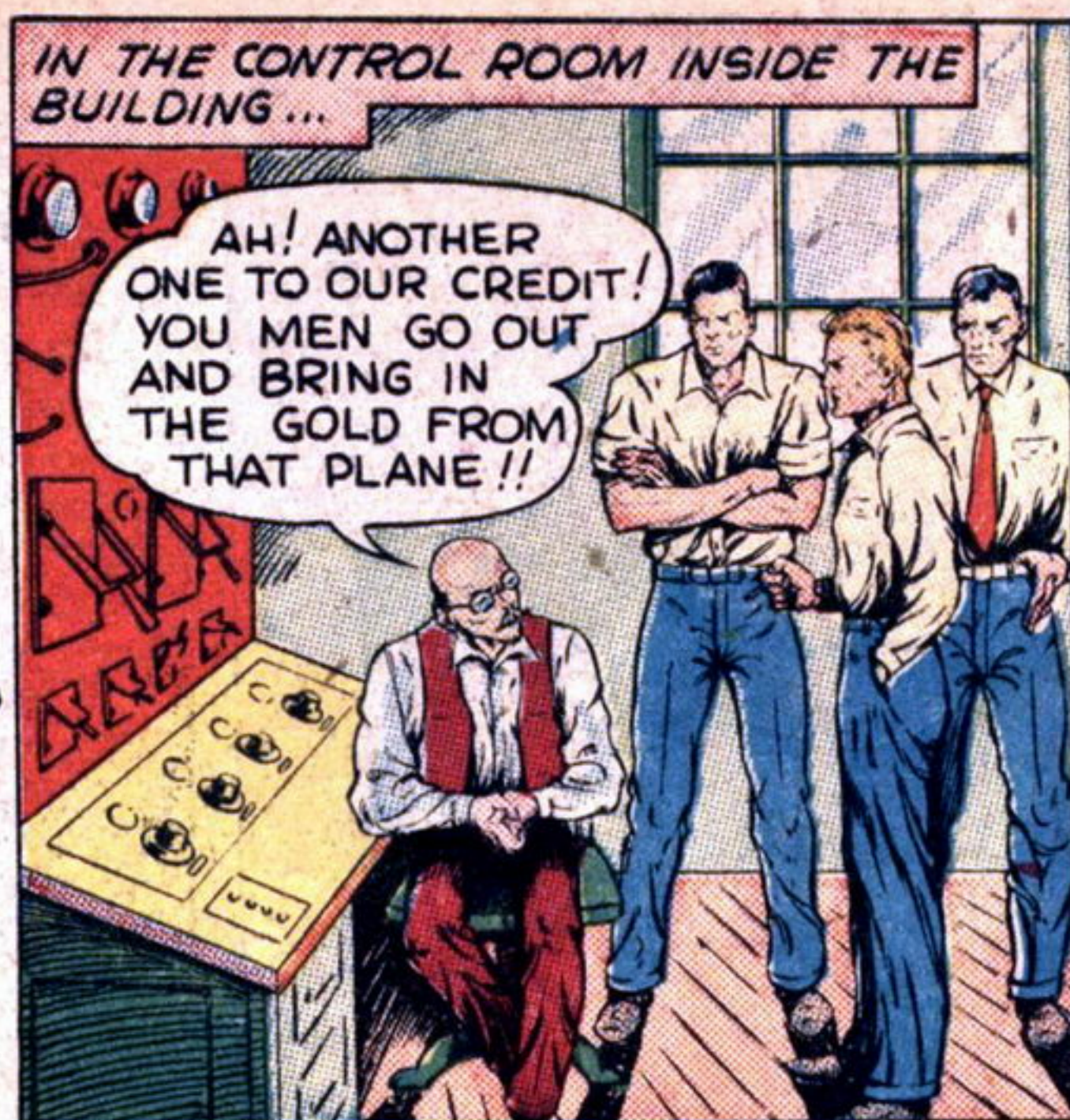


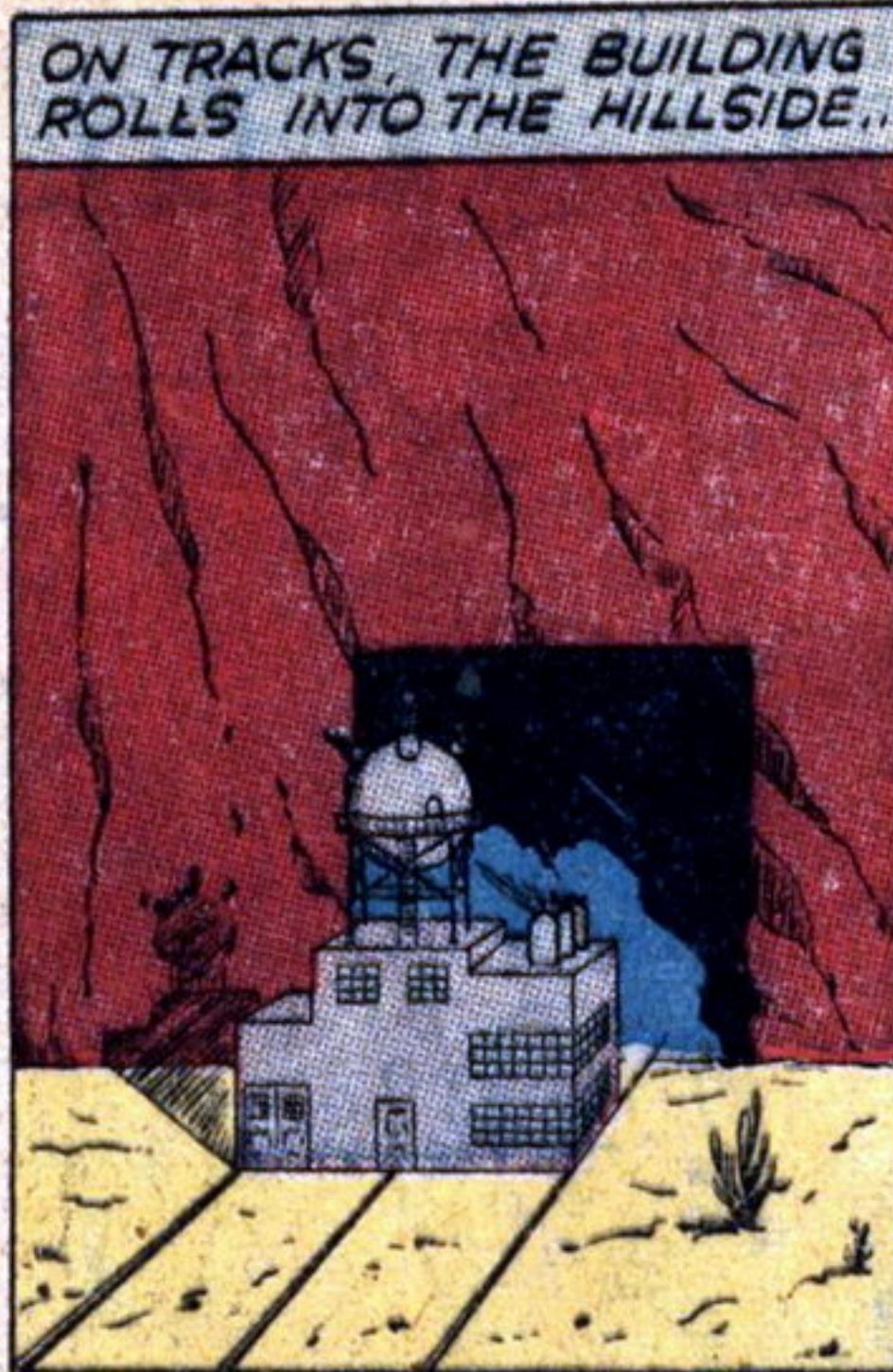
More of Mickey Finn in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 26th.

THE FARGO KID

TIM TURNER, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID, IS THE WEST'S STOUTEST UPHOLDER OF JUSTICE...



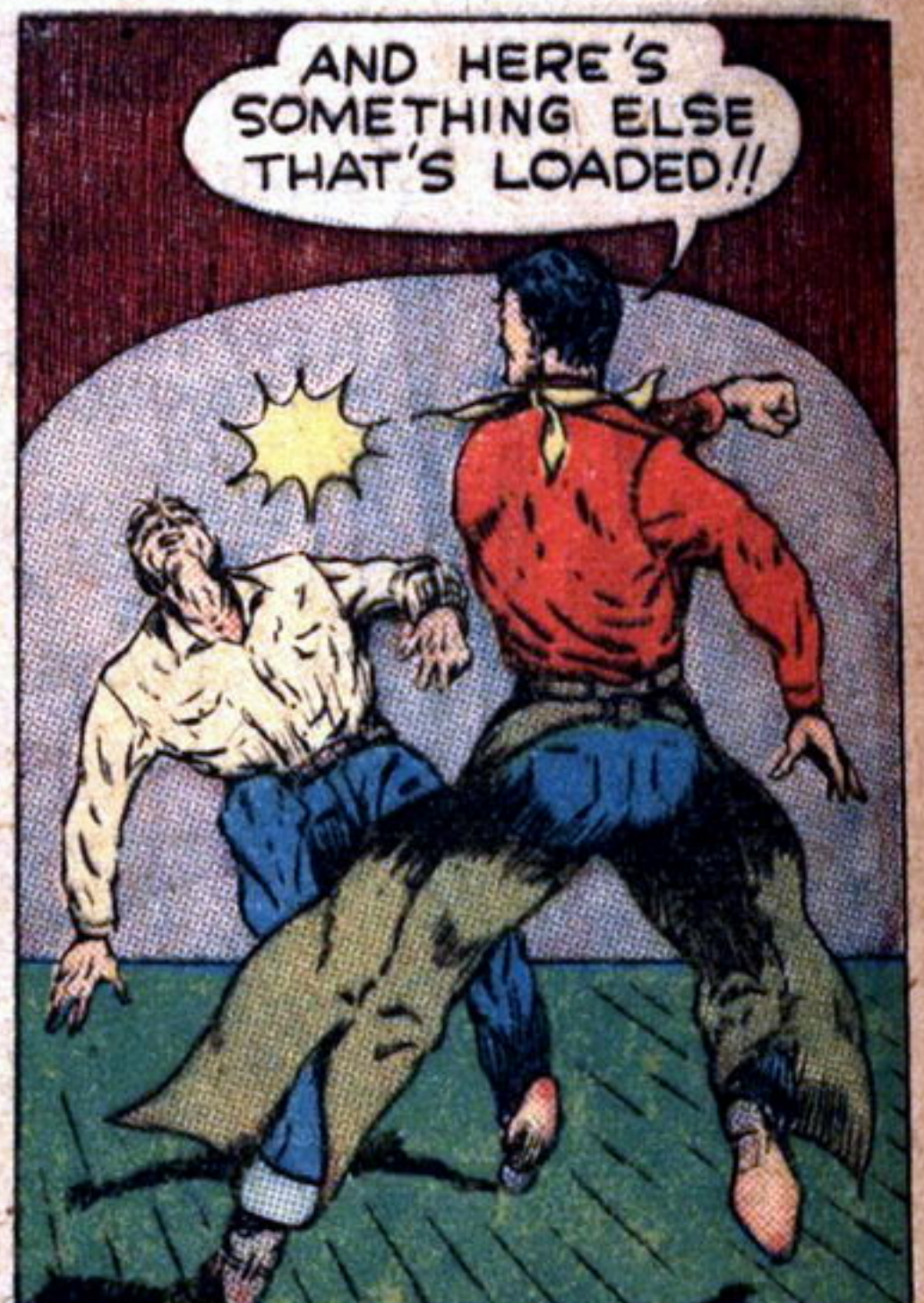




THE KID TAKES A FEW PUFFS AND FLIPS THE CIGARETTE TOWARD THE GUARD'S FACE...



THE CIGARETTE IS LOADED WITH GUN POWDER...



THE FARGO KID HEADS FOR THE DOOR...

THIS CAN OF OIL AND ROLL OF PAPER TOWELS WILL COME IN HANDY...

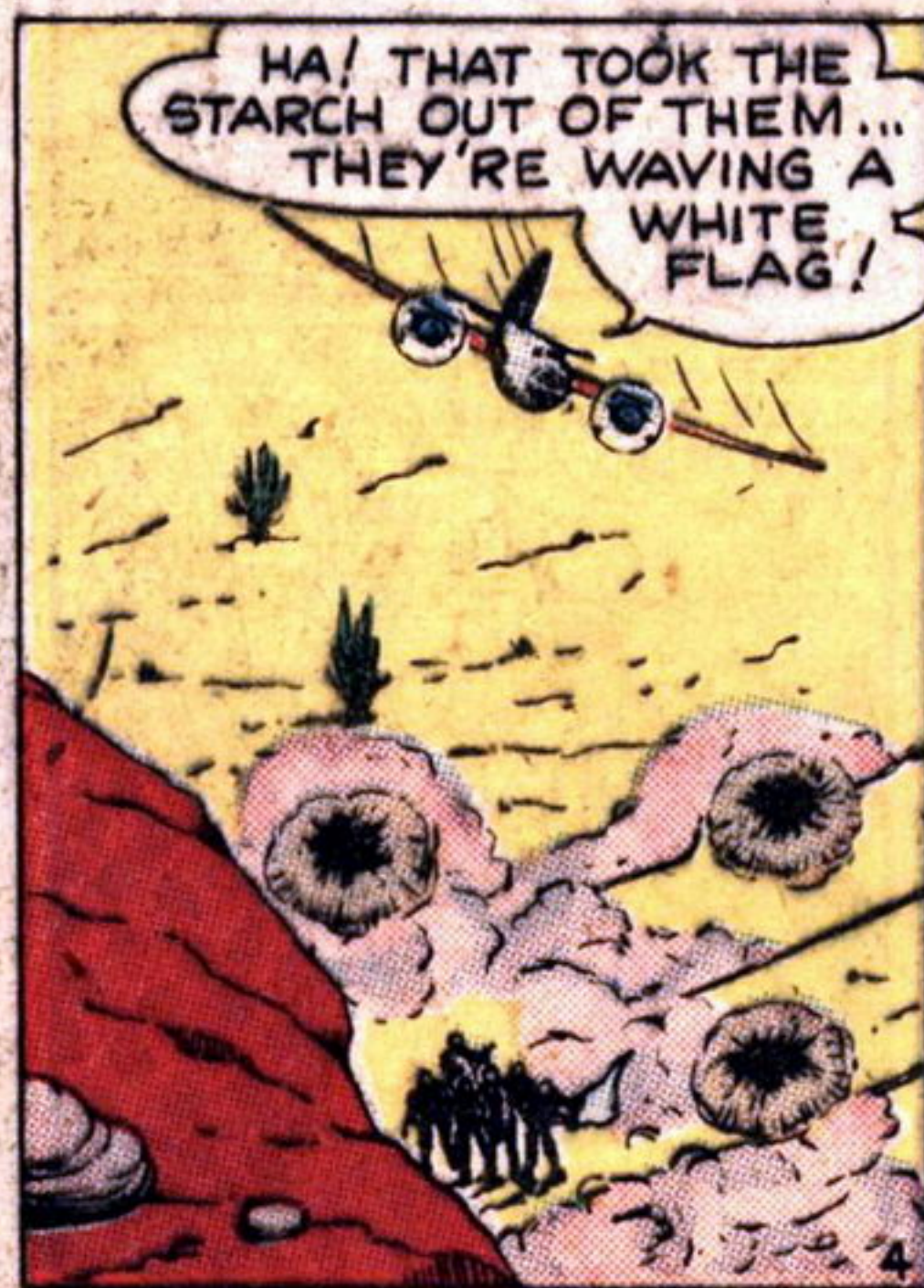
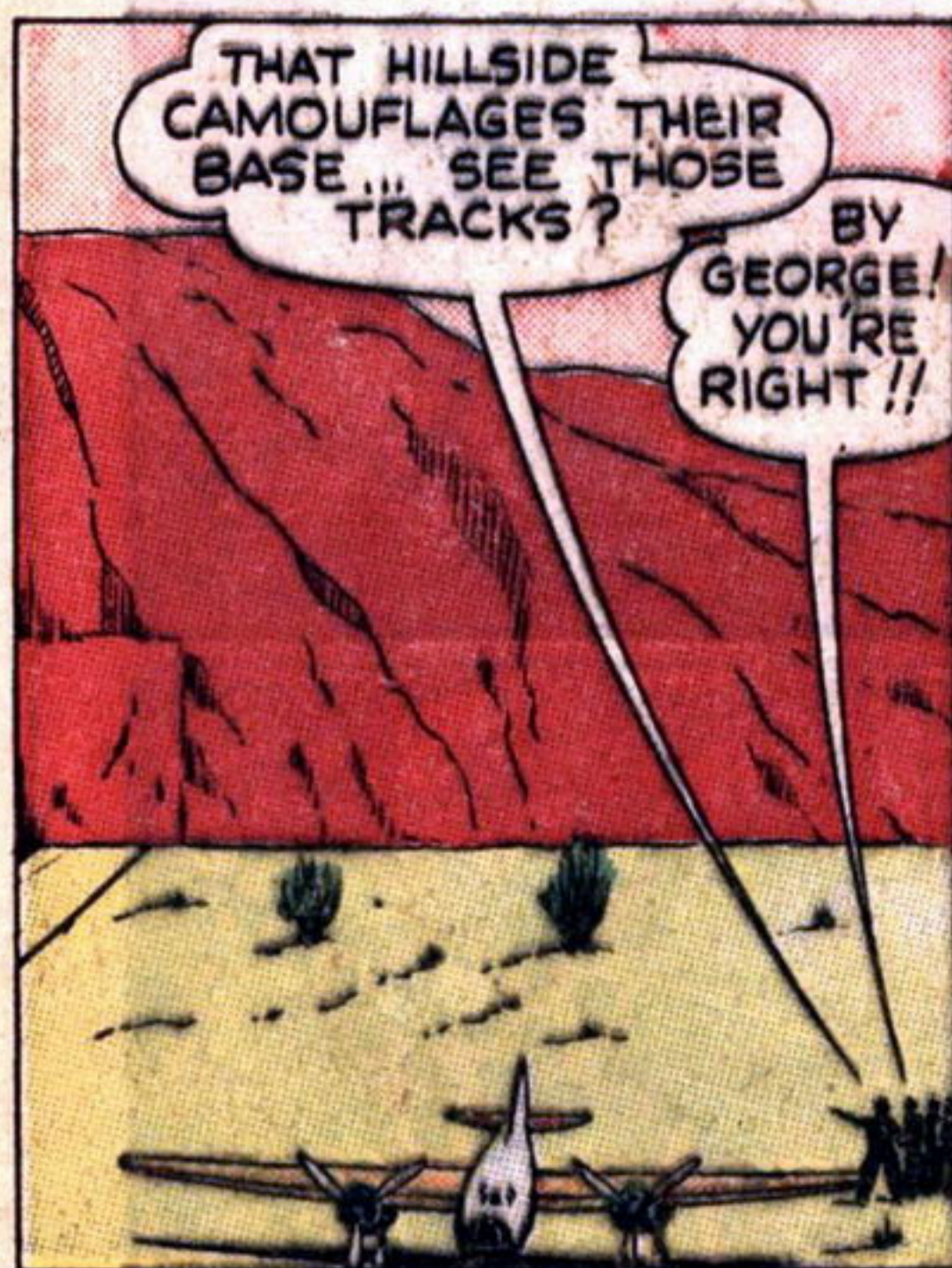
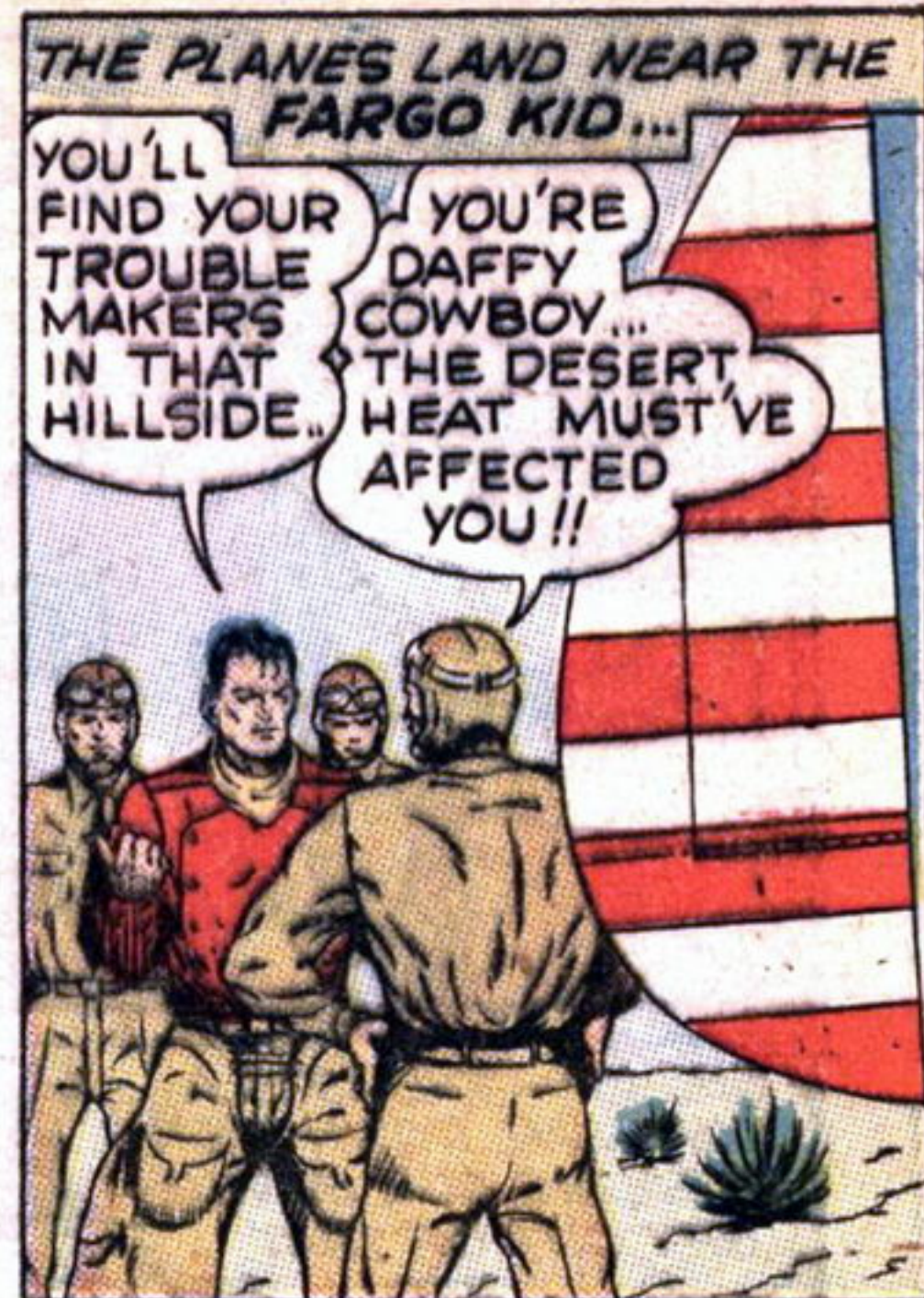
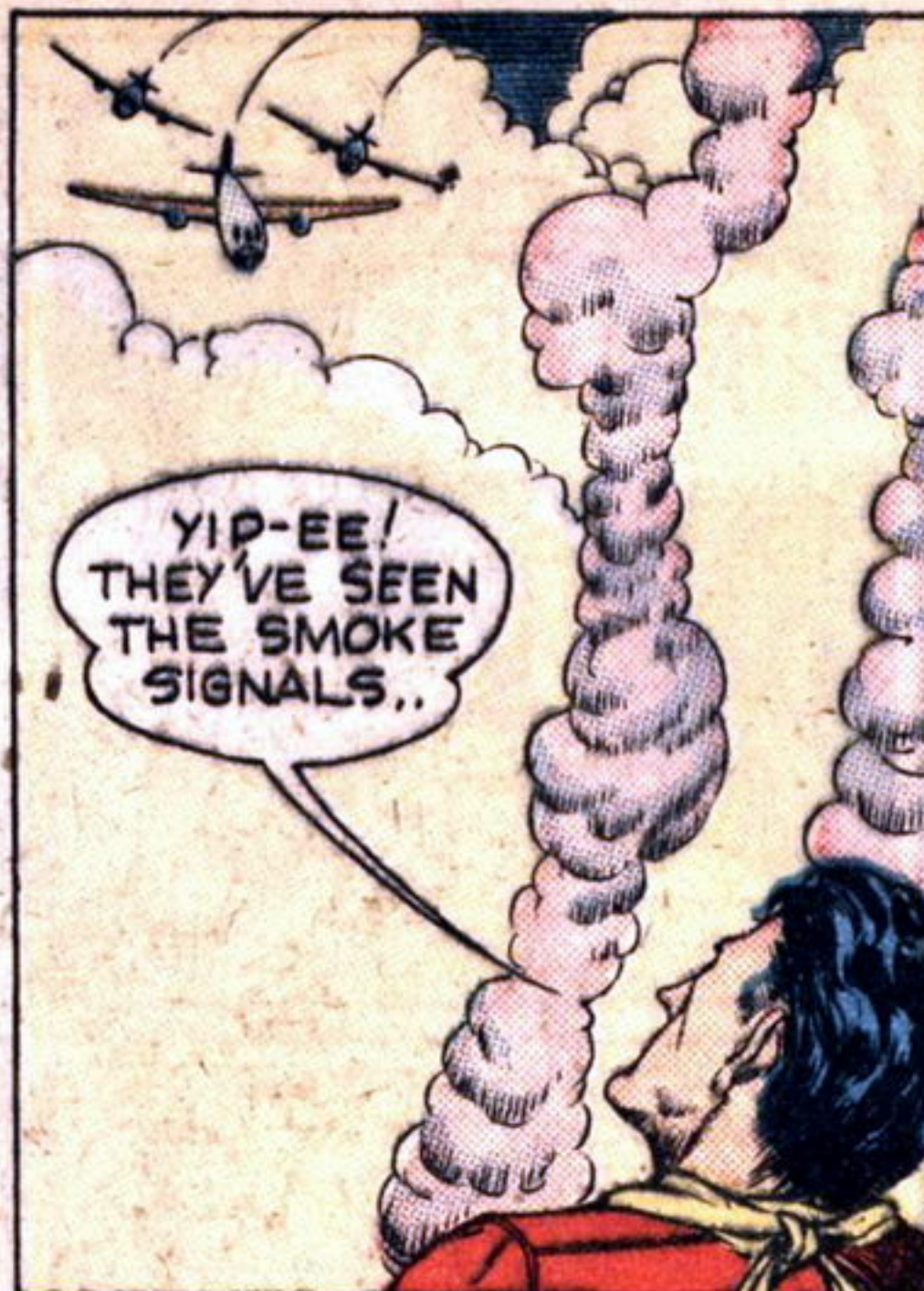


HE GETS OUTSIDE JUST AS THE DOOR CLOSES



THE KID ROLLS OUT THE PAPER, FLOODS IT WITH OIL AND TOUCHES A MATCH TO IT...





LALA PALOOZA



PST-VINCENT,
WAKE UP-THERE'S A
BURGLAR
DOWNSTAIRS!
VINCENT!
VINCENT!

ZKBUCH



GET UP - THERE'S A
BURGLAR DOWN THERE
STEALING OUR SILVER-
GET OUT OF THAT
BED!

BUT
LALA,
WAIT..

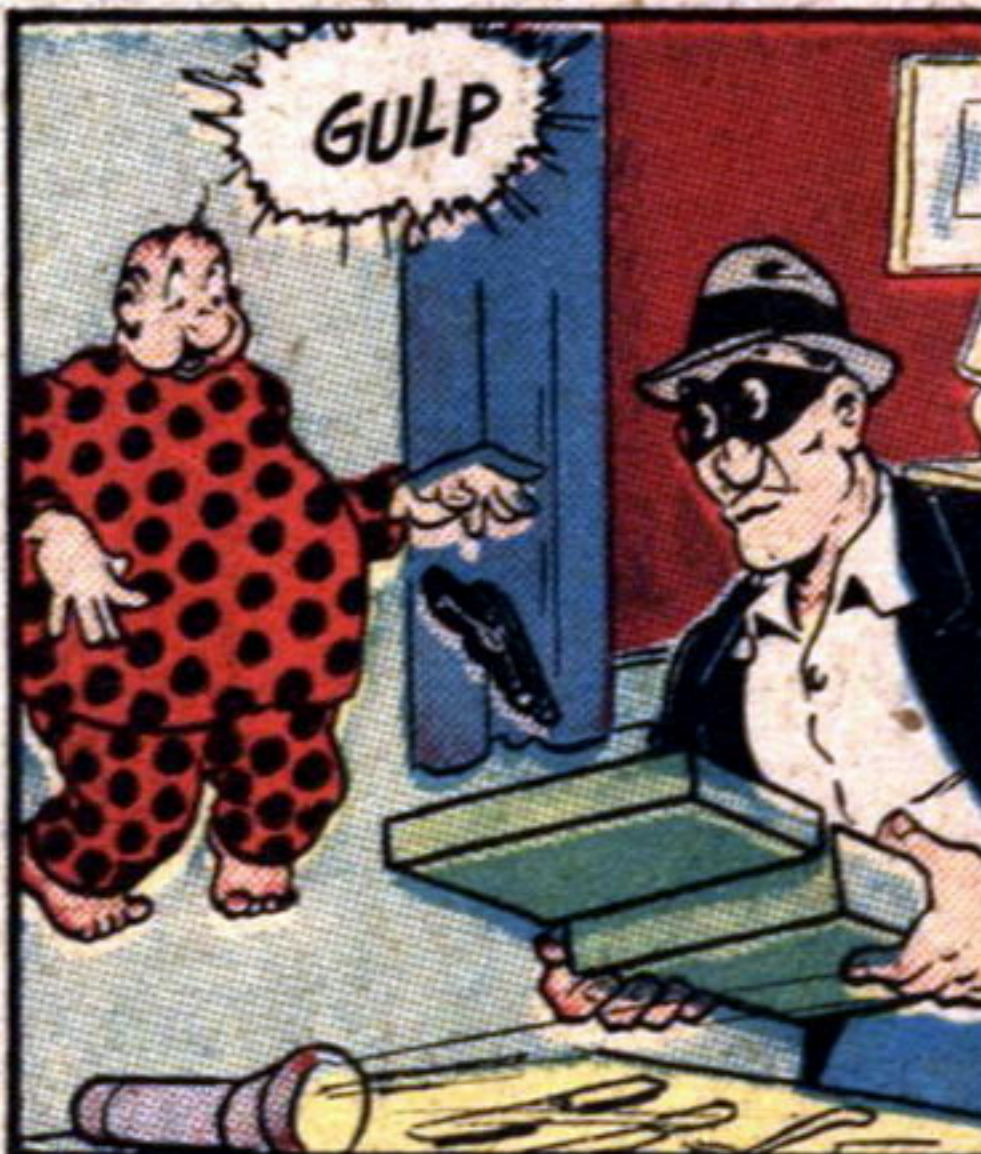
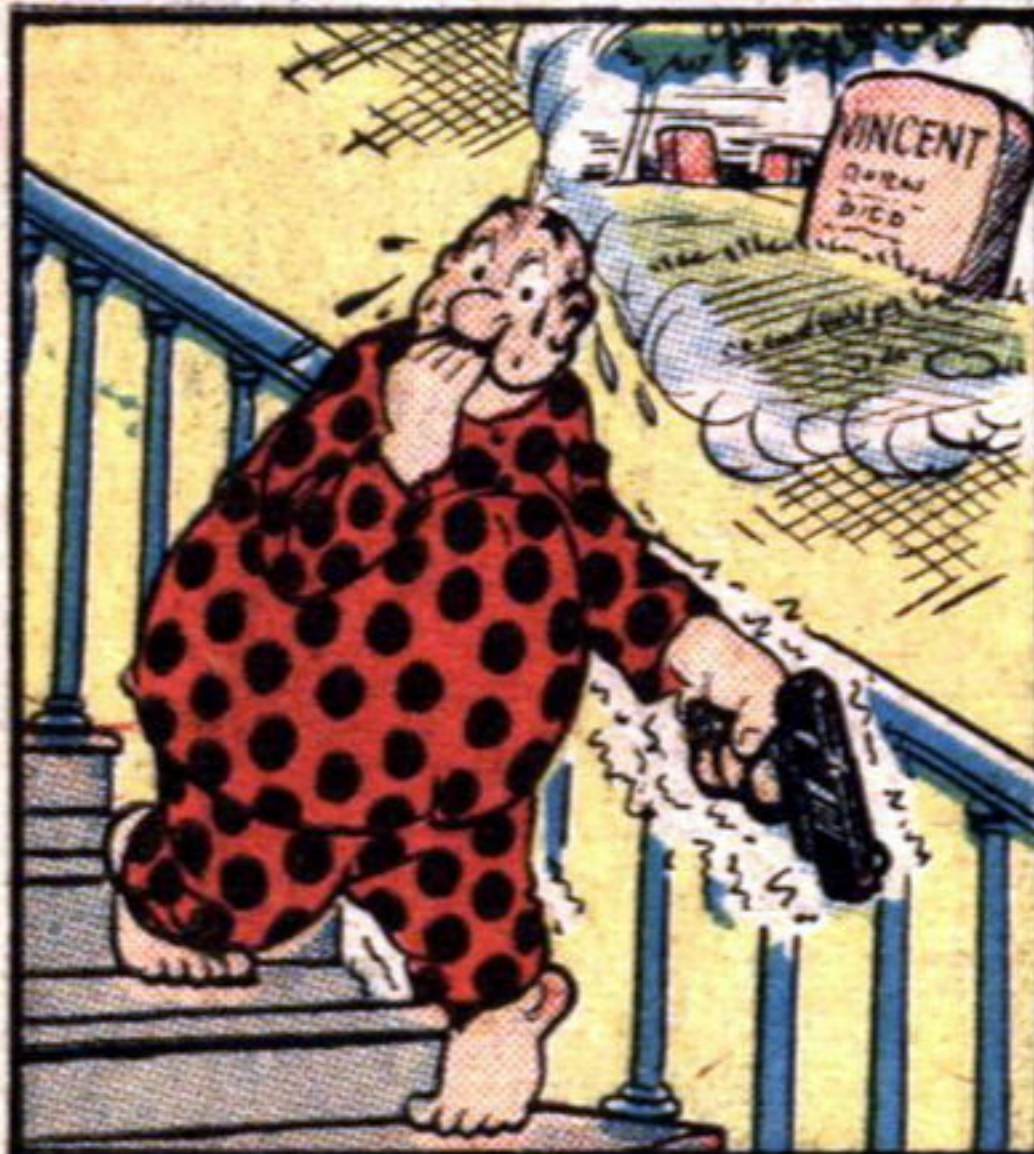


WAIT NOTHING - YOU GO
RIGHT DOWN THERE
AND OVERPOWER
THAT THIEF -
I'LL
CALL THE
POLICE

BUT
MAYBE
HE'S
ARMED!



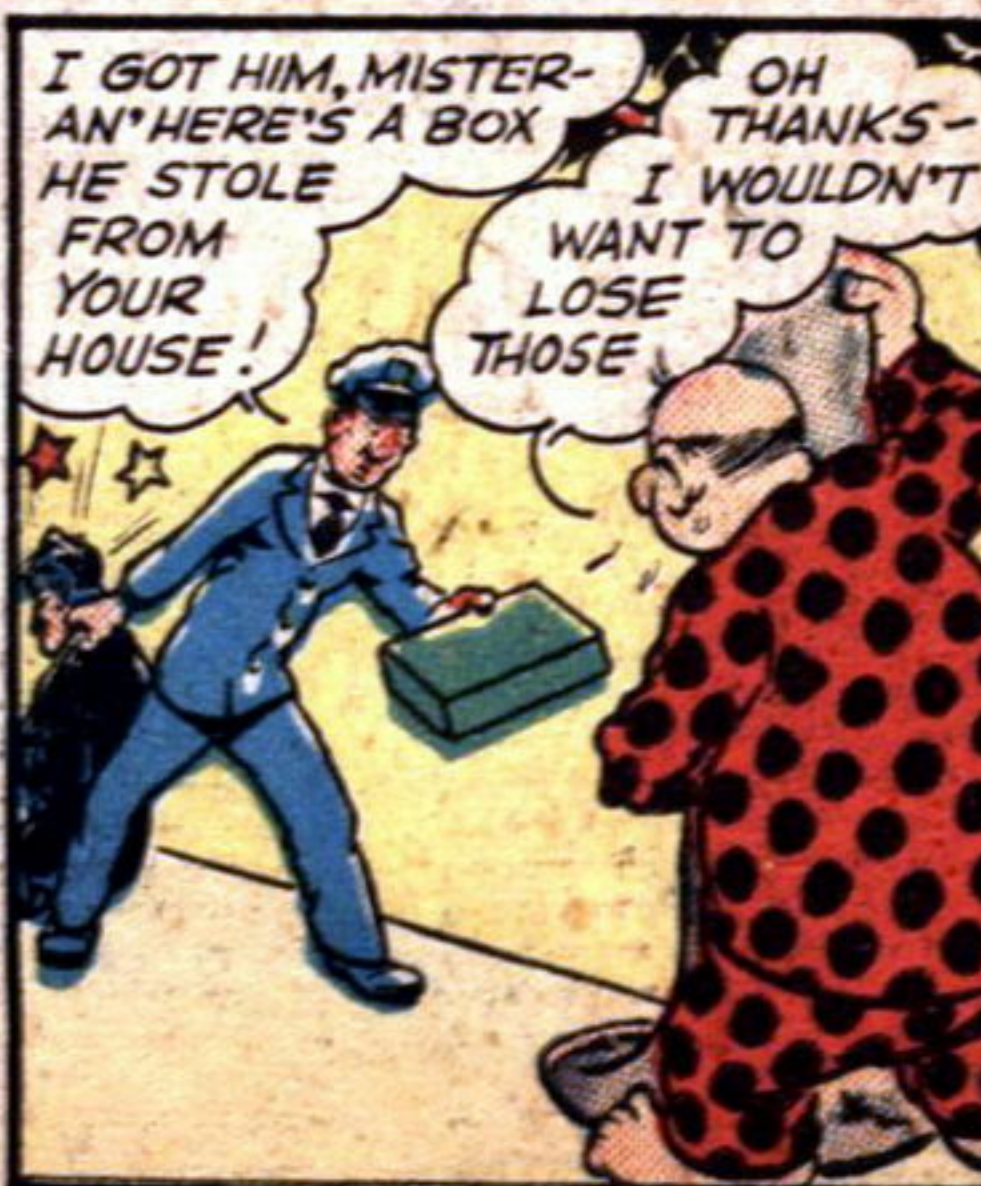
HERE - I GOT YOUR
OLD ARMY PISTOL -
COME OUT FROM
UNDER THAT RUG,
YOU RABBIT



GULP

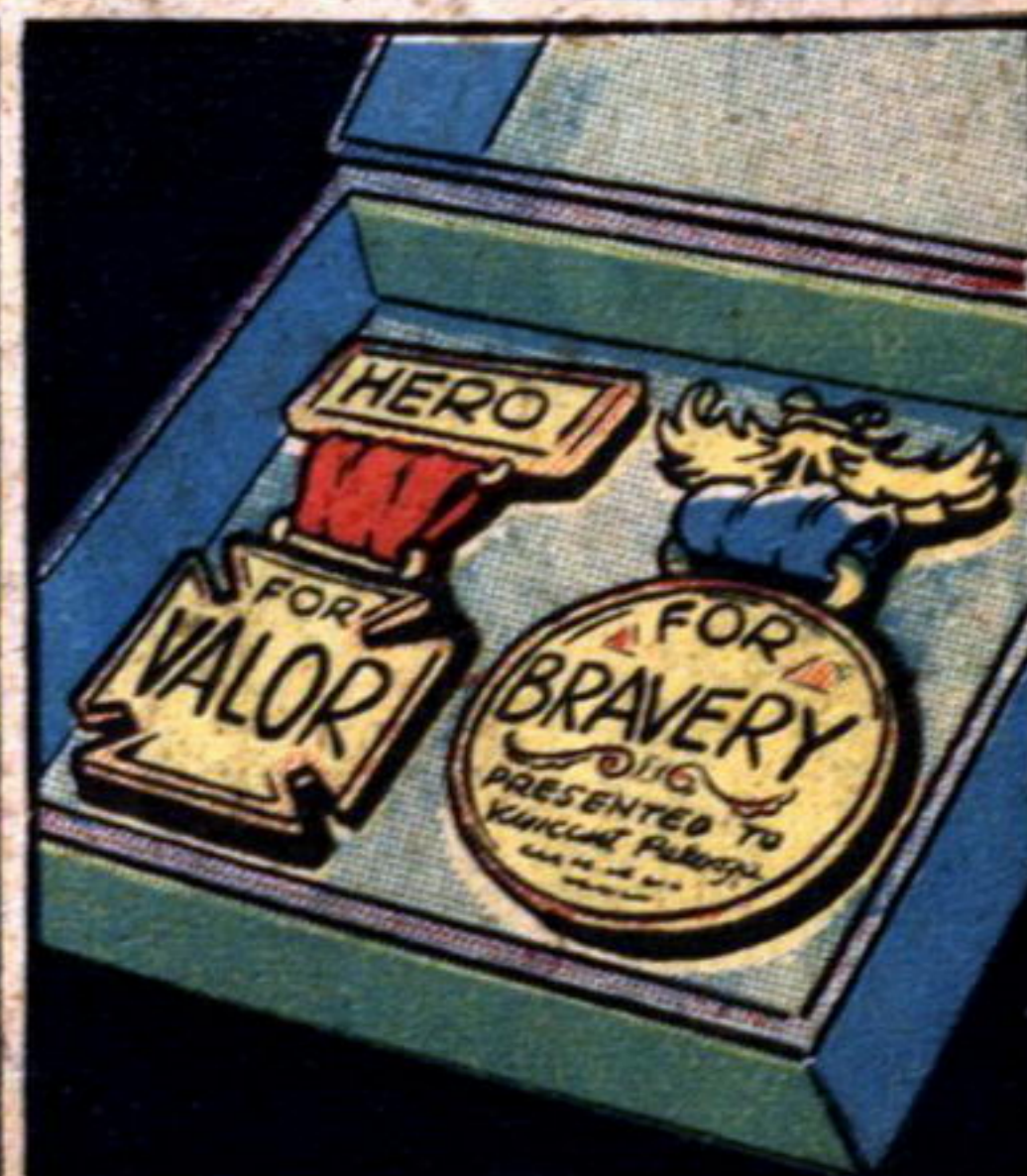


ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT - LEGGO -
HOW CAN I CATCH
HIM WITH YOU
HANGIN' ON
MY ARM?

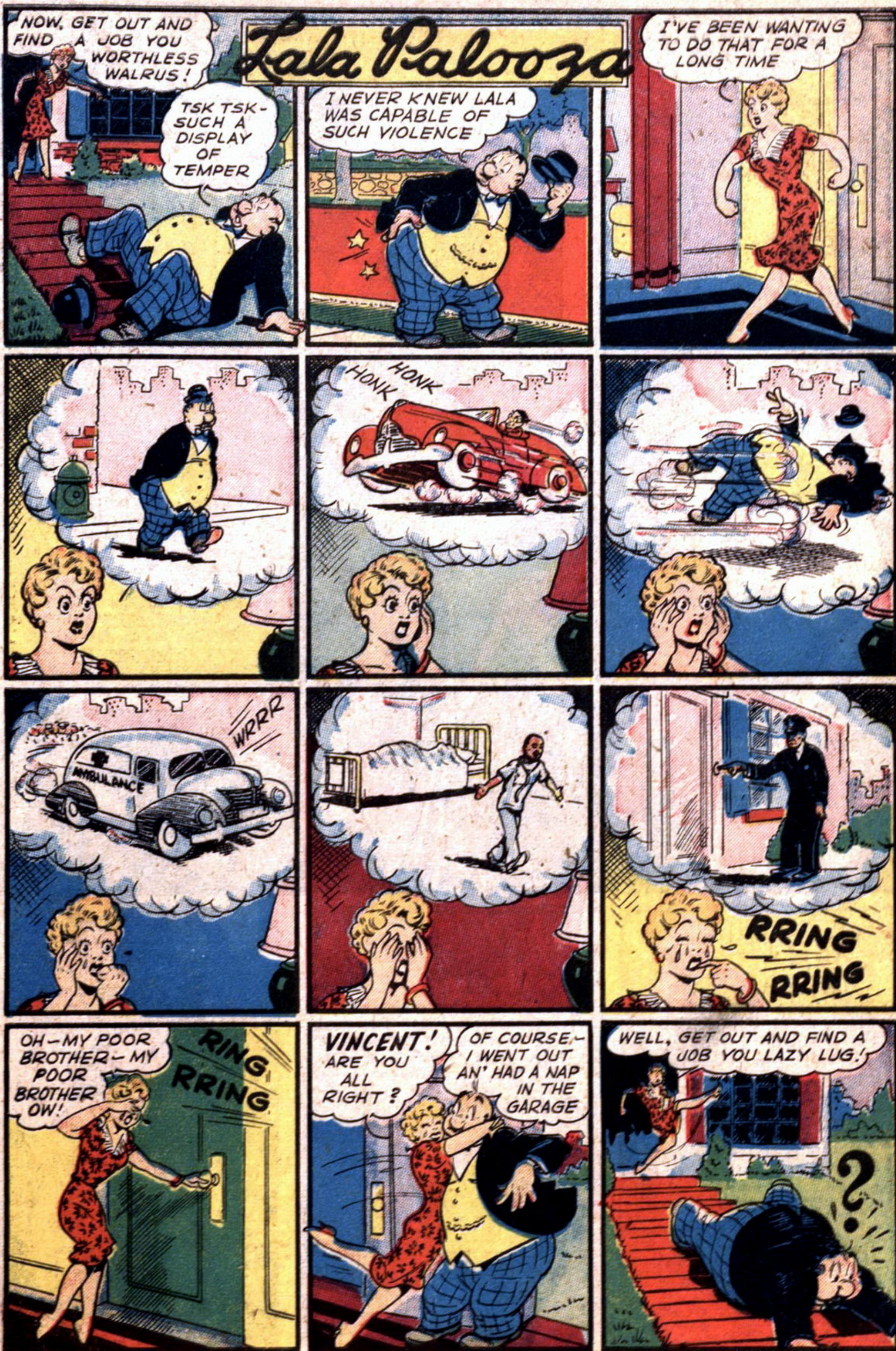


I GOT HIM, MISTER-
AN' HERE'S A BOX
HE STOLE
FROM
YOUR
HOUSE!

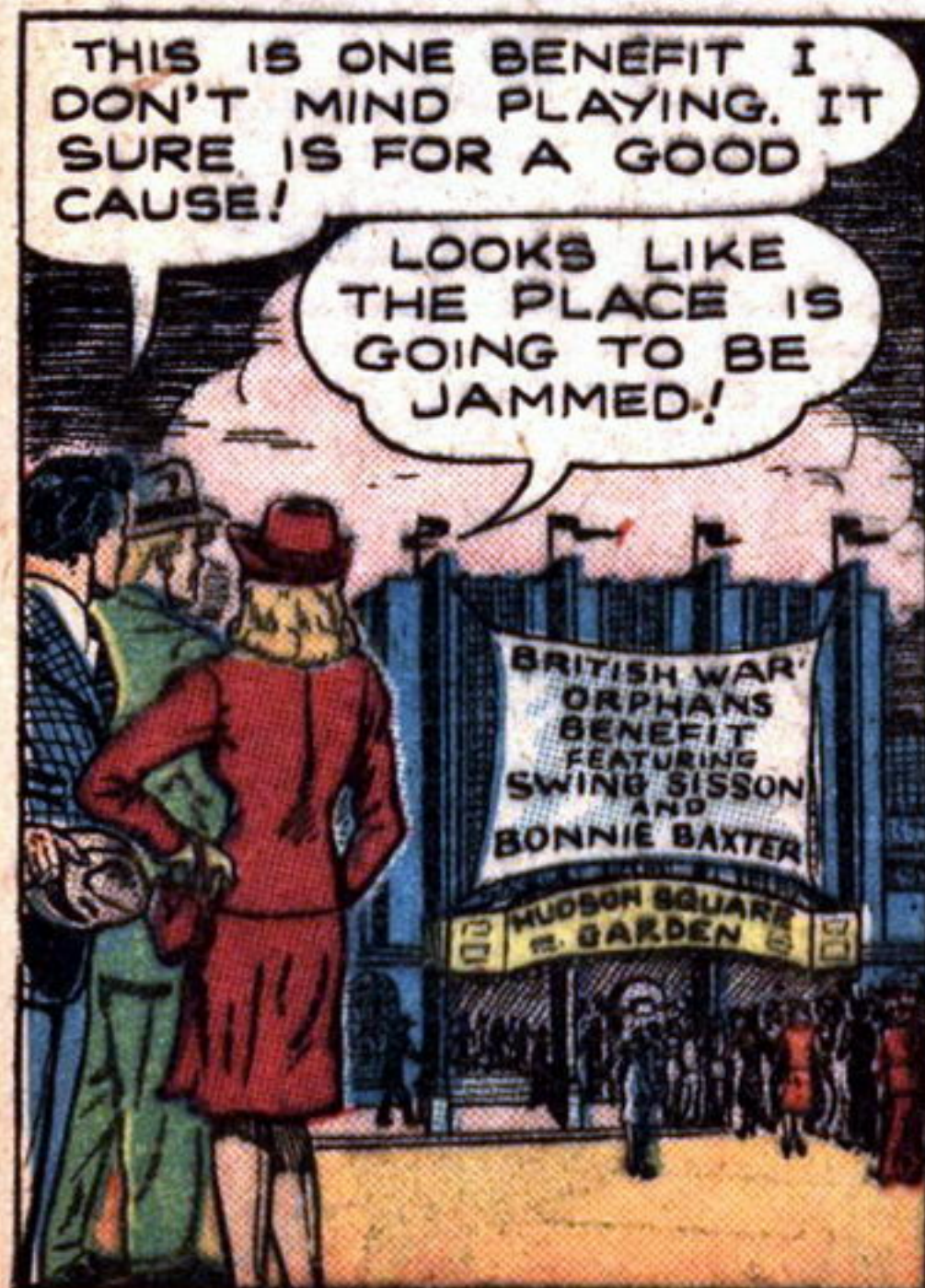
OH
THANKS -
I WOULDN'T
WANT TO
LOSE
THOSE

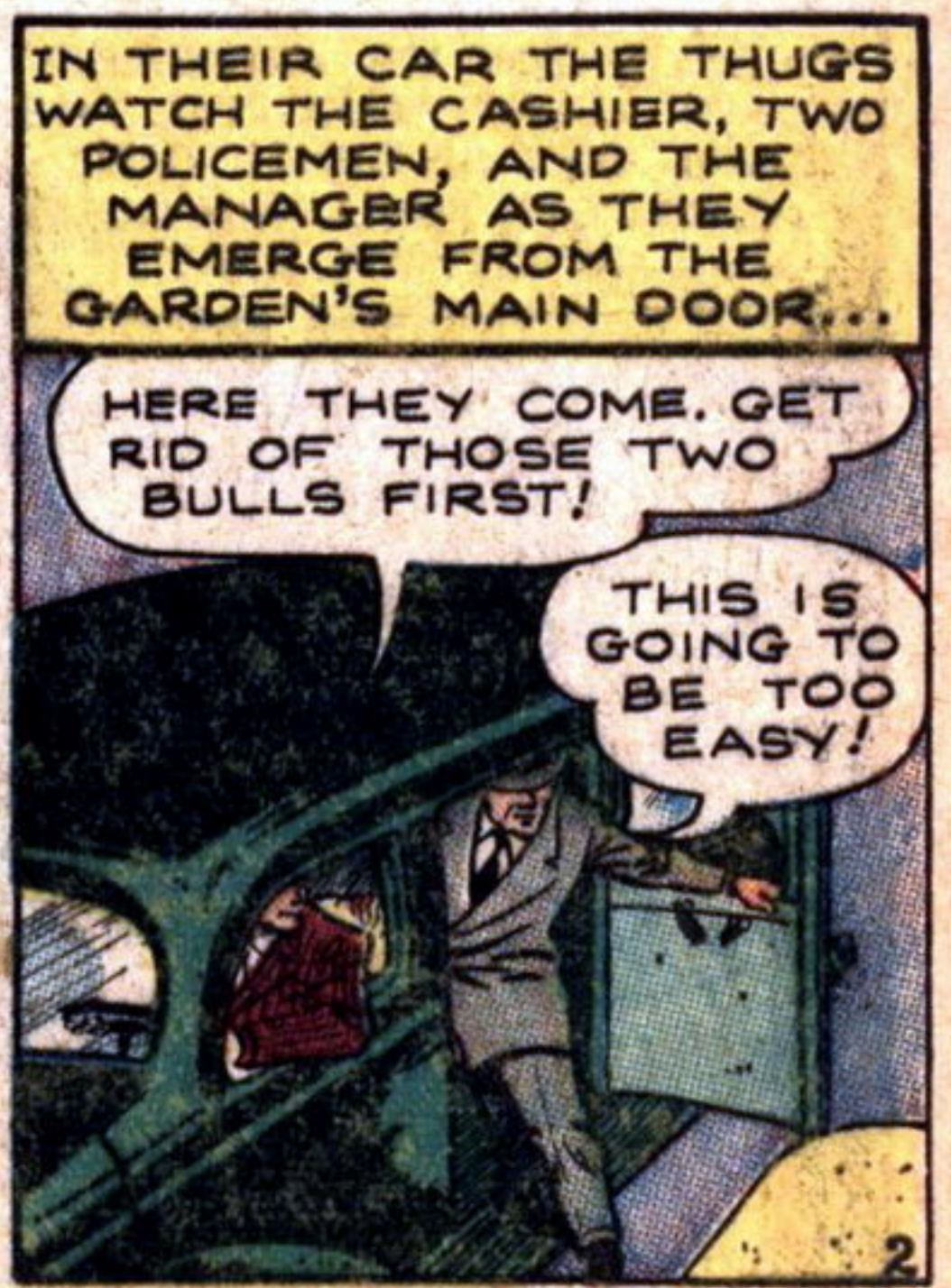
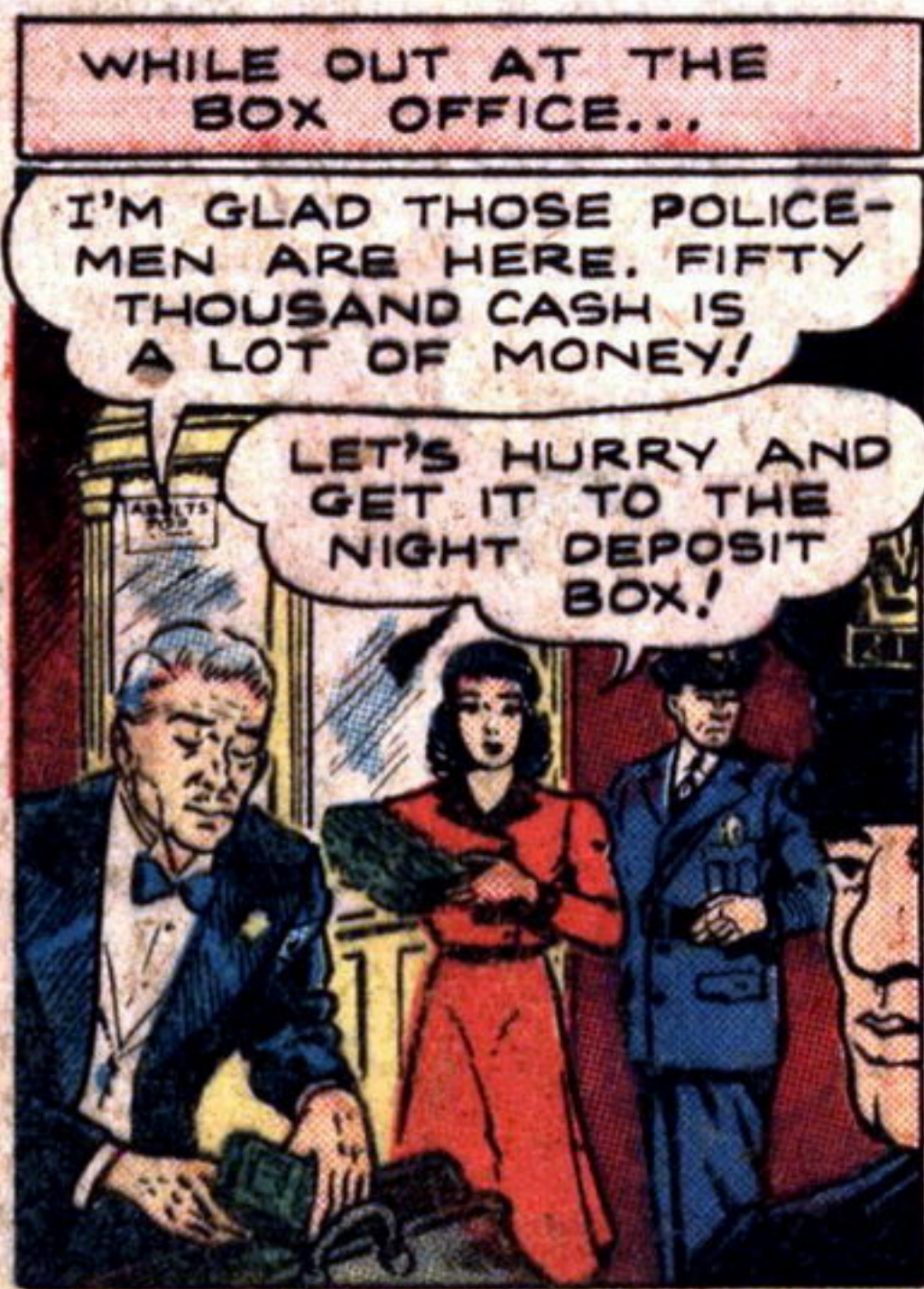
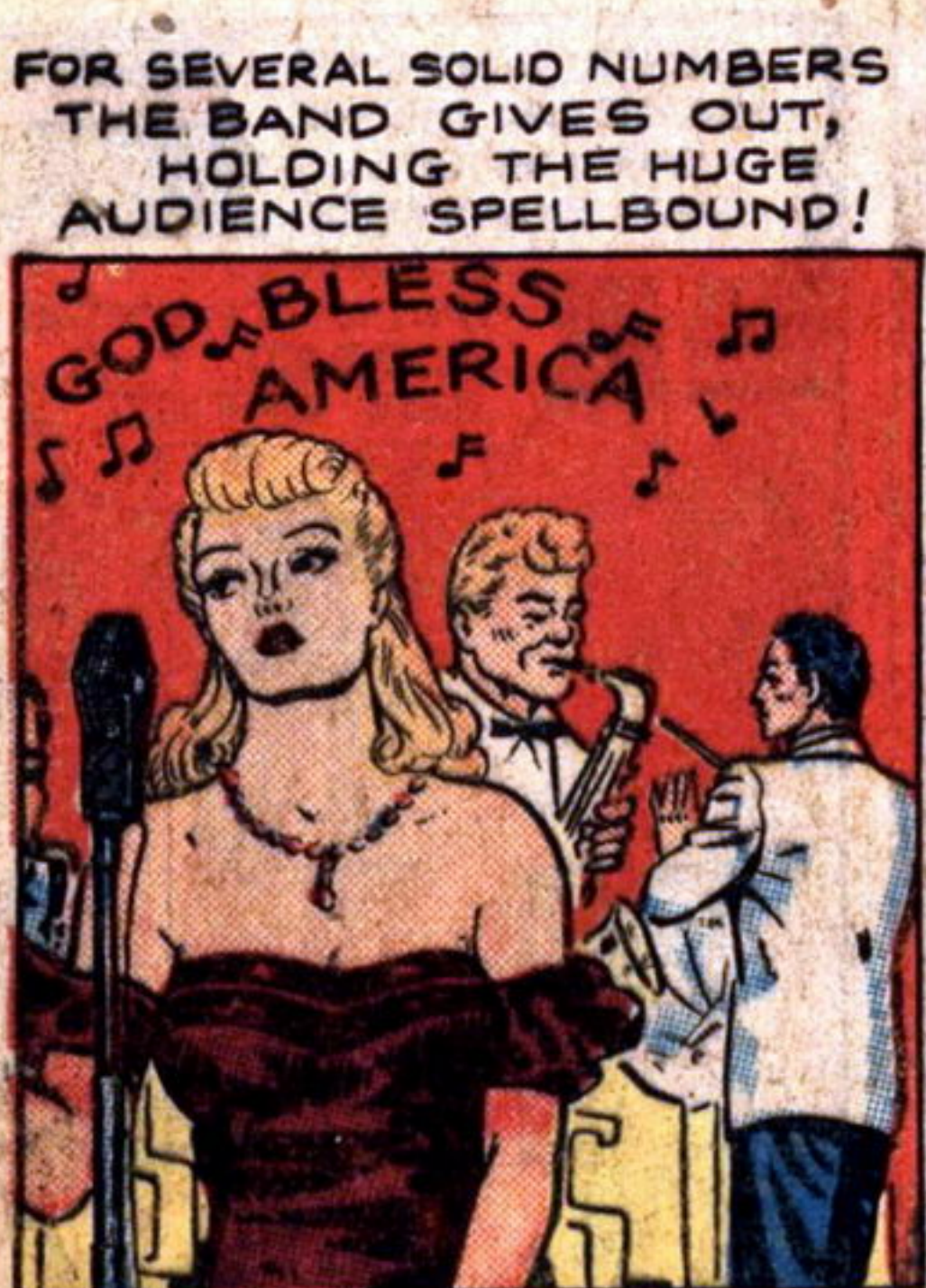
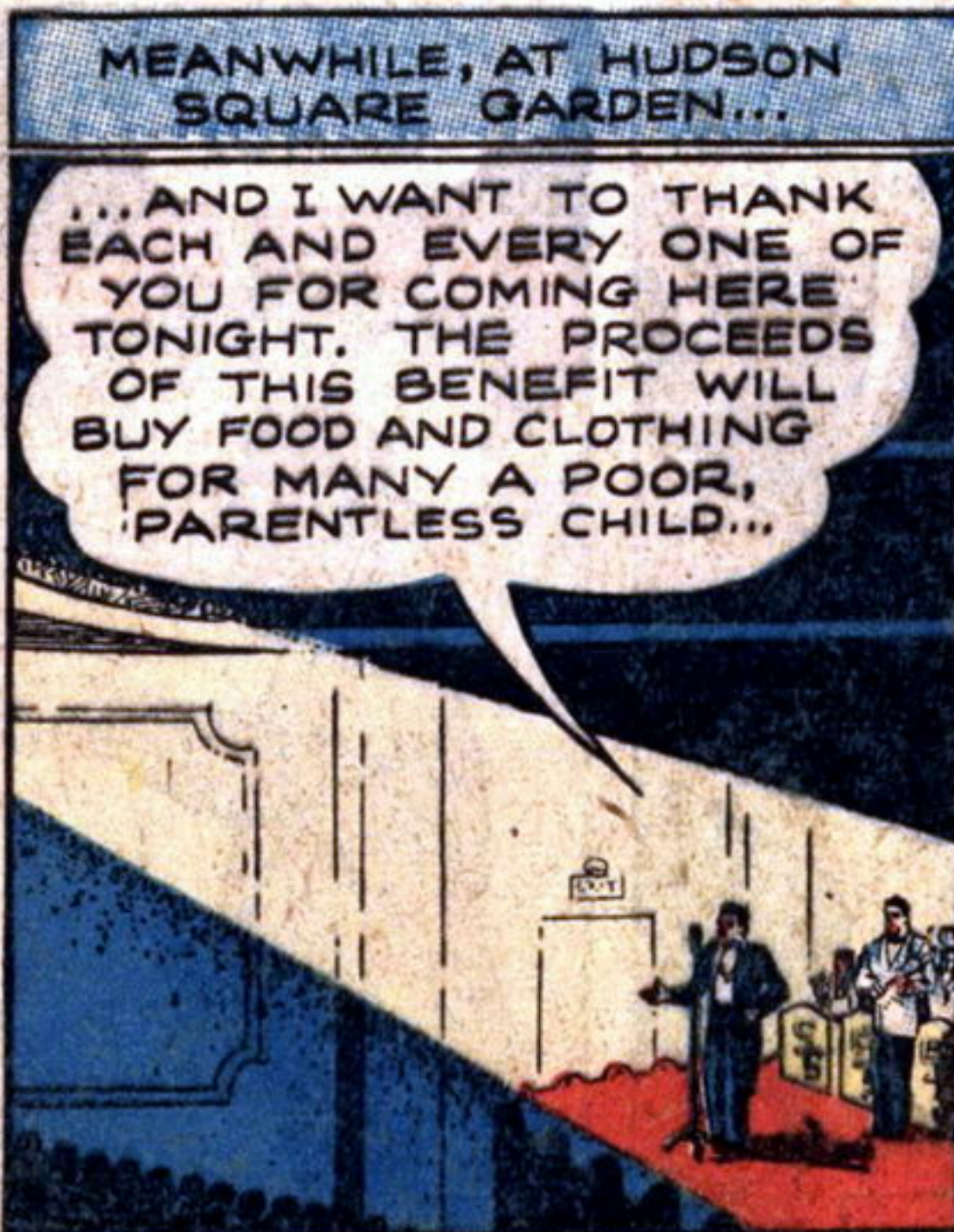


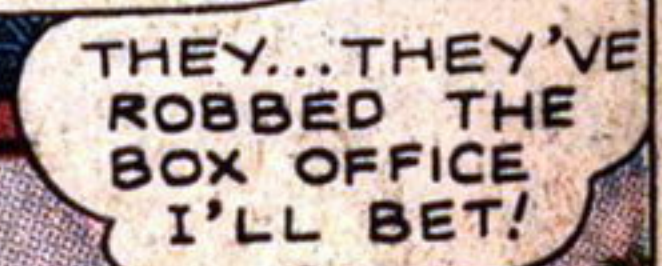
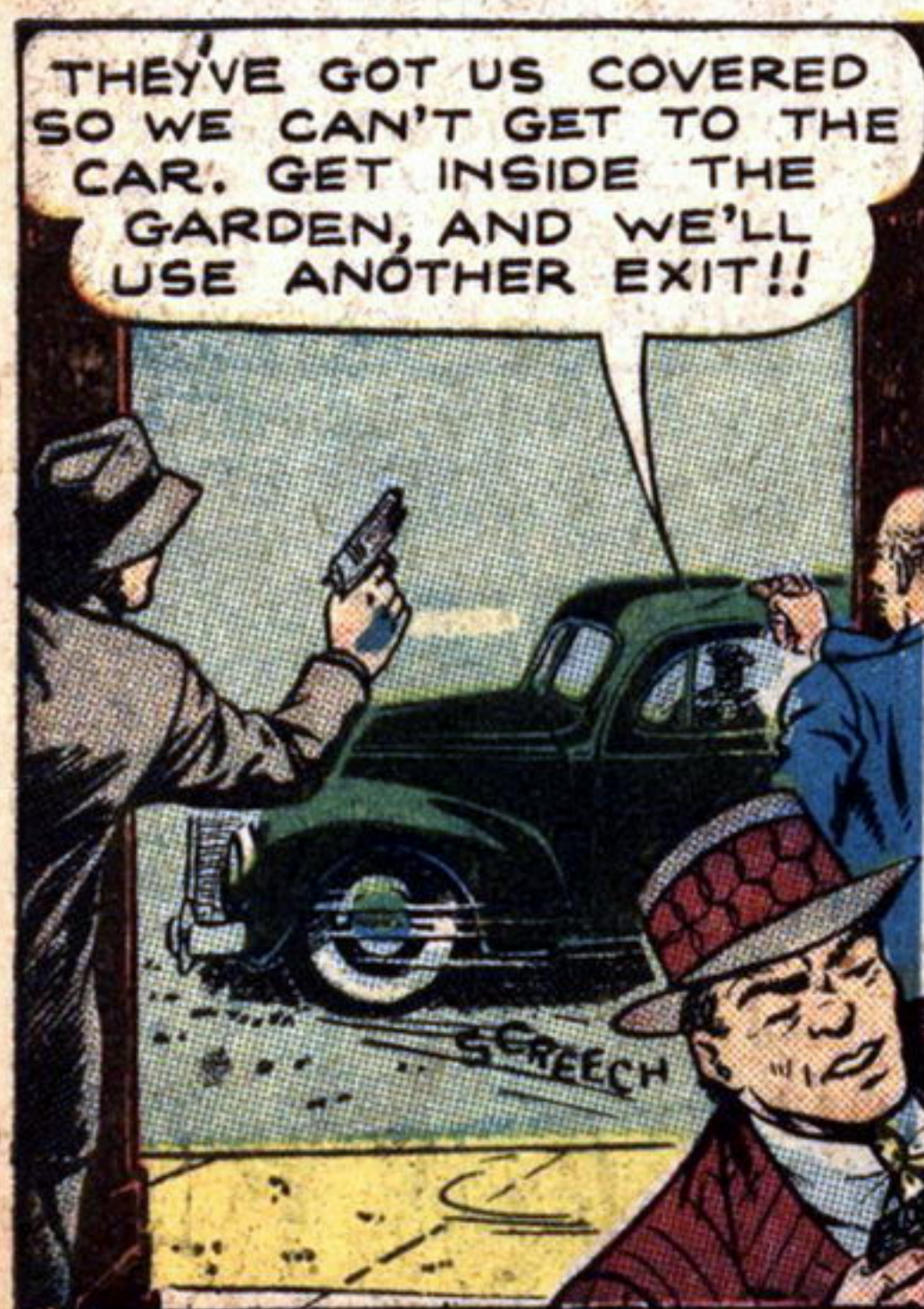
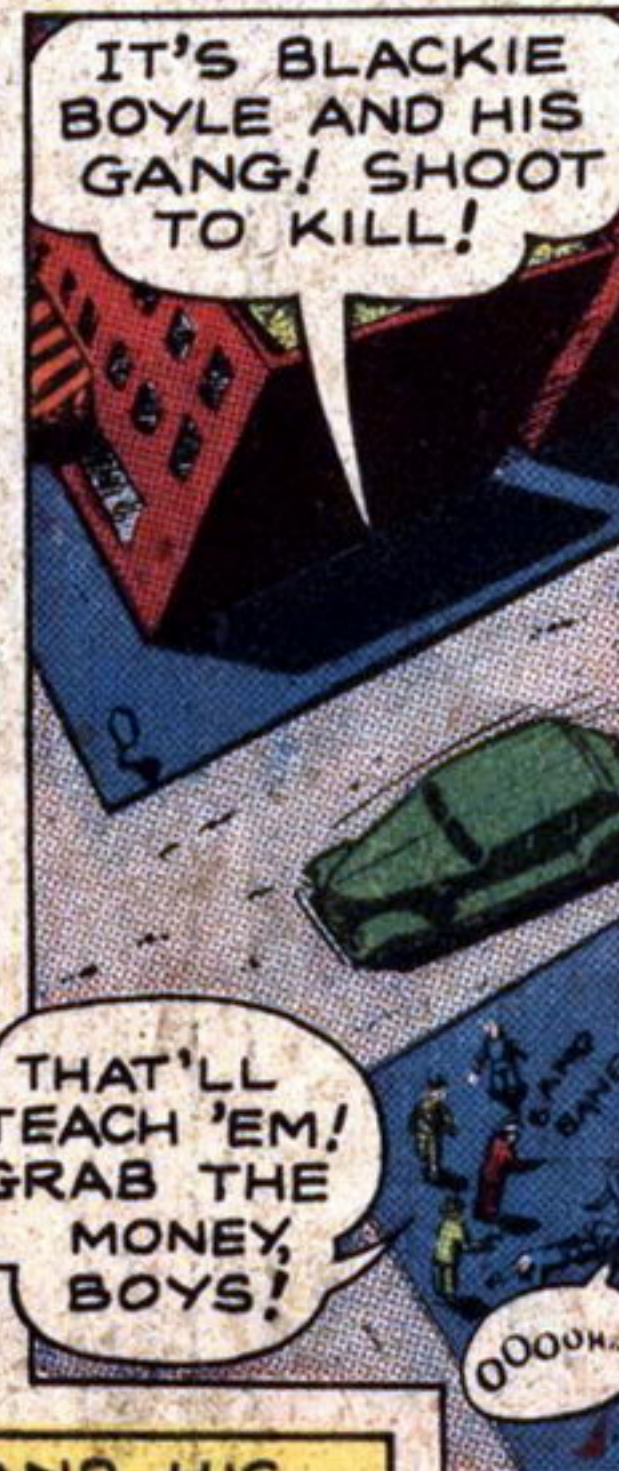
HERO
FOR
VALOR
FOR
BRAVERY
PRESENTED TO
VINCENT PALOOZA



Lala Palooza and Vincent come to you again in the January issue.







AS THE CROOKS RUSH TOWARD ANOTHER EXIT...

HOLD IT! THREE COPS AT THIS EXIT!

THEY TRY SEVERAL OTHER EXITS, BUT FIND THEM ALL BLOCKED. THEN...

DOWN TO THE BASEMENT. THEY'LL NEVER GET US THERE!

SWING, THEY GOT ALL THE MONEY BELONGING TO THE WAR ORPHANS!

I'LL BE DARNED IF I'M DONATING MY SERVICES TO LET CROOKS GET THE MONEY!

THEN THE POLICE BURST IN...

EVERYBODY STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE. WE'VE GOT BLACKIE BOYLE AND HIS GANG, WHO JUST ROBBED THE BOX OFFICE, TRAPPED HERE IN THE GARDEN!

C'MON, TOBY. WE CAN GET DOWN TO THE BASEMENT THIS WAY! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN CATCH THOSE BABIES!

LET ME GO, SWING. LET ME HELP!

NOTHING DOING, BONNIE. YOU STAY HERE, WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE!

SWING...UH...W-WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO IF WE DO CORNER BLACKIE AND HIS GANG? THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST KILLERS IN THE COUNTRY!

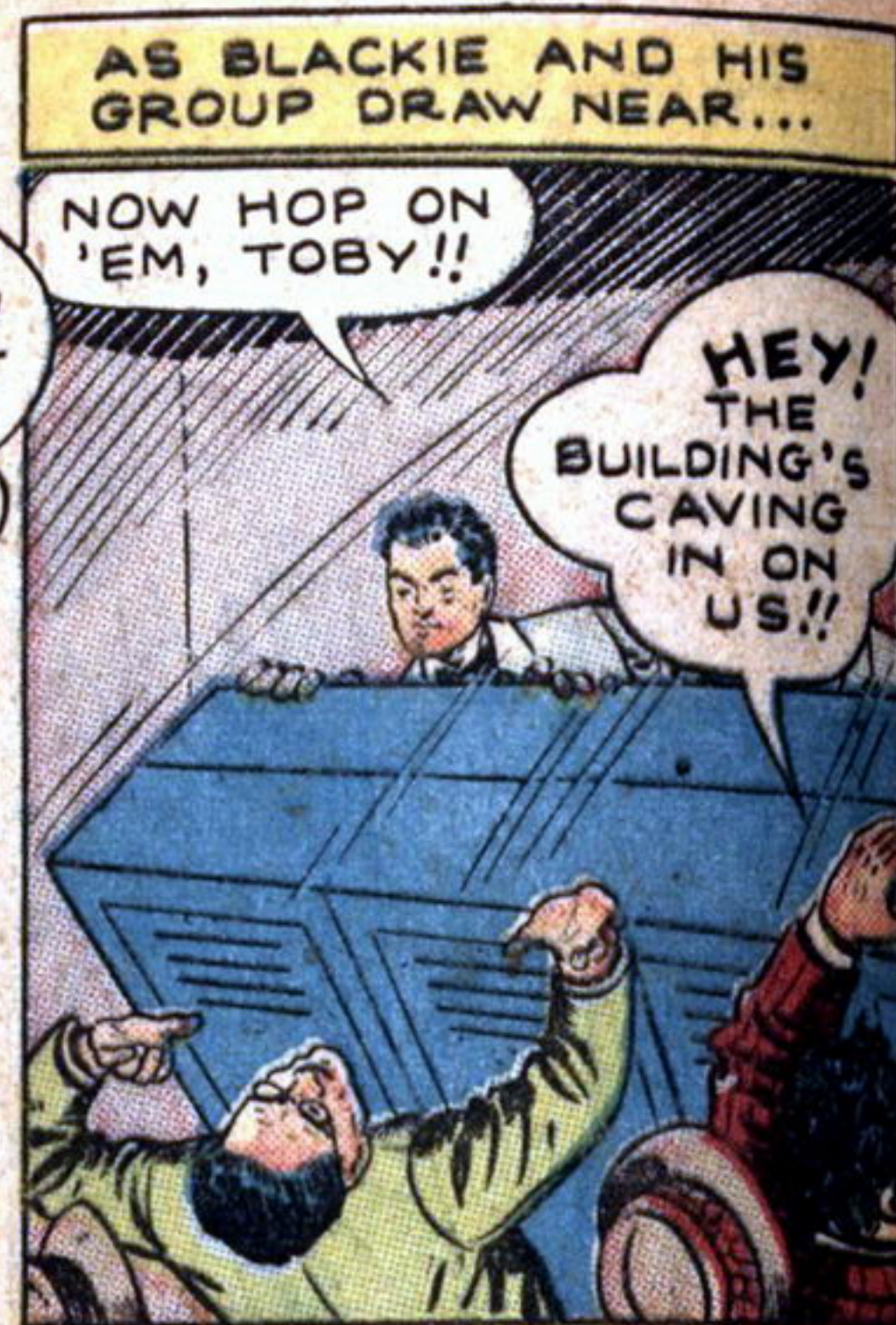
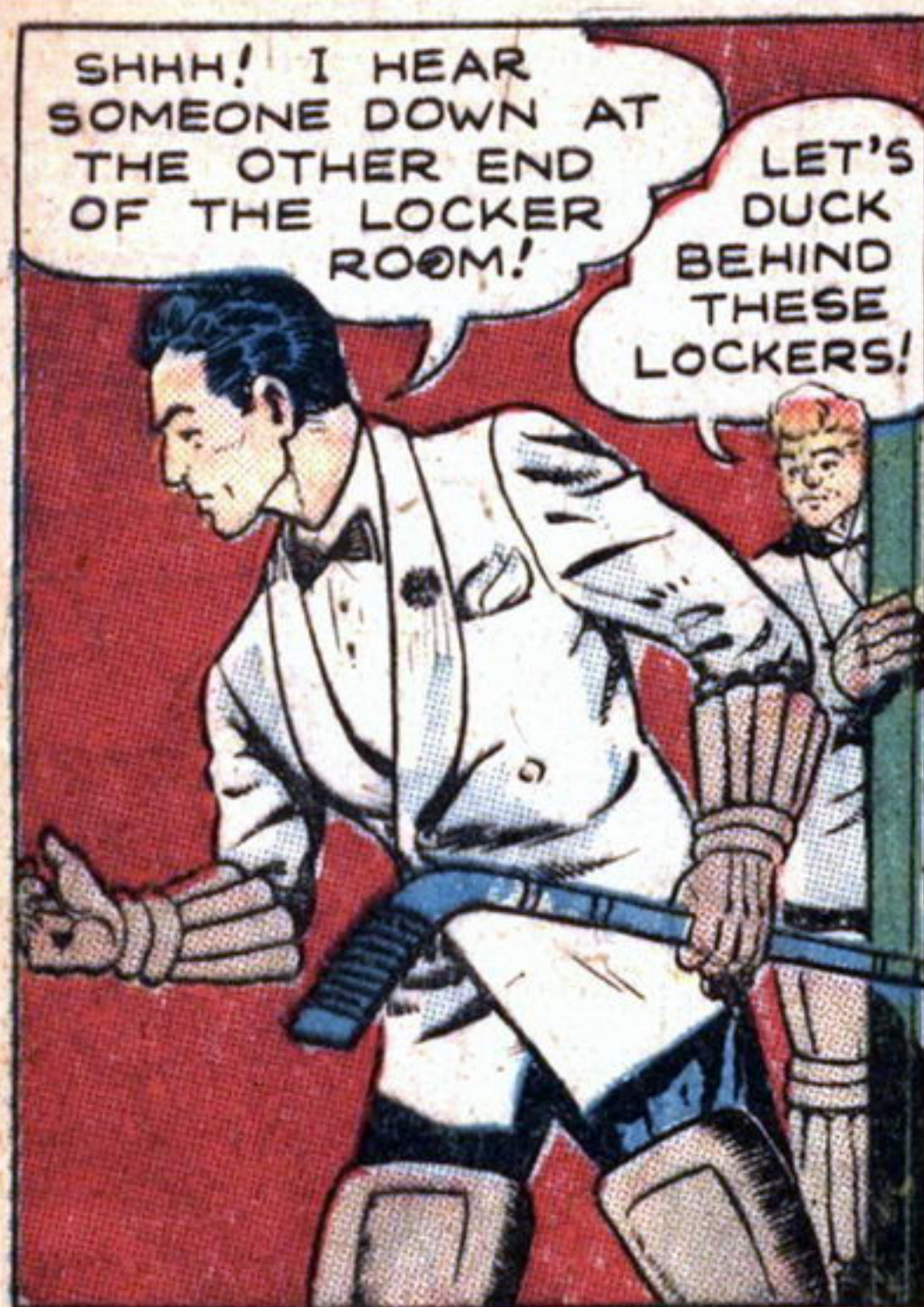
WE'LL FIGURE THAT OUT WHEN THE TIME COMES!

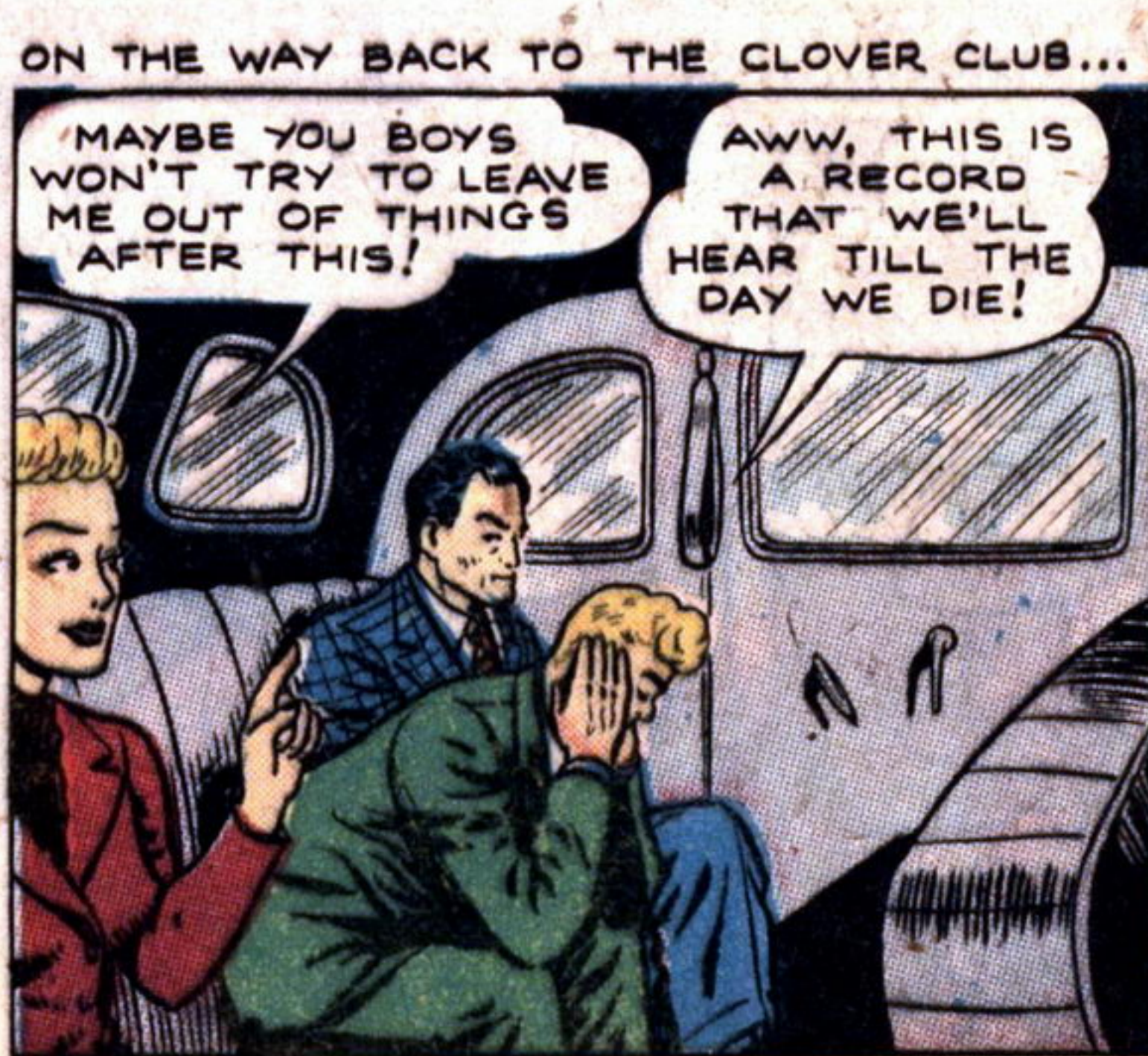
SWING, LOOK! A BUNCH OF STUFF LEFT OVER FROM THE HOCKEY GAMES PLAYED HERE!

JUST WHAT WE NEED!

I FEEL LIKE I COULD LICK AN ARMY OF THUGS, NOW! BOY!!

AND NOW TO FIND 'EM!





by ART PINAYIAN

REYNOLDS

OF THE MOUNTED

A STRANGE AND EXCITING ADVENTURE BEFALLS SERGEANT REYNOLDS AS HE SETS OUT TO SEARCH FOR BLACK BEARD, BUT MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.....



THE HOME OF NORA REYNOLDS, THE SERGEANT'S SISTER.....

REYNOLDS READS ON—SUDDENLY

AND NOW, TIM...UNCLE JIM WILL READ YOU A STORY OF PIRATES AND TREASURE.. IT'S CALLED "TREASURE ISLAND"—

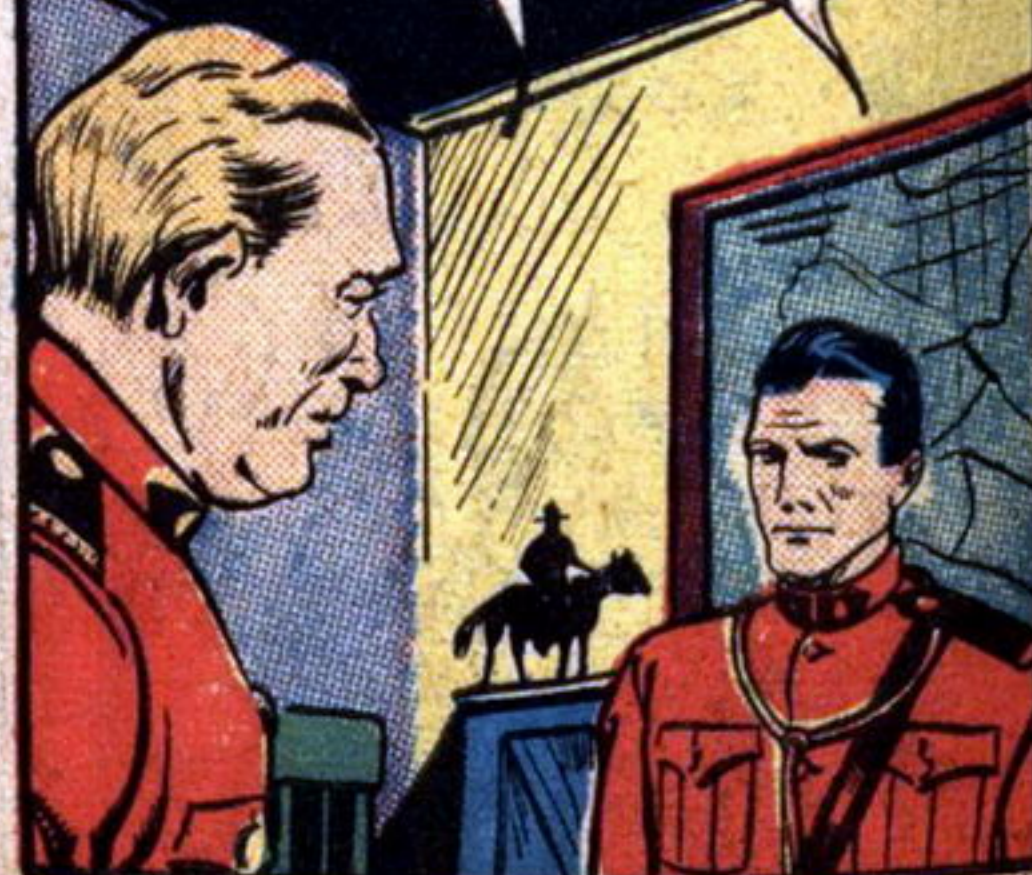
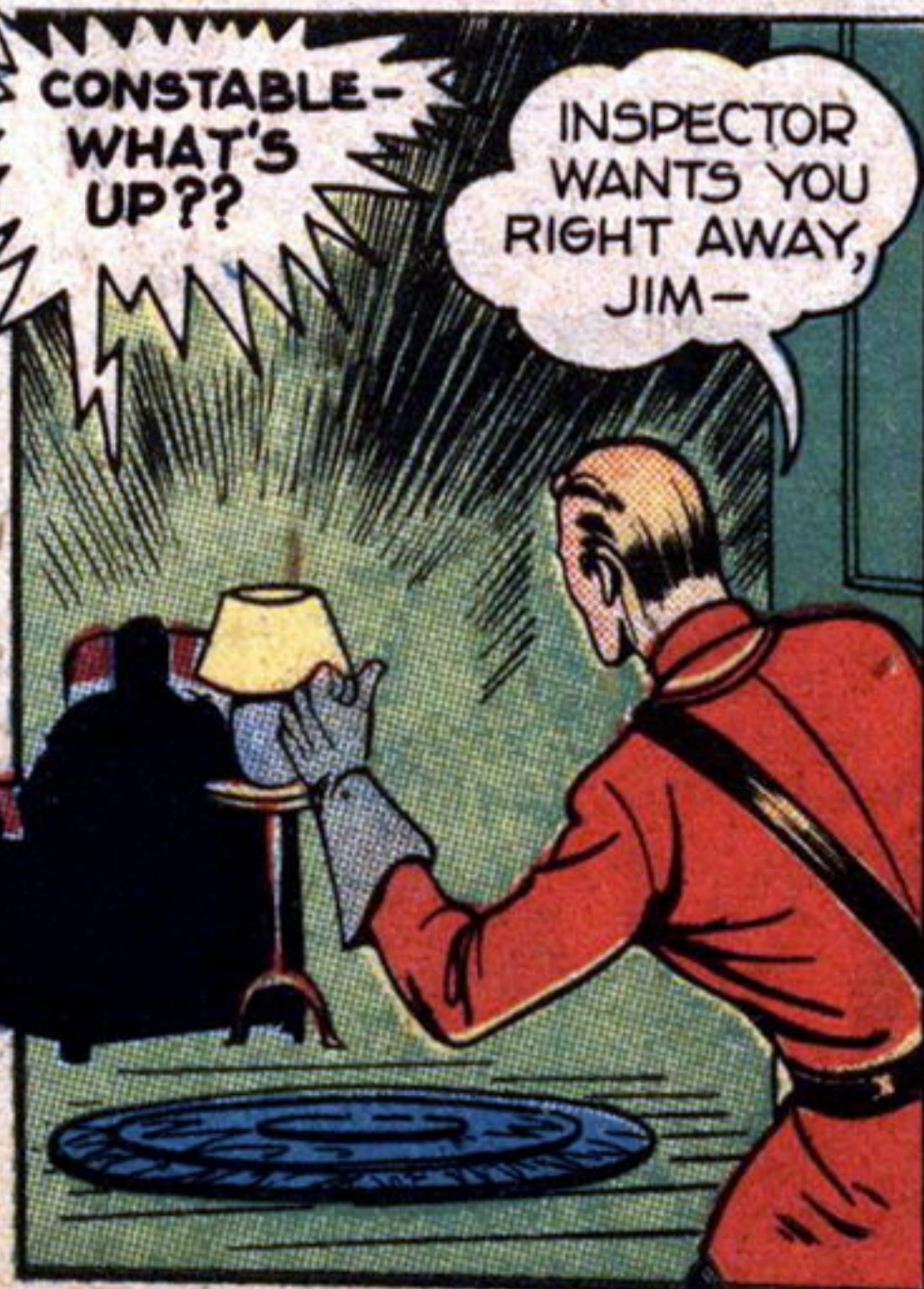
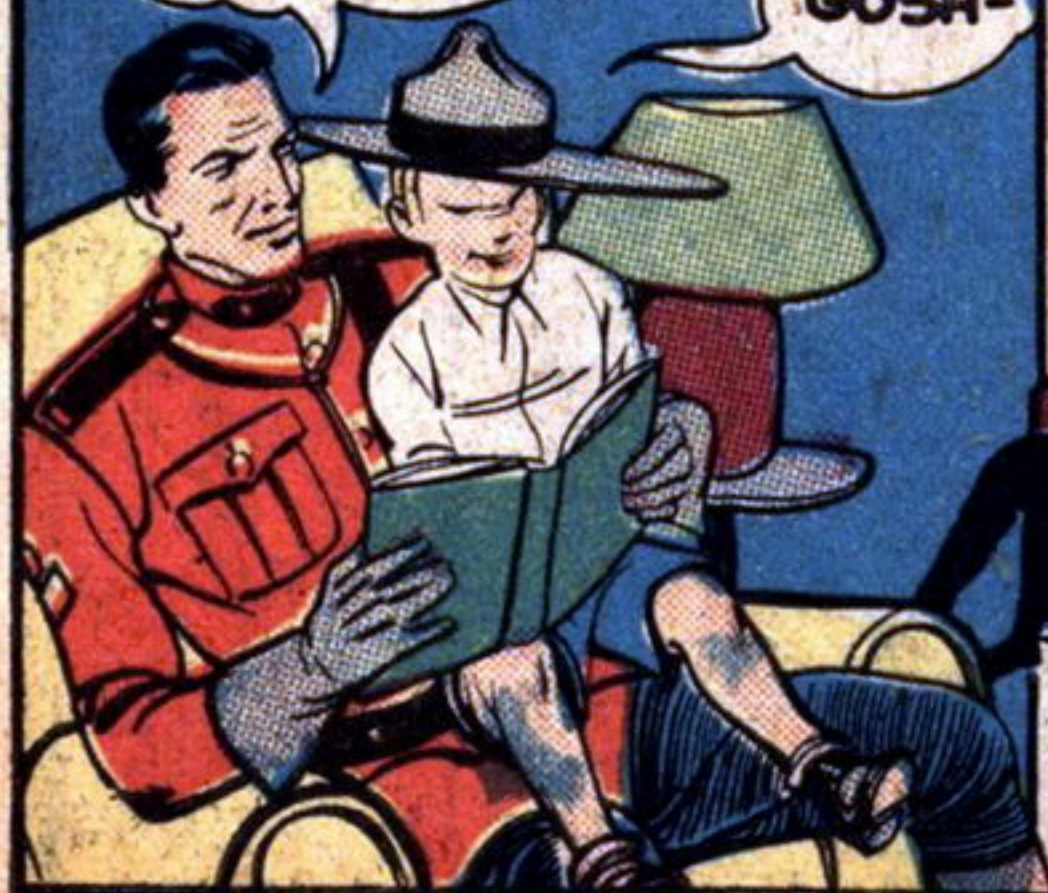
GOSH—

CONSTABLE—
WHAT'S
UP??

INSPECTOR
WANTS YOU
RIGHT AWAY,
JIM—

SERGEANT—BLACK BEARD IS ON THE LOOSE... WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD HE'S UP TO SOME SCHEME TO PLUNDER THE VILLAGERS— YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!!

YES
SIR—
I'LL
LEAVE
AT ONCE!



DAYS LATER...

BLACK BEARD'S STRONGHOLD IS HIDDEN IN THOSE HILLS-- NOT MANY WHITE MEN HAVE SEEN--

HEY--

WE GOT 'IM--TH' KILL, MATIES-- TH' KILL!

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT...

AS THEY DISAPPEAR OVER THE HILL...

WOT WUZ DAT! SHIVER ME TIMBERS!-- A MOUNTIE-- RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

THAT DID IT--GREAT SCOTT-- IT'S JIM HAWKINS!

THANK YOU, SIR-- YOU SURE ROUTED BLACK BEARD'S MEN IN THE NICK OF TIME---

BLACK BEARD'S MEN? THEN HIS HIDEOUT IS NEAR HERE--

YES-- HE'S CAPTURED A FRIEND OF MINE WHO I MEAN TO RESCUE... IT'S EITHER BLACK BEARD'S HEAD OR MINE....

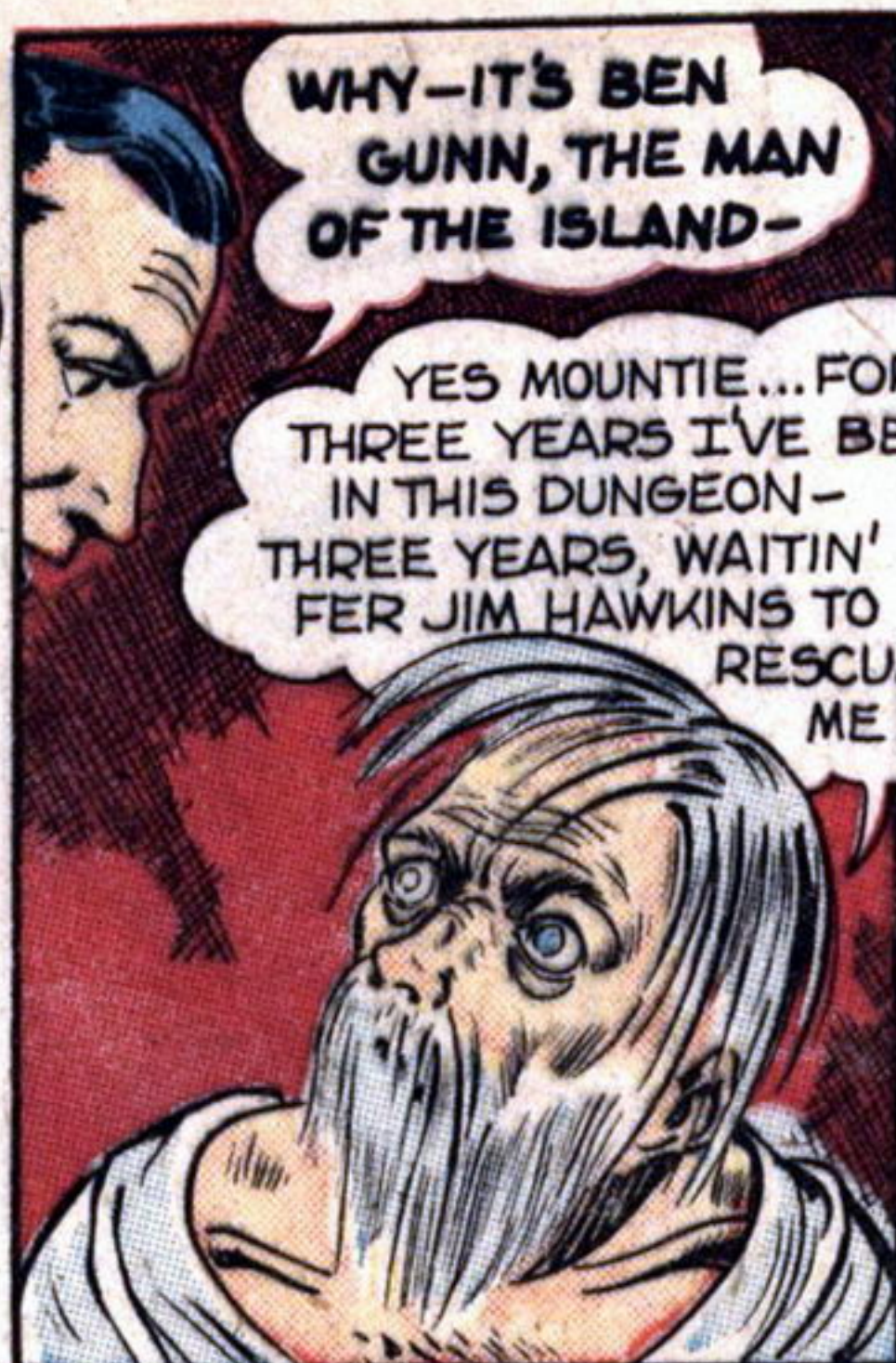
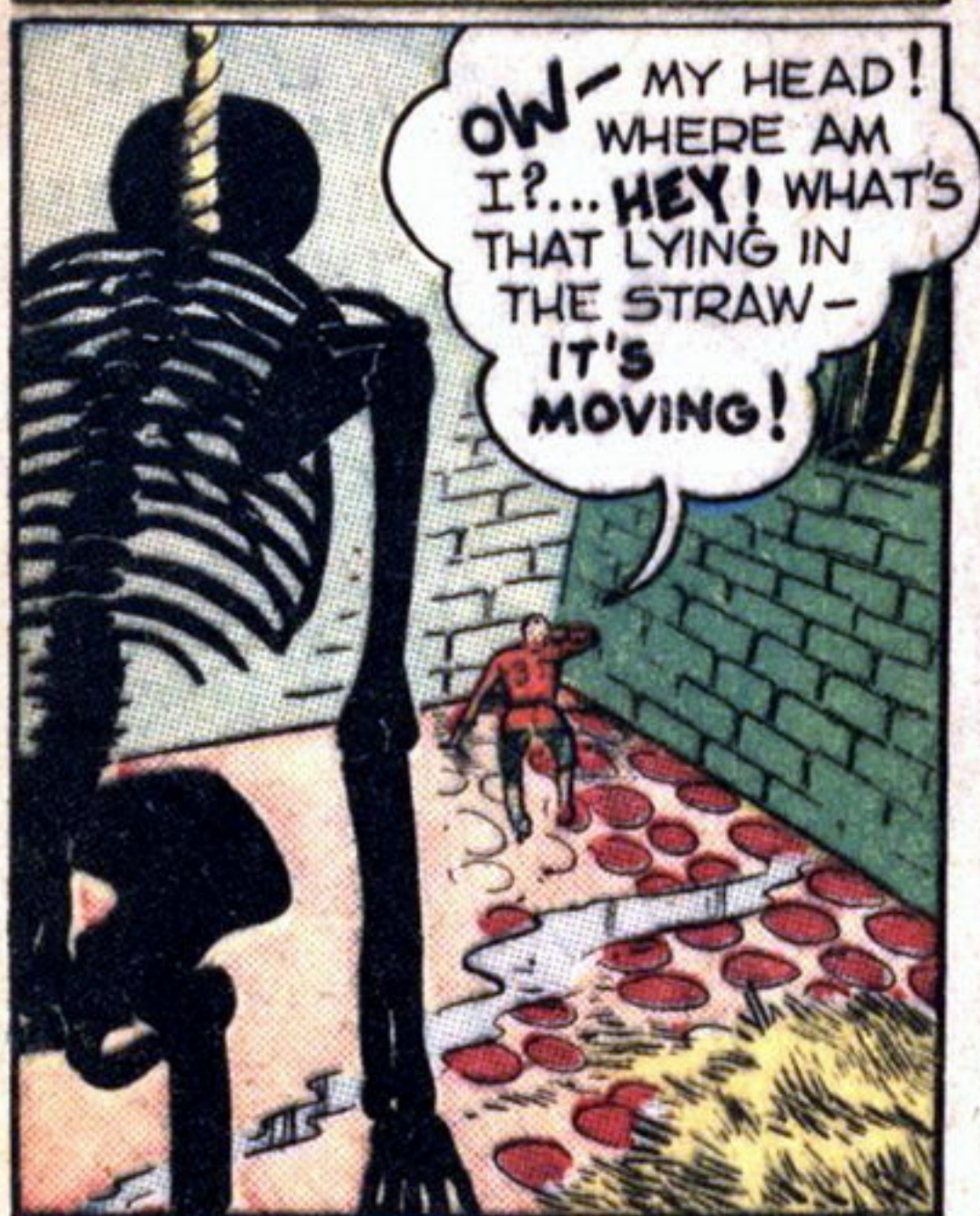
AS AN OLD PIRATE HANDLER, JIM, YOU'RE THE ONE TO DO IT-- I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM MYSELF-- LET'S TEAM UP EH?? I'M SERGEANT REYNOLDS!!

SWELL-- LET'S GO-- SERGEANT!

SO THAT'S IT! FUNNY, I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE-- WE MUST FIND A WAY TO GET IN!

BUT NEITHER HAS HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS AROUND HIM.....

WHEN REYNOLDS COMES TO.....



LATER -



IN THE QUIET OF THE MASSIVE WALLS TWO FIGURES MAKE THEIR WAY...



AND IN THE DEN OF THE BLACK BEARDED TIGER....



TARRY A LITTLE, MATEY - I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THIS LITTLE ---





WITH A FLYING LEAP BEN GUNN IS ON LONG JOHN....



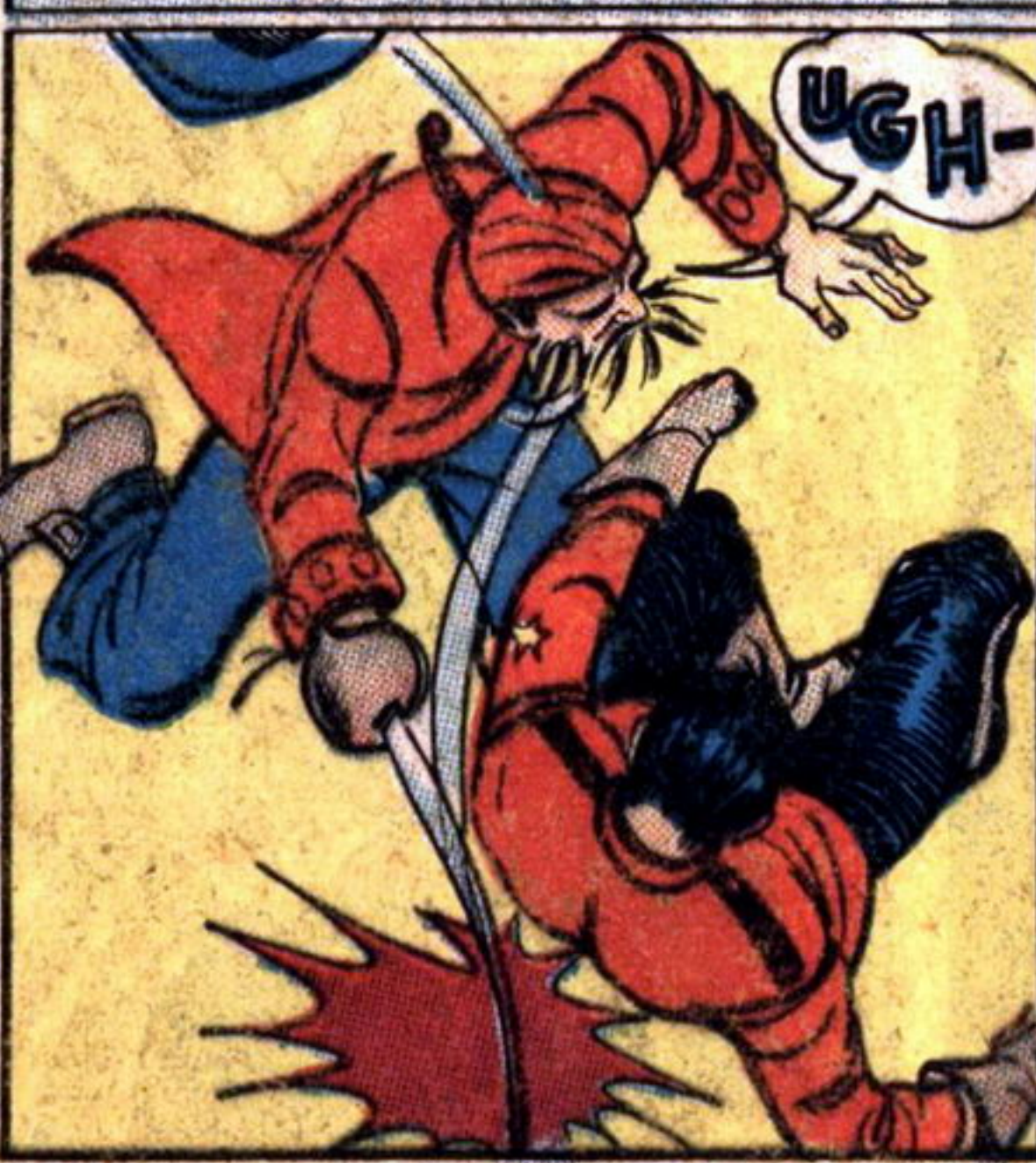
THE MOUNTIE RUSHES TO JIM'S AID....



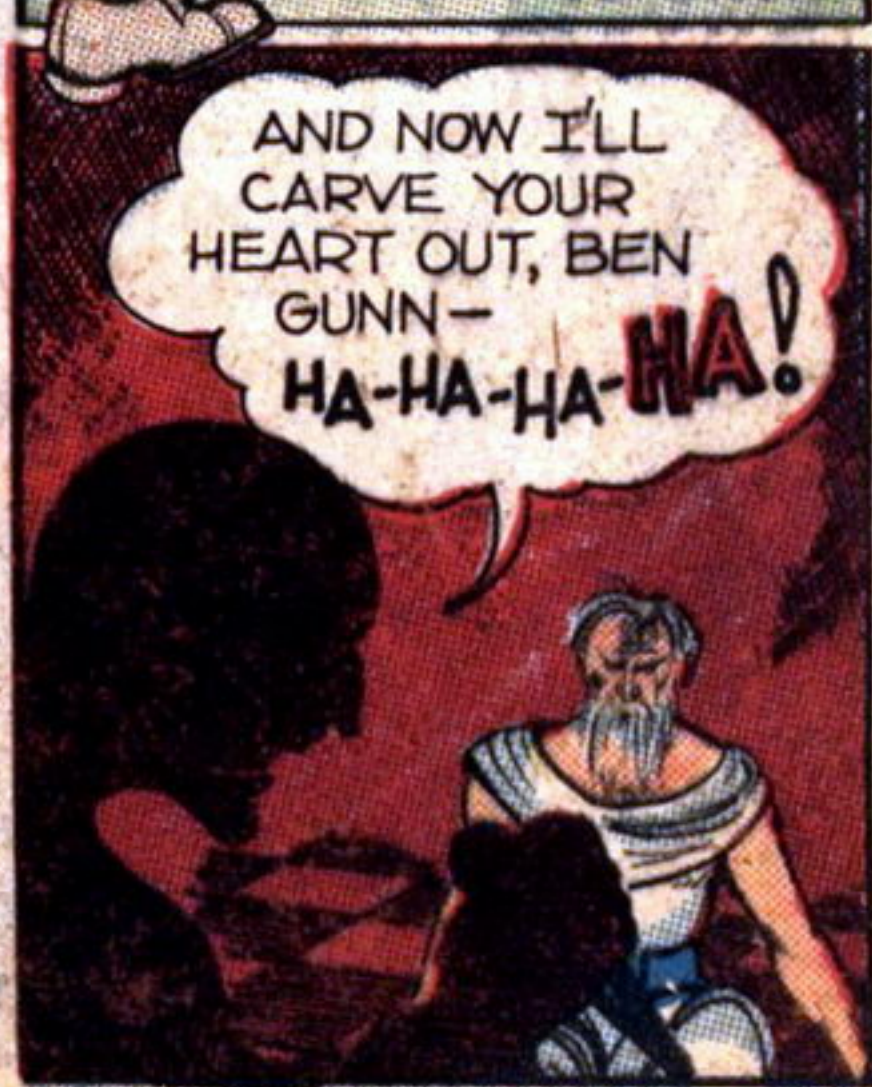
THE PIRATE CHIEF LEAPS TO THE KILL....



BUT REYNOLDS DODGES THE THRUST..



MEANWHILE THE BATTLE WITH LONG JOHN HAS BEEN GOING AGAINST BEN GUNN....



BUT JIM HAWKINS COMES TO OLD GUNN'S AID....

THIS APPLE BARREL MEANT YOUR DOOM ONCE, LONG JOHN—IT'LL DO IT AGAIN... TAKE THAT!

HEY!

SUDDENLY SCREAMING PIRATES SWARM INTO THE ROOM.....

TH' CANNON, BEN—IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

IF THE SERGEANT CAN HOLD 'EM OFF AWHILE WE'LL GIVE 'EM A WARM WELCOME!

WITH MINUTES TO SPARE THEY HANDLE THE CANNON LIKE VETERANS...

SHE'S ALL SET, JIM—

OUT OF TH' WAY SERGEANT—OKAY... LET 'ER GO!

THE WALLS OF BLACK BEARD'S STRONGHOLD CRUMBLE LIKE PAPER...

OUT OF THE RUINS...

WE MADE IT! BLACK BEARD'S DEAD AND BEN GUNN'S SAVED!

YES—

SUDDENLY A FALLING MISSILE HITS THE MOUNTIE...

SERGEANT—LOOK OUT!

UNCLE JIM! WAKE UP... YOU'VE FALLEN ASLEEP AND I WANT TO HEAR MORE OF TREASURE ISLAND!

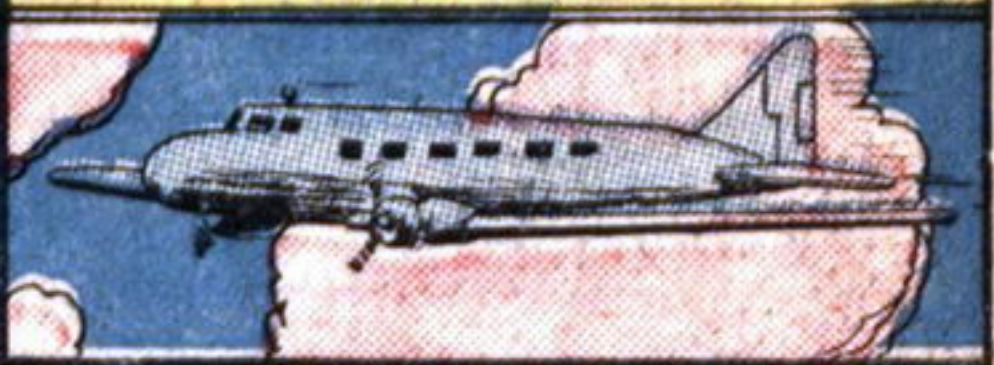
WH—WHERE AM I? OH—YES, TREASURE ISLAND... LET'S SEE NOW—WHERE WERE WE??

Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

in
THWARTED
ASSASSINS

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS REALLY 2 PEOPLE; HIMSELF AND HIS DOUBLE, LIEUT. JACKSON. NOW, THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE IS IN DANGER, AND BRUCE IS FLYING TO NEW YORK TO PROTECT HIM!



THAT NIGHT IN NEW YORK

I **THOUGHT** SONYA WAS **BEHIND THIS!** I'LL JUST FOLLOW THAT BEAUTIFUL **SUPER-SPY!**



THE LADY? SHE GOT OFF AT THE TOP FLOOR!



AFTER AN HOURS FUTILE SEARCH—

EITHER THAT ELEVATOR MAN LIED—OR SONYA DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

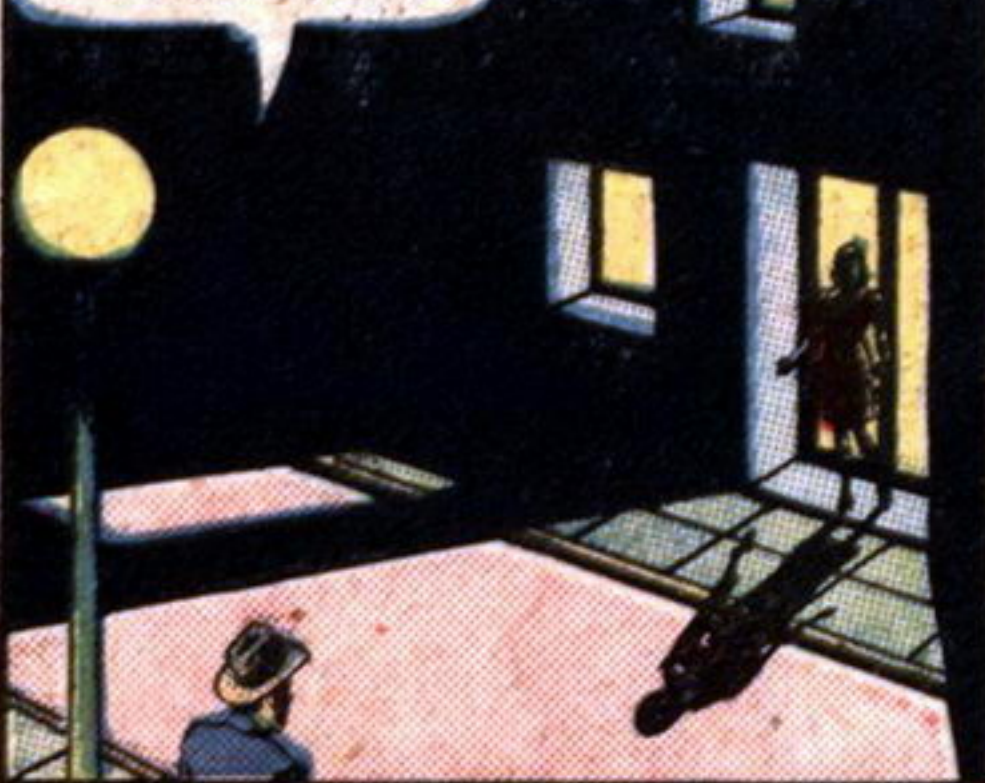


IN THE ROOM OF JACKSON, BRUCE'S DOUBLE.

WATCH THE ACME BUILDING FOR **SONYA**, AND **FOLLOW HER.**



BRUCE HAD A BUM STEER, I'LL BET. **NO**, HERE COMES A **WOMAN!**



IT'S **SONYA!**



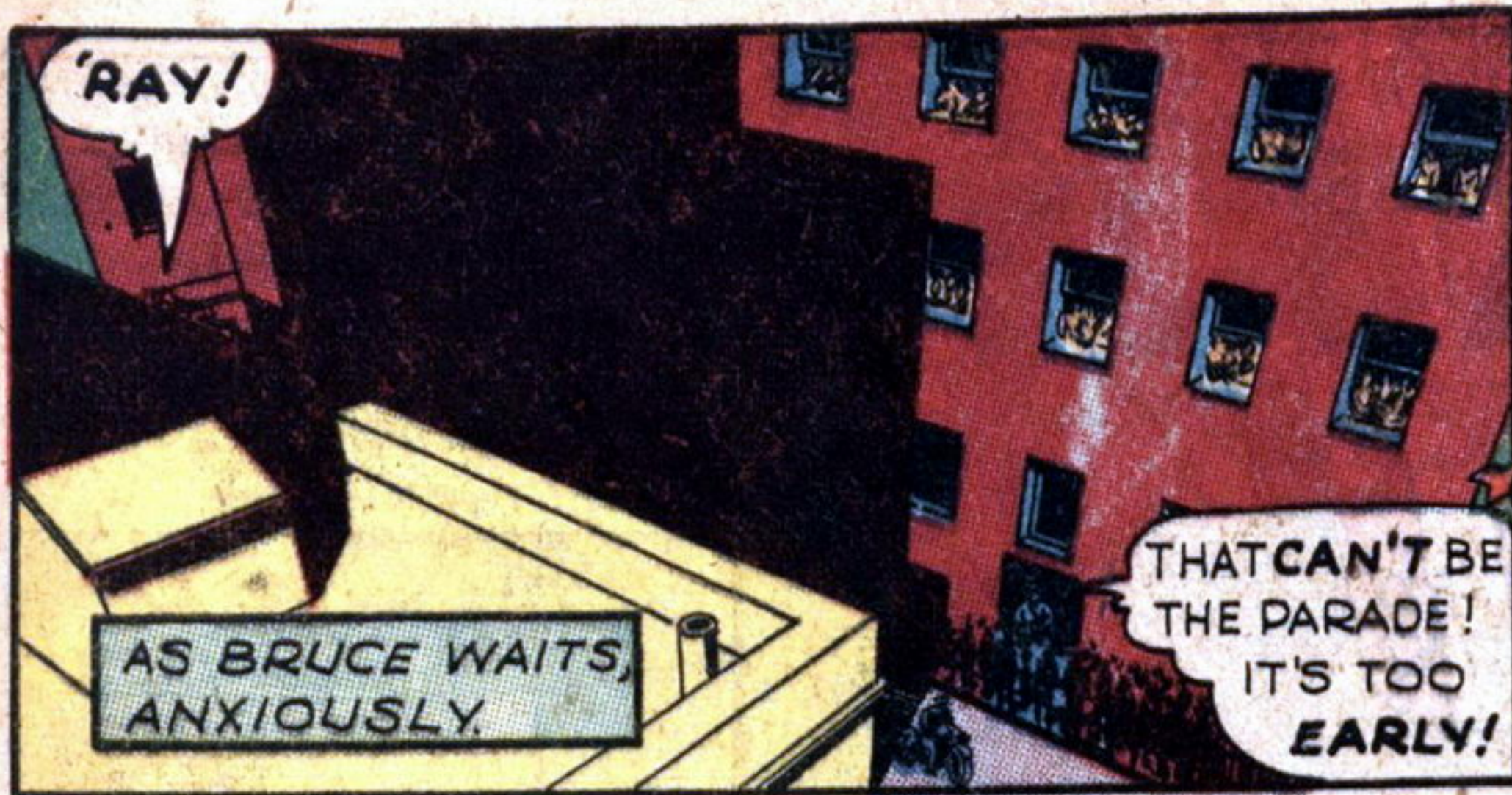
I'LL STICK TO HER LIKE A LEECH!



NEXT DAY, BRUCE WATCHES THE ROUTE OF THE PARADE IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT WILL RIDE.

EVERYTHING **SEEMS** QUIET—





'RAY!

AS BRUCE WAITS,
ANXIOUSLY.

THAT CAN'T BE
THE PARADE!
IT'S TOO
EARLY!

IT IS ONE GENERAL BANKS
EN ROUTE TO HIS COMM-
AND AND IN A HURRY.....
SUDDENLY HE SLUMPS
DOWN—

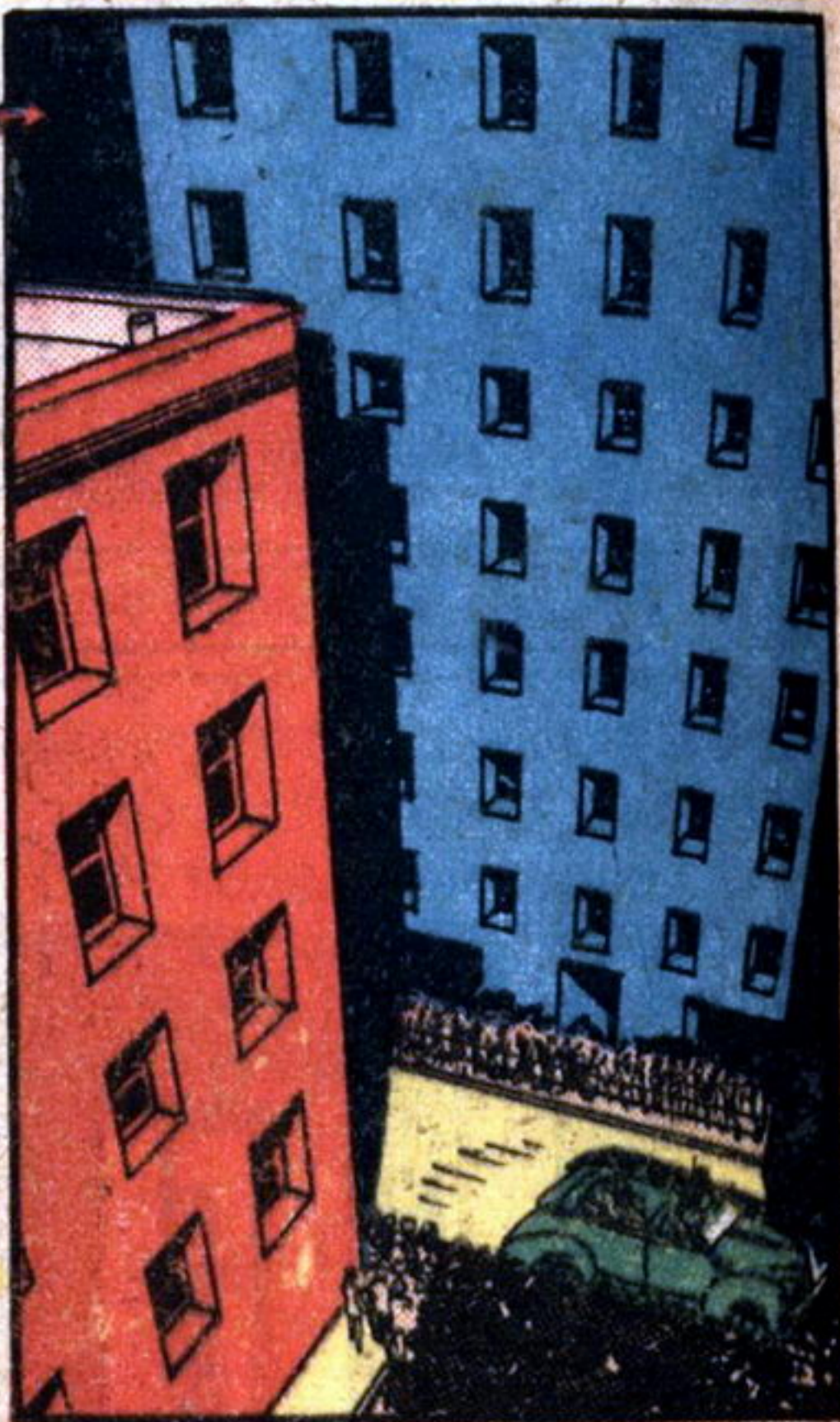


HE'S BEEN **SHOT!** PROBABLY
A SILENCED RIFLE, AND
TELESCOPIC SIGHTS.



MEANWHILE, JACKSON
STILL FOLLOWS SONYA.

BLACKBURN HAS FOLLOW-
ED ME LONG ENOUGH! I'LL
SHAKE HIM THIS WAY!



ACME BUILDING, AND
STEP ON IT!



BACK WHERE GENERAL
BANKS WAS SHOT, BRUCE
EXPLAINS.

BUT, **WHY?** A **MISTAKE**, THEY
THOUGHT IT WAS
THE **PRESIDENT**.

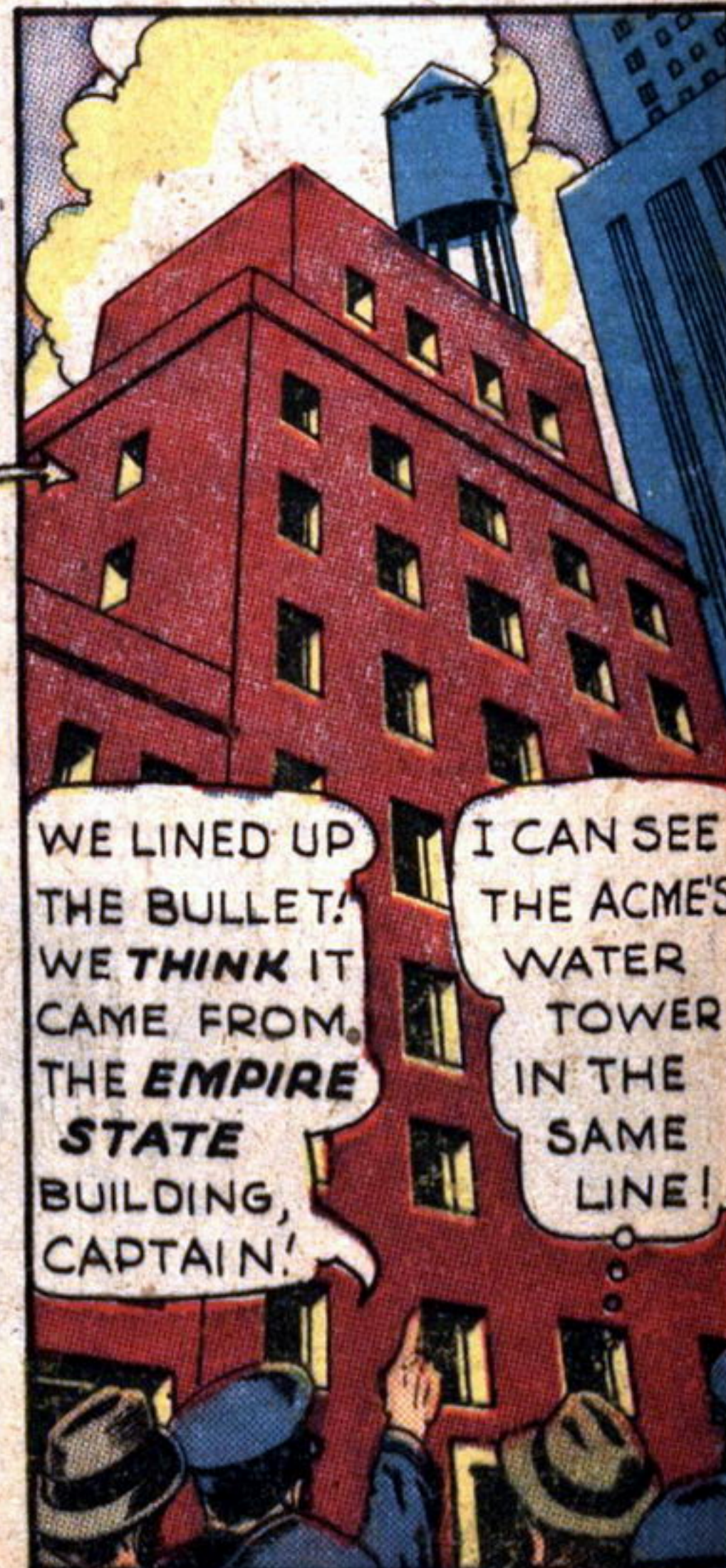


STOP THE PARADE!

CALL IT OFF!
WARN THE
PRESIDENT!

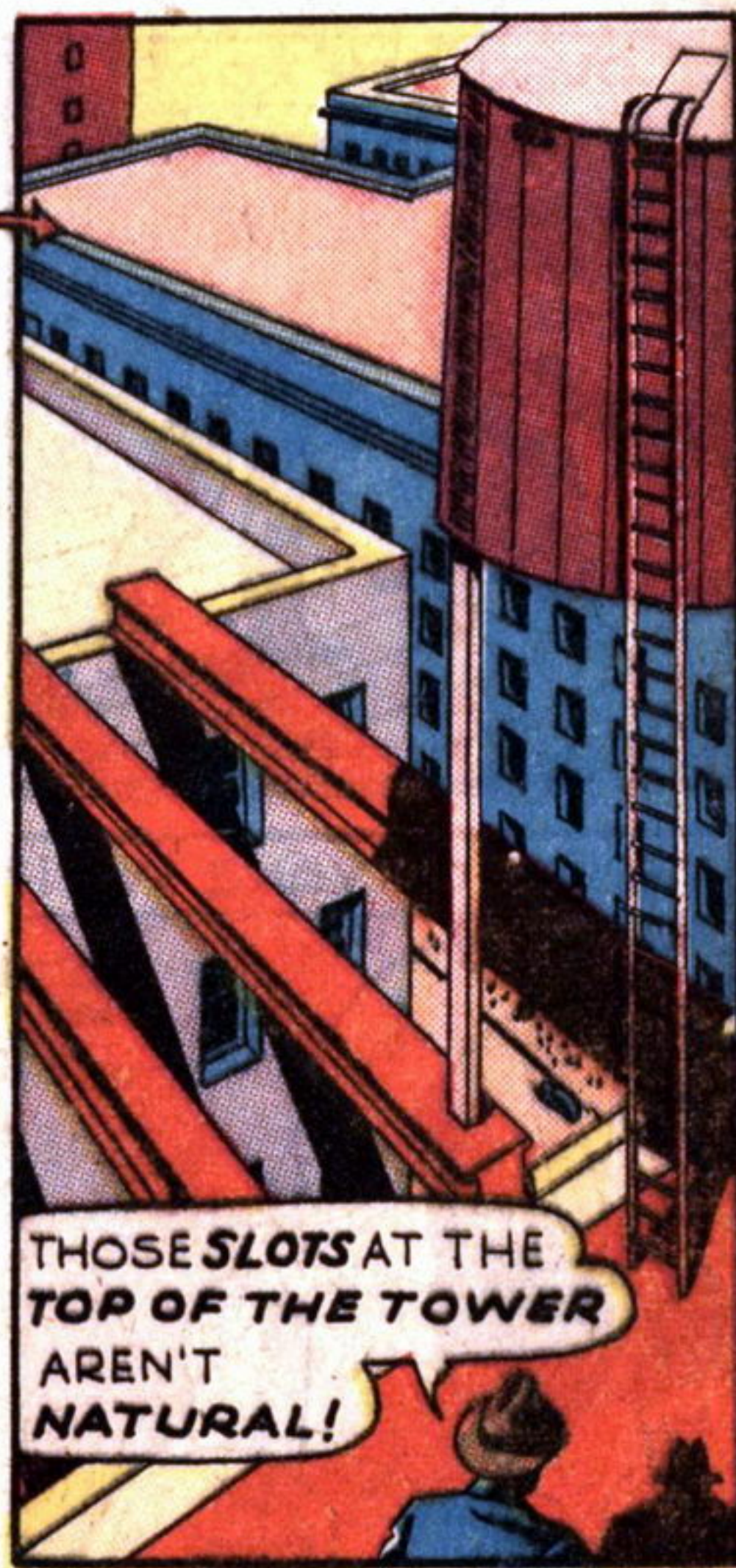


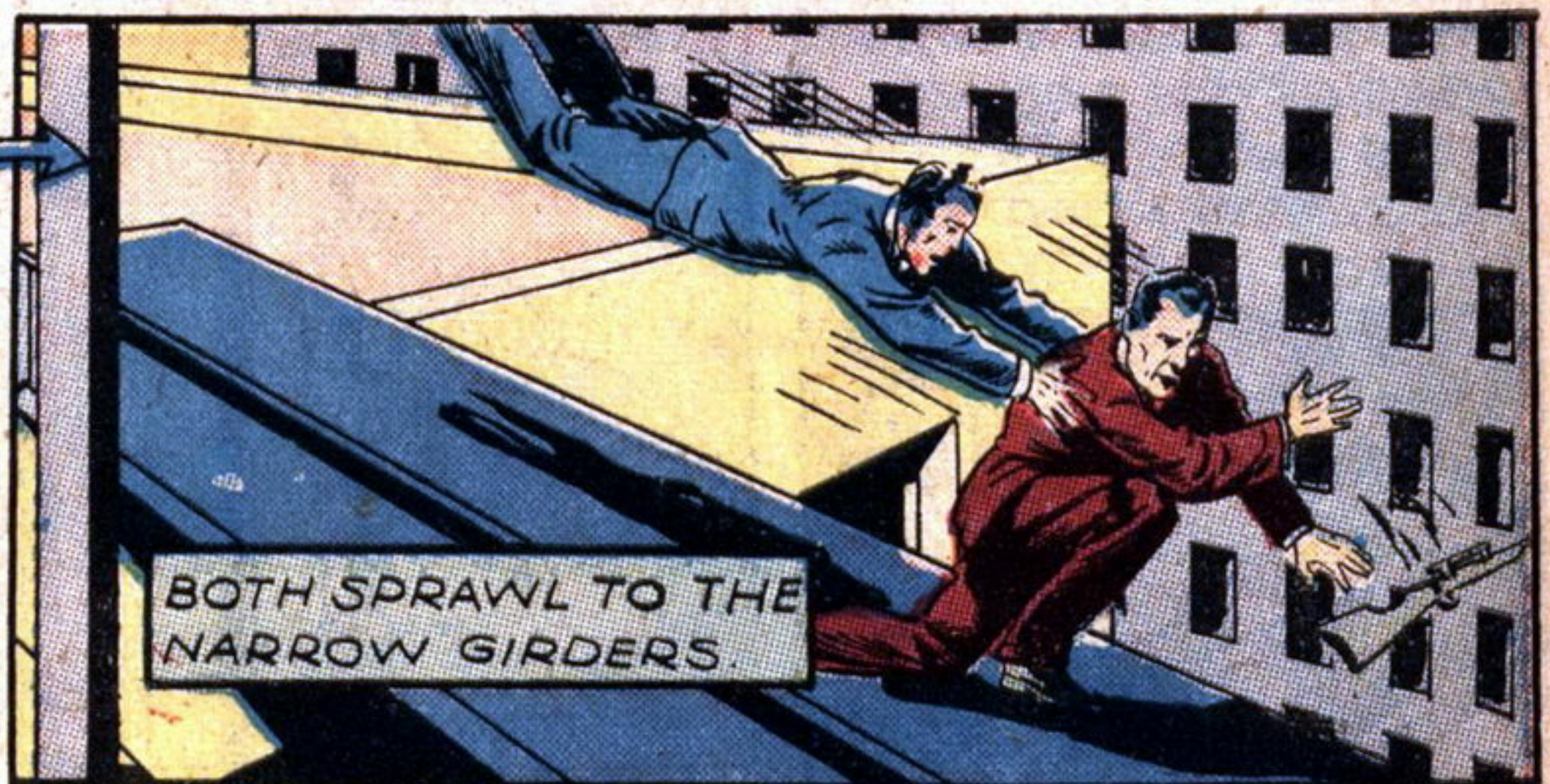
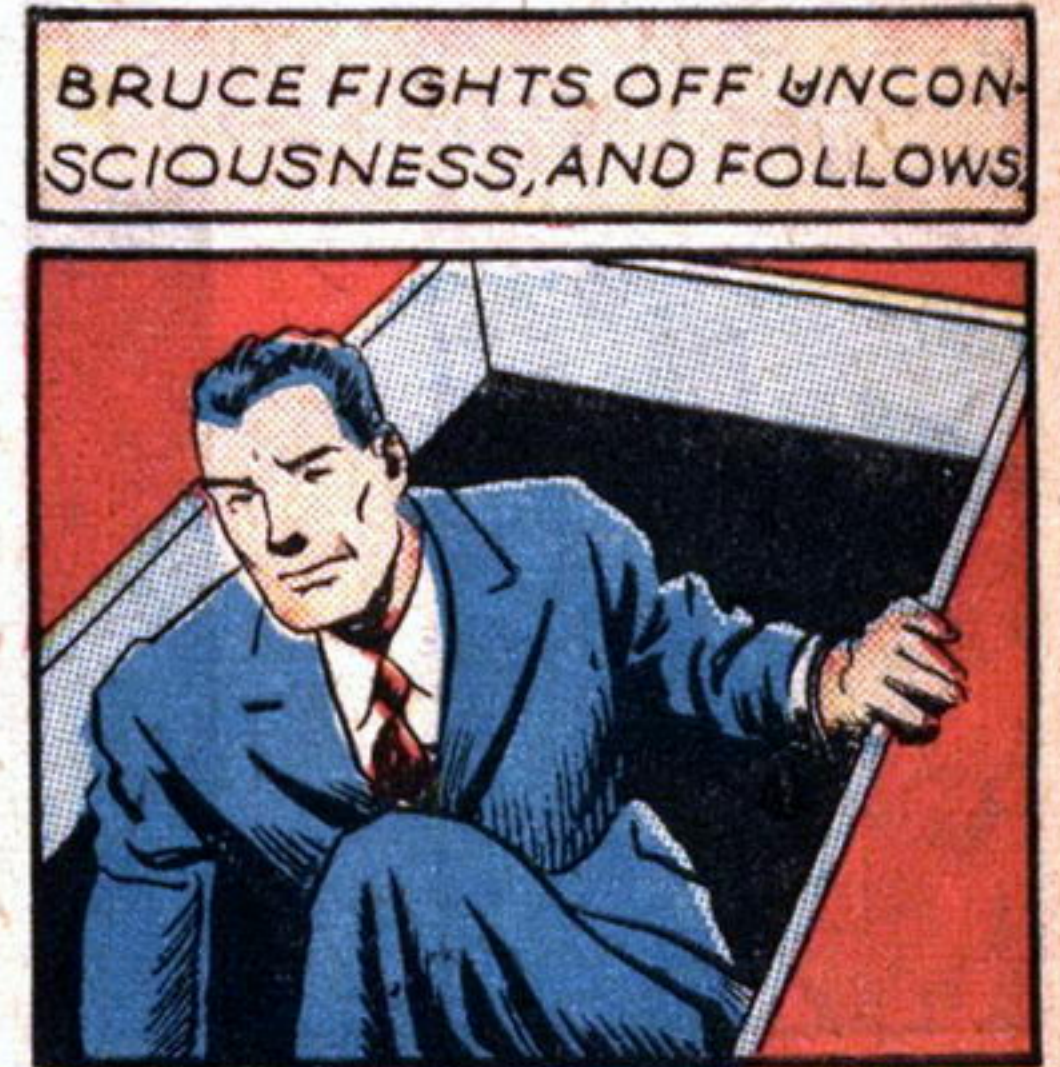
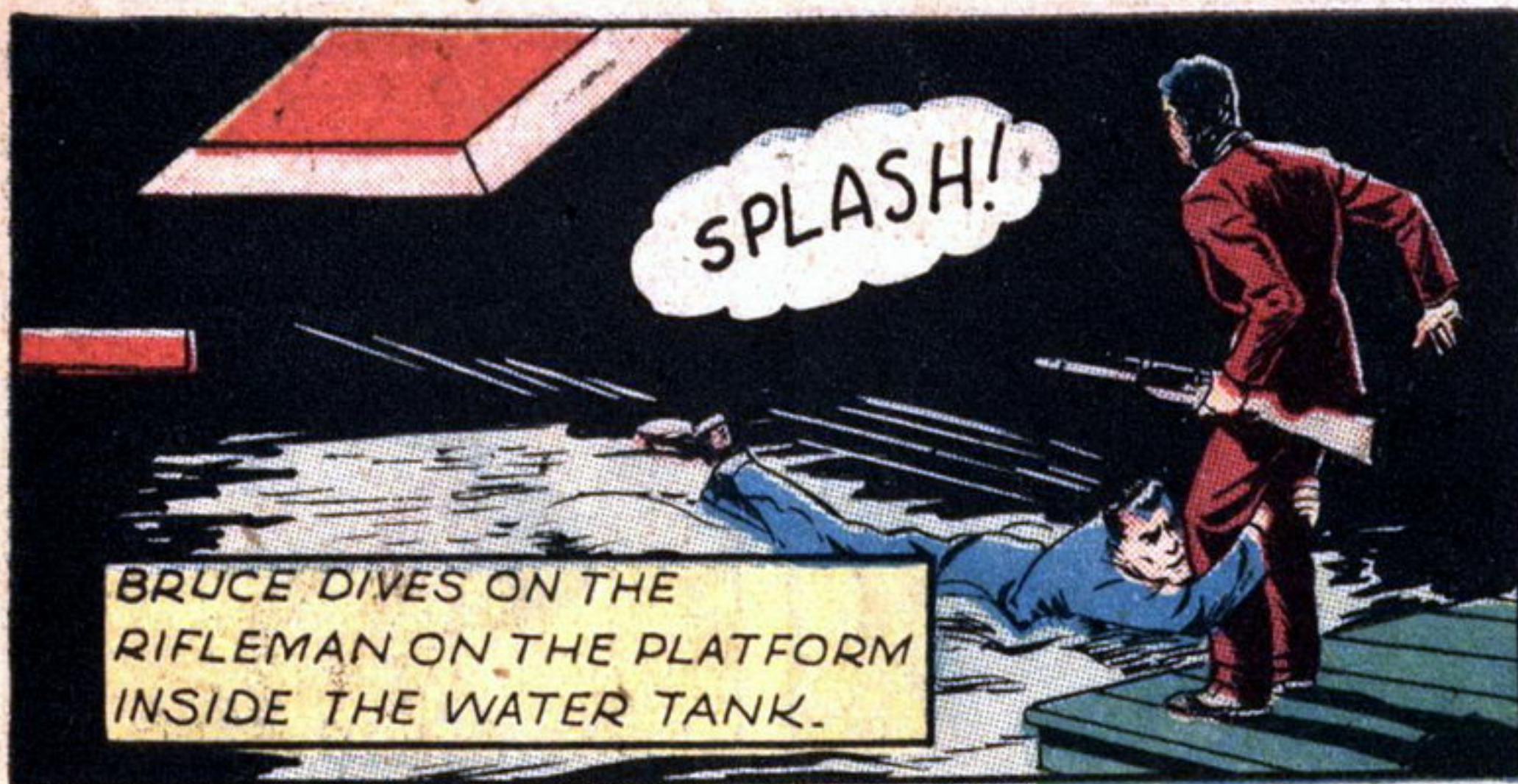
I GOT THE **WRONG** MAN.
BUT **NEXT TIME** - UNLESS
THIS FRIGHTENS HIM INTO
NOT RIDING
IN THE SILLY
PARADE!

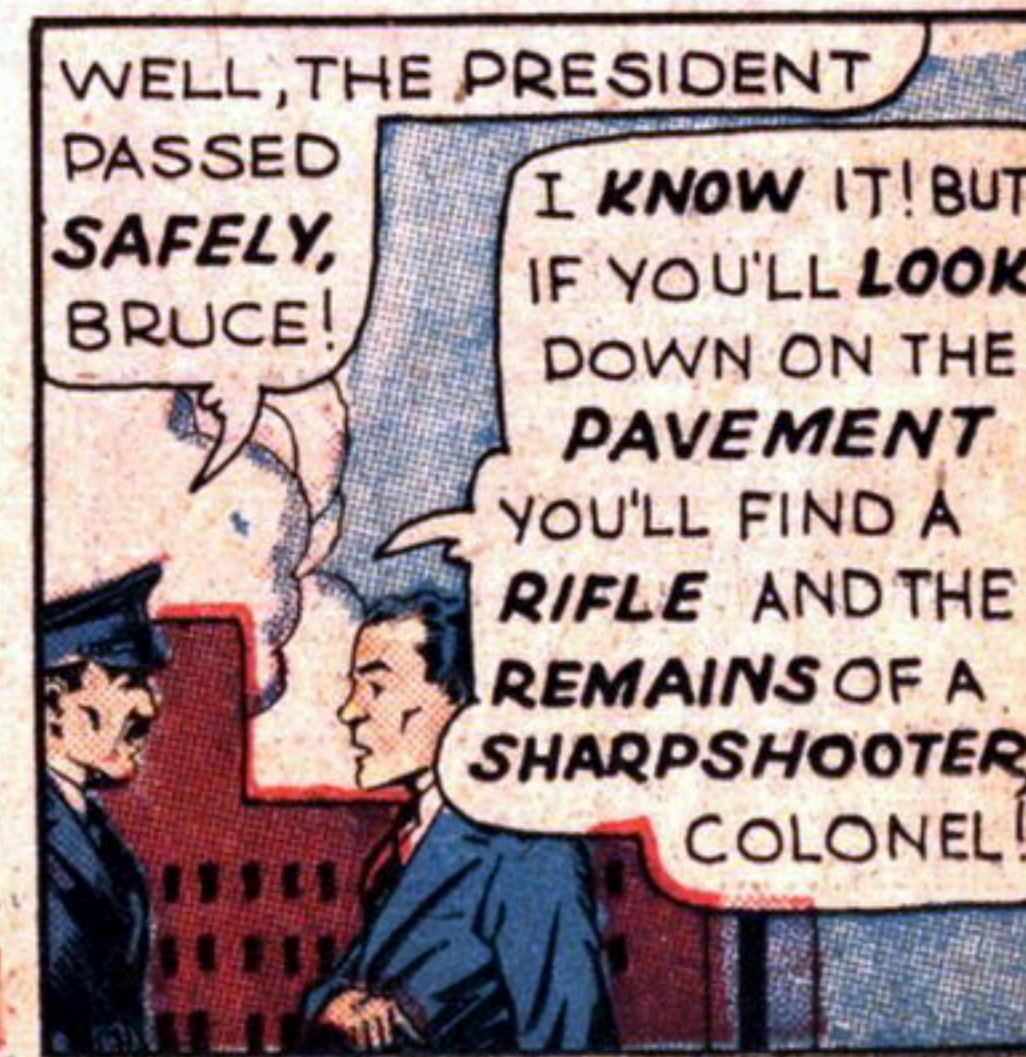
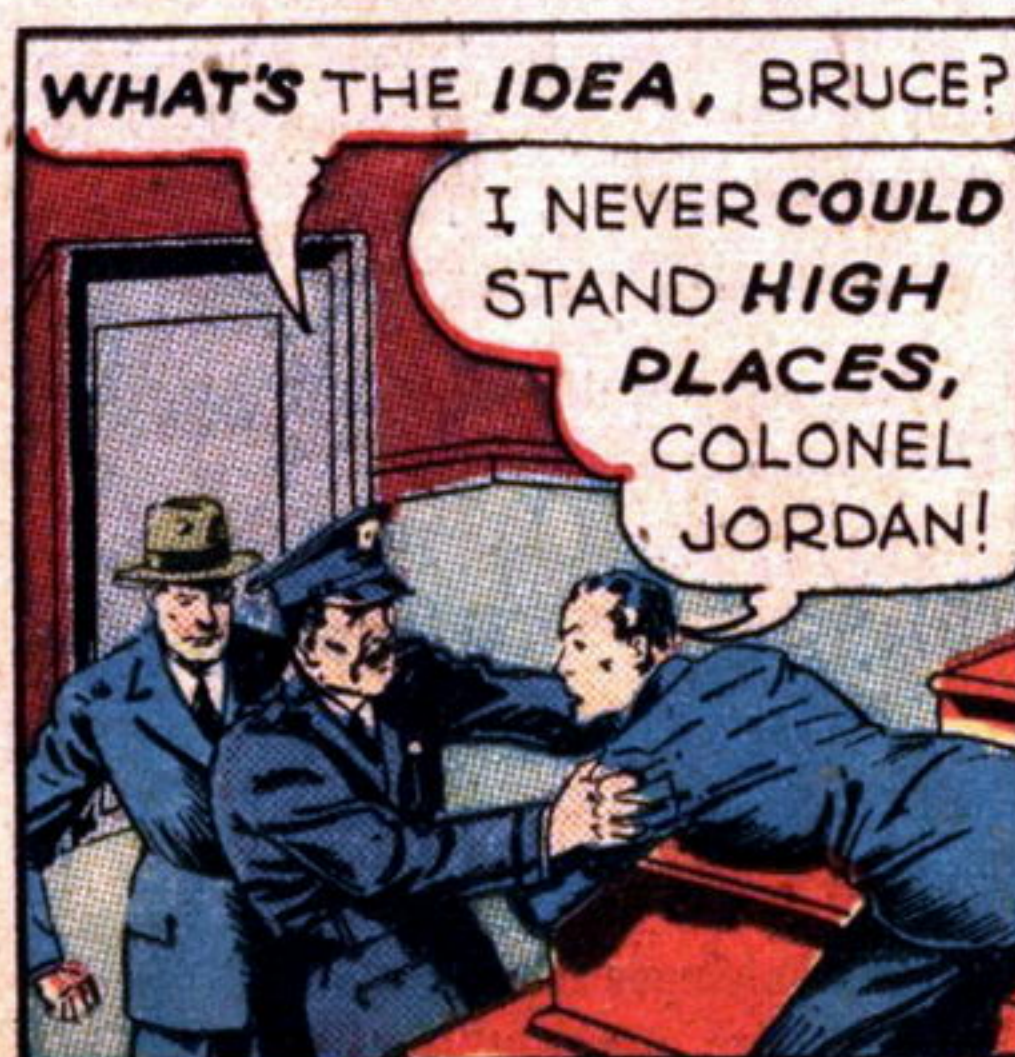
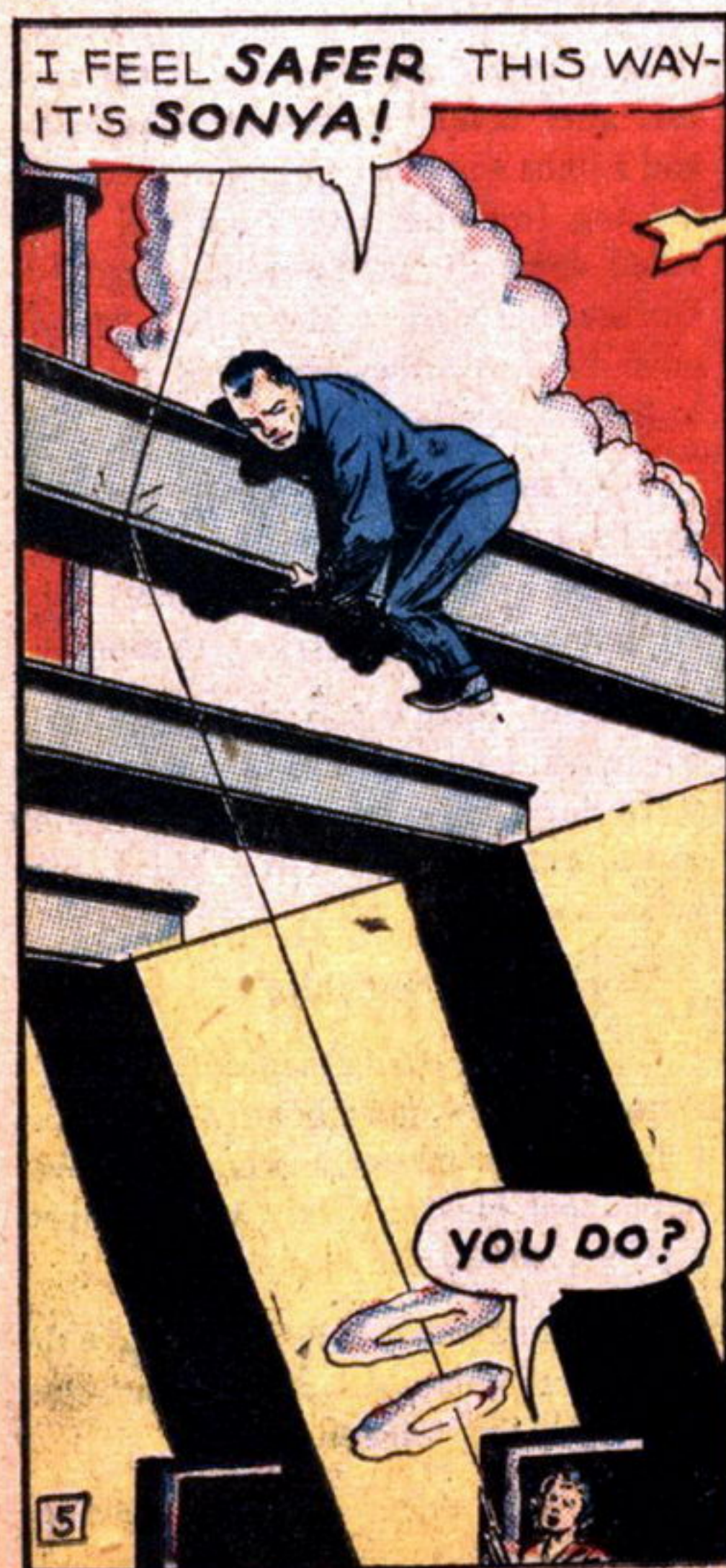
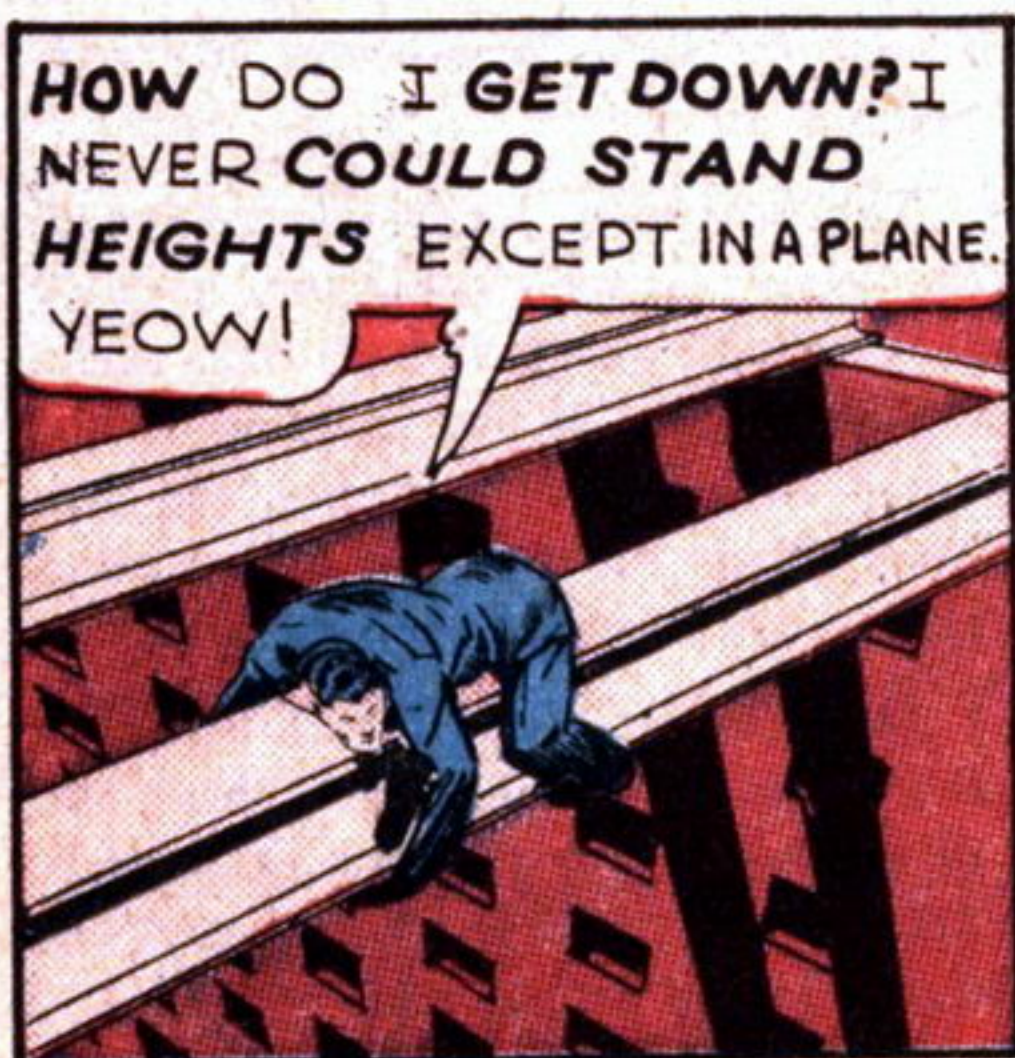
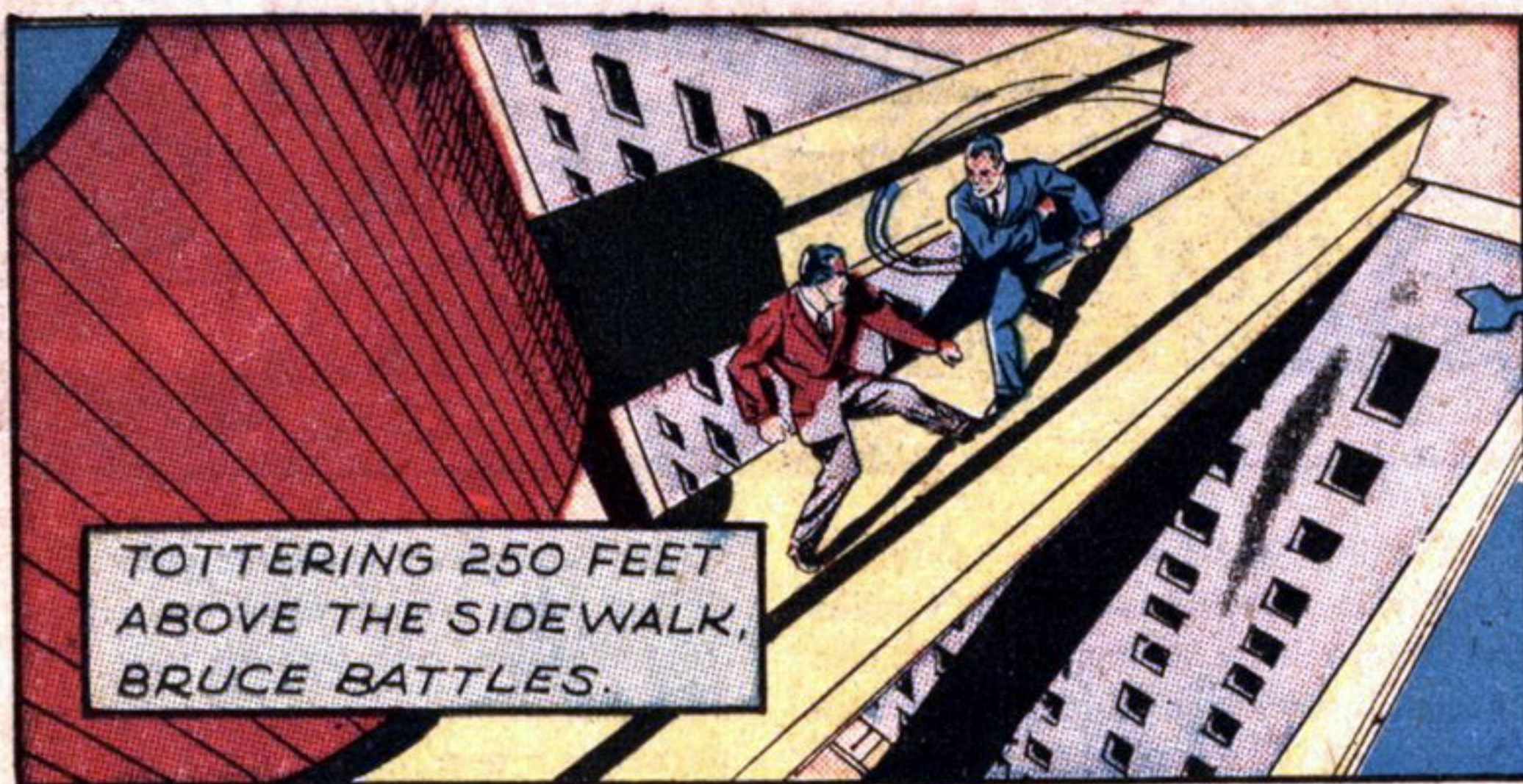


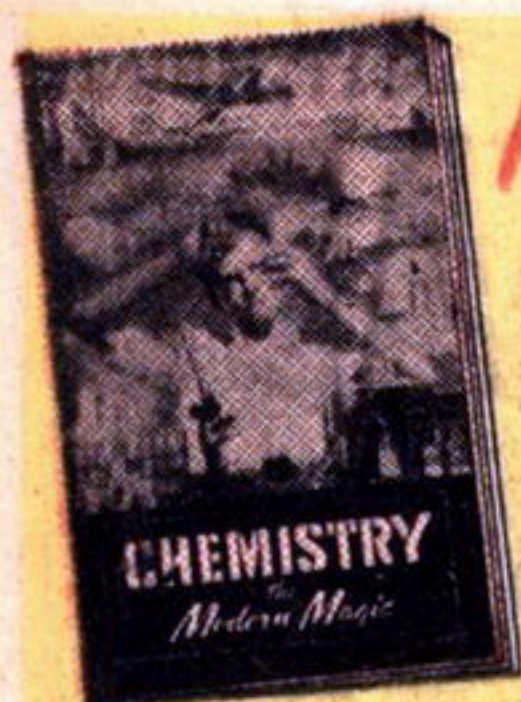
WE LINED UP
THE BULLET!
WE **THINK** IT
CAME FROM
THE **EMPIRE**
STATE
BUILDING,
CAPTAIN!

I CAN SEE
THE ACME'S
WATER
TOWER
IN THE
SAME
LINE!









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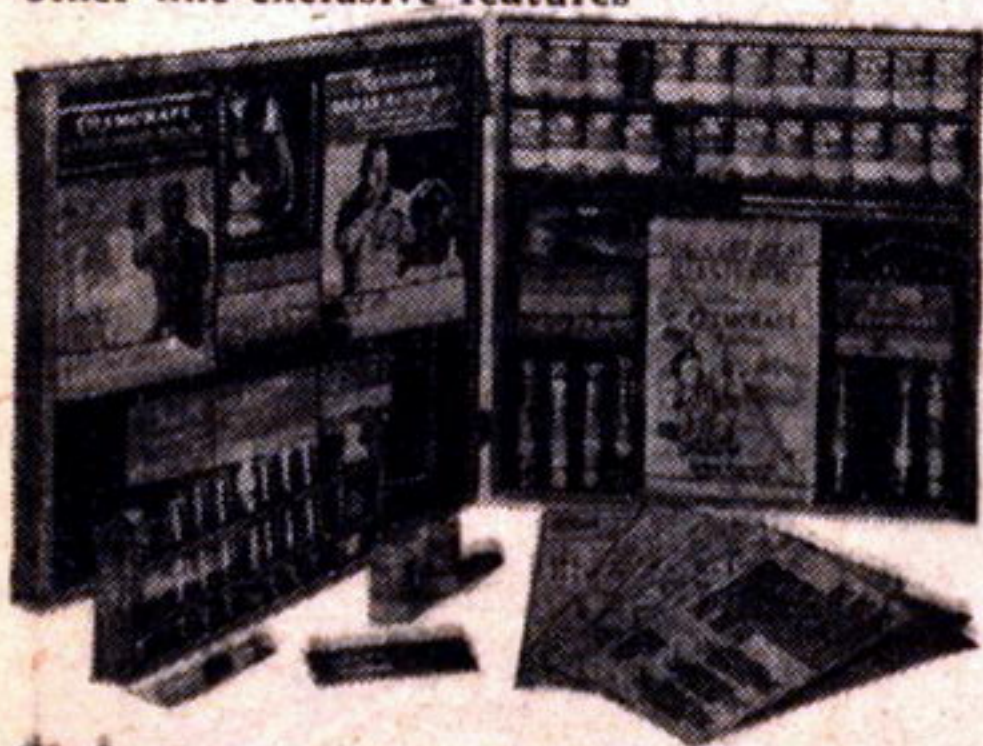
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The ship burned with a strange flickering fire. Its four masts and its full complement of sail were engulfed in bluish flames. It sailed along through the velvet-black night; then suddenly it disappeared. Had it sunk? Its disappearance was too abrupt for that. Then—what had happened to it?

The fishermen, hardy descendents of the early French Voyageurs, paddled furiously for shore. It had come again, the ghost ship! It had sailed down the broad St. Lawrence in flames, and vanished. Many times before it had come, and always there had been a death.

In the homes of the French fishermen there were many candles burnt that night, in clusters of five on the wide mantels. Prayers were said. For who knew who was to be the doomed one?

Perry Scott, on a commission for the Canadian Navy, maneuvered his fast cruiser into a little cove and dropped anchor. Here in the ancient village of Mingan they would put up for the night. It would be a relief from the long voyage in the small cruiser.

It was in the little tavern of the Cross-eyed Bull that Perry heard about the ghost ship making its appearance—and disappearance. The old Norman innkeeper, wringing his hands, told them how, just before they docked, the flaming ship had vanished a mile below the village. He pointed to the candelabra and their guttering tapers.

"'Tis best we pray, mes amies," he said reverently, "lest we be overtaken by the curse."

"What curse?" asked Perry.

"The curse of the ghost ship, mon ami! Have you not heard?"

The tale was a long one, but Perry and his two assistants listened in polite silence.

"Whew!" said Perry when the story had come to an end. "I'd like to see your flaming ghost ship!"

The innkeeper crossed himself. "Sacre, do not say so, my son!"

But Perry meant to see the ghost ship, if such a ship existed, which he doubted. Legend spawns such fantastic tales. And the superstitious are wont to exaggerate them in the re-telling.

"Where there's smoke there's fire," Ted Shane, one of Perry's assistants reminded gently. "Mebbe they have something there!"

"Blah!" snorted Greg Laird, the second assistant.

Next morning, Perry and his two companions concluded their business, finishing by noon.

"We have a free night, fellows," said Perry. "What say we go see the ghost ship?"

The others were for it. However, they were convinced that it was nothing but a will-o'-the-wisp.

They took the cruiser out of the cove just after seven. It was growing dark, and a light wind had sprung up, scraping the fog from the river's surface. They sailed down the St. Lawrence almost to Quebec, but nary a ghost ship, or any other kind, did they see. They returned to the inn at midnight.

They should have been off the next day for Labrador, but Perry was subtly intrigued by the story of the ghost ship. He announced, "We'll try again tonight."

The fog came again that night, and when their boat poked its nose west about seven-thirty, they were forced to sail by instruments. It was Greg Laird who yelled suddenly:

"Look! The ghost ship!"

It had appeared magically directly across their bow, not a quarter-mile away, a flaming four-master. It seemed to hover in one spot, moving slowly, almost imperceptibly, toward the south.

"Let's go!" shouted Perry. He gave the signal for full speed ahead. The craft sped away like something alive.

They bore down upon the uncanny ship, and Perry swung the cruiser around

it when they were only two hundred yards off its stern. They slid past. Then abruptly the blazing ship vanished! It was there one moment, then it was gone!

"Say, what's this!" Perry exclaimed.

"Mebbe disappeared in the soup," Ted hazarded.

Greg shook his head. "Couldn't vanish like that."

"I've got an idea, fellows," said Perry. "You recall it was foggy night before last—when that ghost ship was seen. It's foggy tonight. Does that suggest anything to you Einsteins?"

Perry circled back. Then Greg let out a yell. "There she is!"

She was. But her rigging was gone. Only the deck smoldered with flames, and then it too was gone, engulfed in the smother of waves rising with the wind. The ship vanished completely.

"She went down," said Ted. "My gosh, we ought to do something—"

Perry laughed. "We're going to do something, lads. Tomorrow we're going to tell the world all about this ghost ship business!"

Perry spent an hour in the ship's dark room. He took many pictures and often

did that, so there was no question about what he was doing this time.

The next day, Perry visited the village library. Luckily, he found what he wanted: a list of old ships which had gone down in the St. Lawrence in days gone by. He found the one he wanted at last: In 1703, the brig *St. Mibiel*, out of Calais, had gone down with all hands. It lay in forty fathoms. Further, this region was noted for appearances of that phenomenon St. Elmo's Fire—a strange refulgence that gleams sometimes on rotting logs, old ships, wires, icy buildings. The *St. Mibiel* was coated with the strange St. Elmo's Fire. And the entire ship, according to the photos Perry produced of the fog bank, was being reflected against the fog—just like a mirror.

"It's the fog that does it," said Perry. "Because you see, I checked back and found out that the ship has never been seen except on foggy nights."

So that ended the mystery of the ghost ship!

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PERRY SCOTT in the
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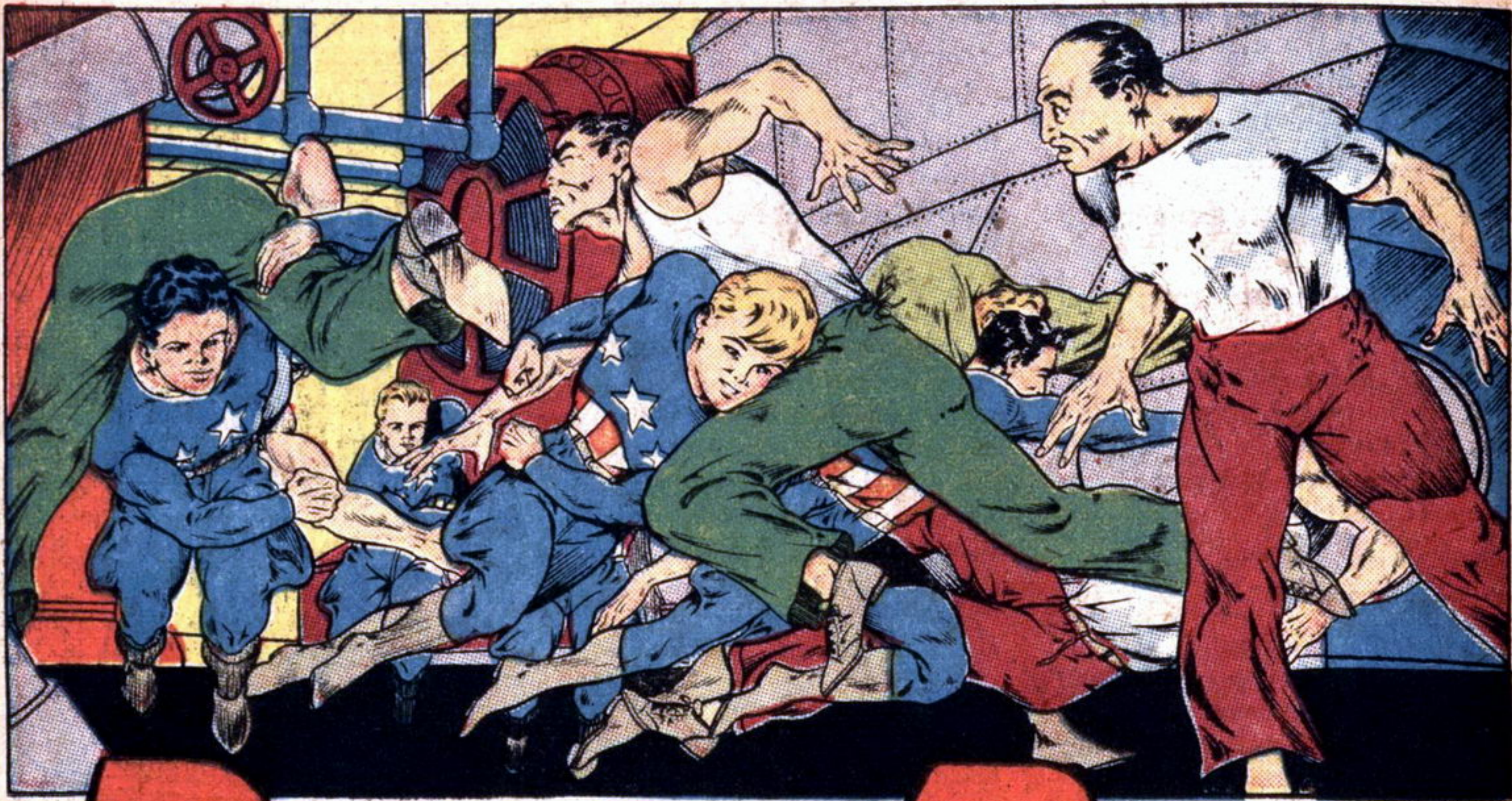
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Rusty Ryan

AND
THE
BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS

TRAVELING ALONG THE GREAT
LAKES HIGHWAY IS AN OLD
JALLOPY CARRYING SIX BOYS..
...THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS..

OH BOY.. A FREE
TOUR FOR US
AROUND THE
COUNTRY!

YOU'RE
A GENIUS,
RUSTY!

BALONEY!
IT WAS JUST LUCK
THAT I WON THAT
ESSAY CONTEST
ON AMERICANISM!
ALL I DID WAS
WRITE WHAT I
THOUGHT-NOTHING
FANCY!

YES...BUT YOU WERE
A GENIUS TO THINK
OF THE BRIGADIERS
WHEN THEY SAID IT
WAS FOR THE WHOLE
FAMILY!

WELL.. WE
SAID WE'D
STICK TOGETHER
ALL THE
TIME!!

YES SIR.. ONE FOR
ALL ... AND ALL FOR
UNCLE SAM!





HEY, RUSTY..LOOK AT THAT BIG FREIGHTER!

IT'S A BIG ONE ALL RIGHT!

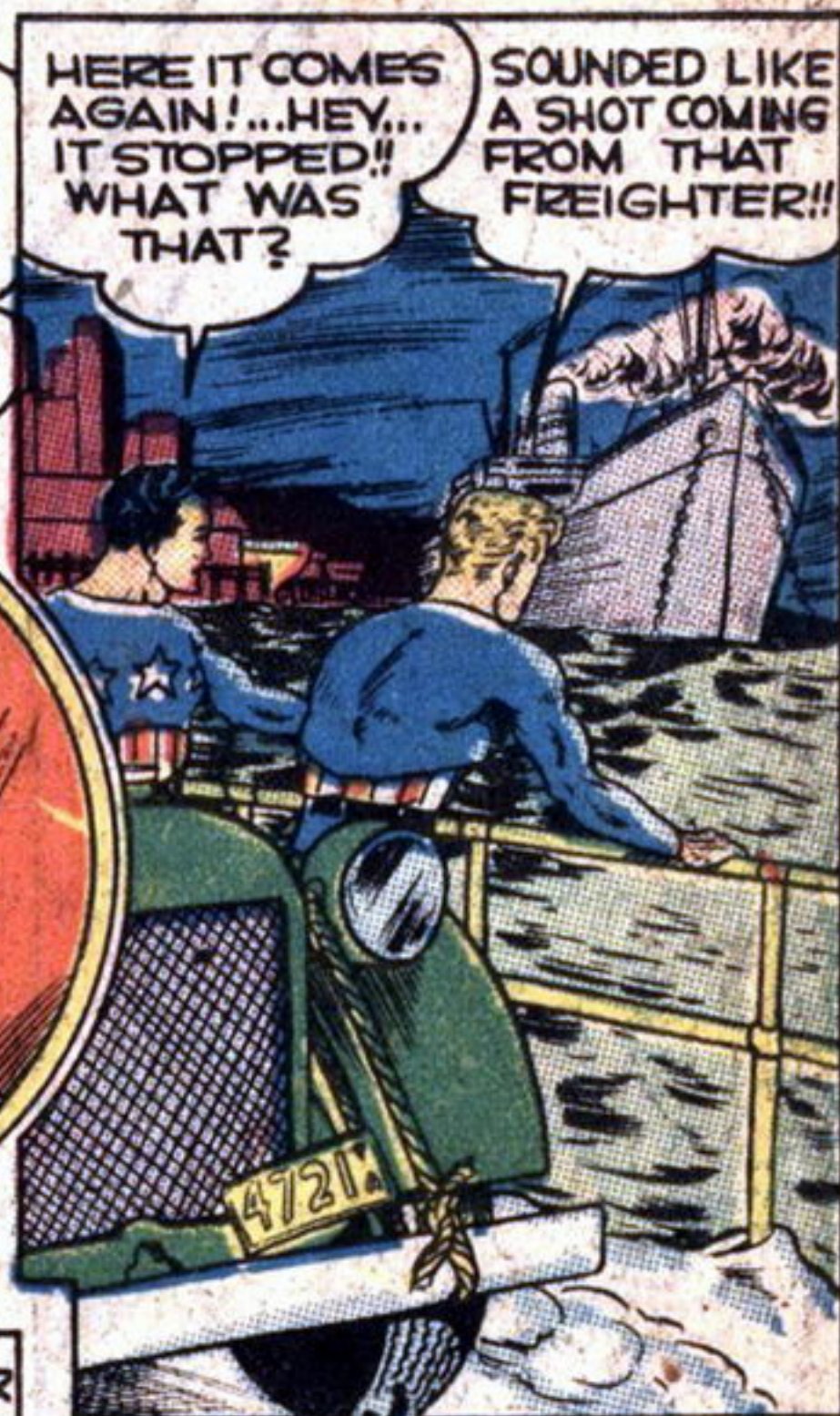
JUST THEN, A FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE BOAT HITS THE BRIGADIERS.....



HEY..ARE THEY TRYING TO BLIND US?

WHAT TH'??

WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS.. IT'S COMING IN DOTS AND DASHES. ...THE MORSE CODE! 3 DOTS... 3 DASHES... 3 DOTS... SOS!! HEY.. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG OUT THERE!!



HERE IT COMES AGAIN!...HEY... IT STOPPED!! WHAT WAS THAT?

SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT COMING FROM THAT FREIGHTER!!

HOLY SMOKES... THEN THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG OUT THERE!

THERE'S A ROW-BOAT DOWN THERE! C'MON.. WE'RE GOING OUT TO THAT SHIP!



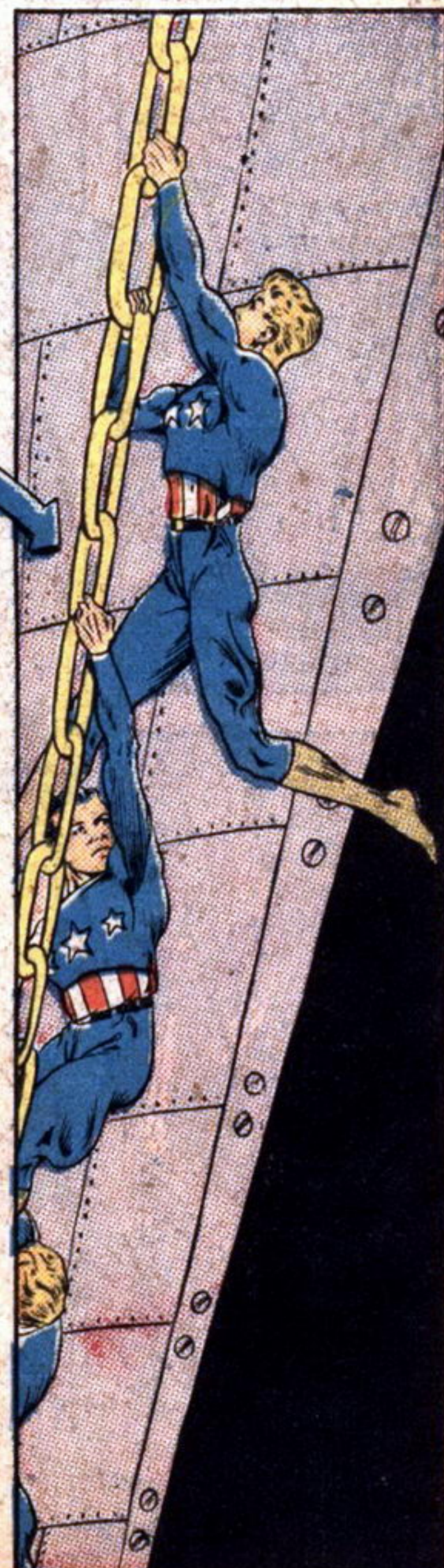
A SHORT TIME LATER.. THE BRIGADIERS PULL UP TO THE BOW OF THE FREIGHTER



TIE IT TO THE ANCHOR CHAIN! ED.. GO EASY ON THE NOISE!

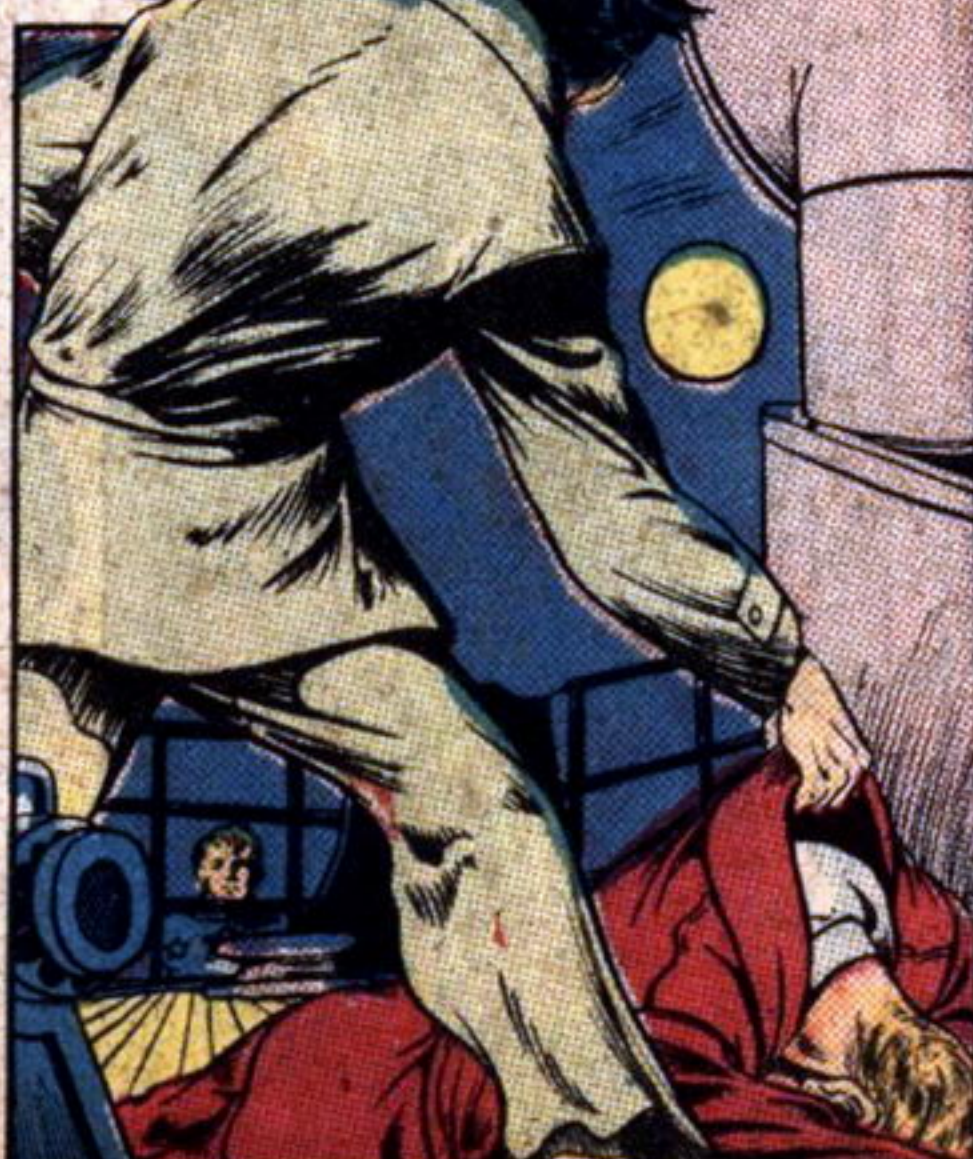


OKAY!



WHAT TH'?? HEY! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

AS RUSTY REACHES THE DECK.....



THAT SHIRT !! THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS!!





GIT OUTA HERE, YOU!

OH, YEAH?



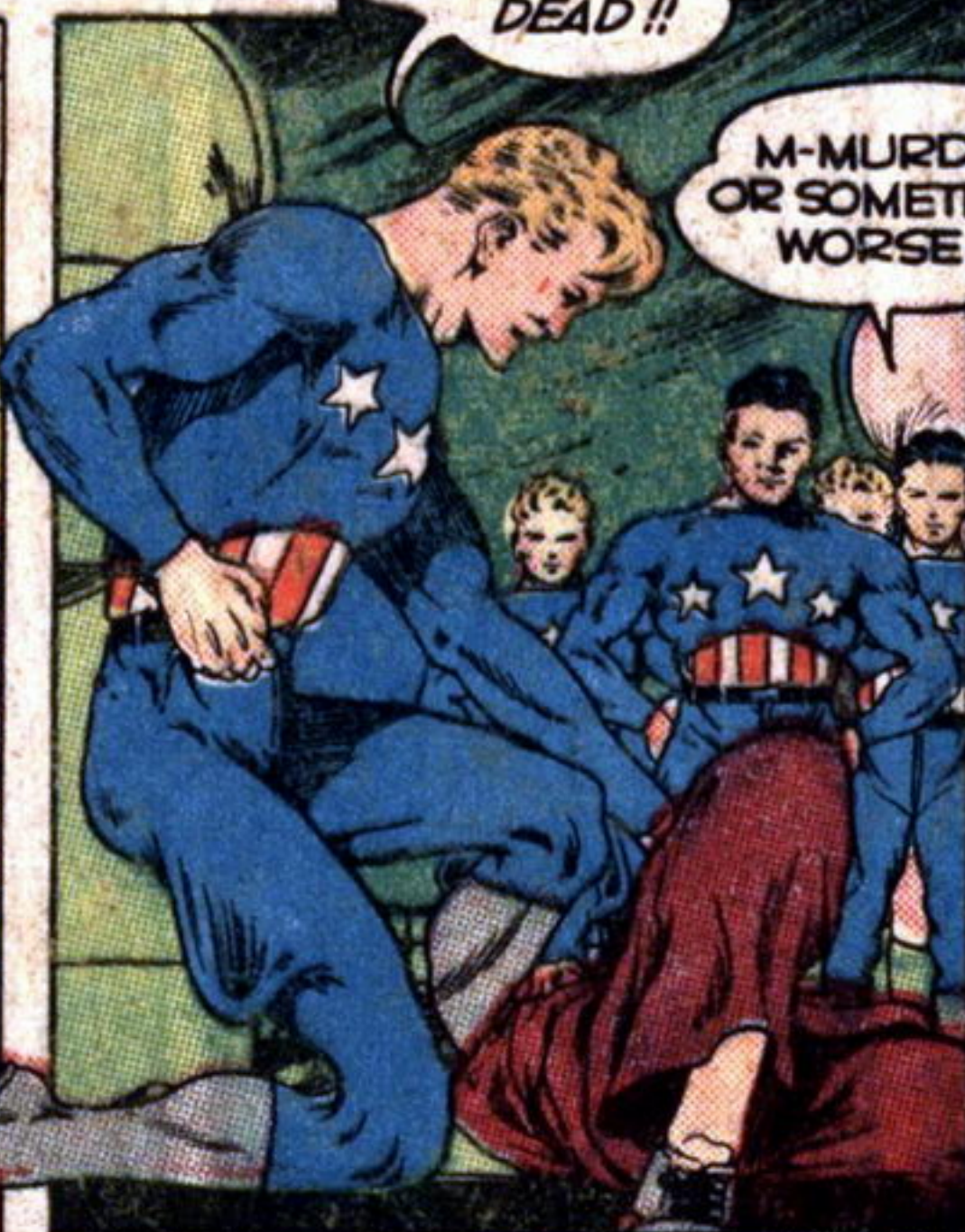
A SMART PUNK, EH... I'LL FIX YOU!



OH..OH.. TROUBLE ALREADY!!



HURRY UP, FELLAS. WANT TO SEE WHO THIS TOUGH SAILOR WAS DRAGGING!



HE'S BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK... AND HE'S DEAD!!

M-MURDER.. OR SOMETHING WORSE!



I DON'T LIKE THIS... IT'S TOO QUIET.. AND THERE'S NO ONE ON DECK!!

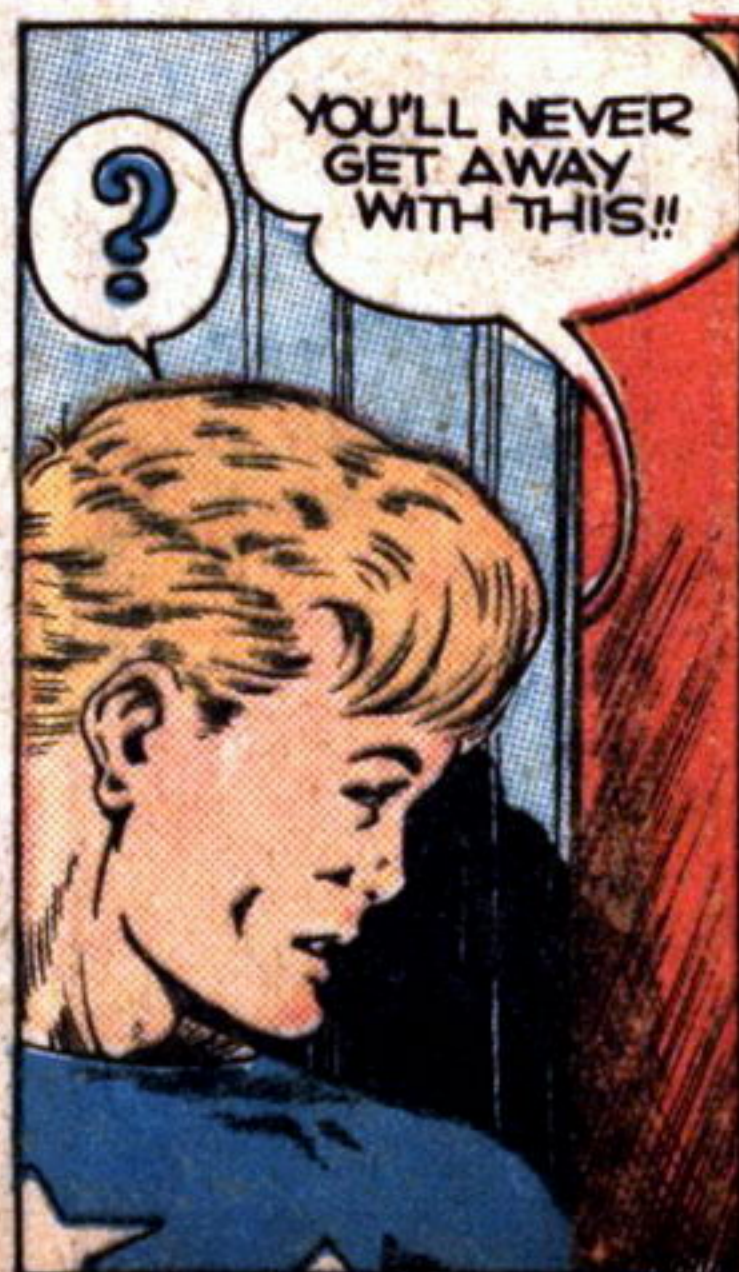


LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN THE CABINS..



THERE'S A LIGHT COMING FROM THAT CABIN..

VOICES TOO!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!!



YOU THINK SO? RIGHT NOW YOUR ENTIRE CREW IS LOCKED IN THE HOLD... AND MY MEN ARE PLACING EXPLOSIVES ALL OVER THIS BOAT!



THE ONLY PLACE THIS BOAT WILL BE STOPPED FOR INSPECTION IS AT THE ERIE LOCKS! IT'S UP TO YOU TO SEE THAT NOTHING GOES WRONG... OR THIS SHIP BLOWS UP -TAKING THE LOCKS WITH IT!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

YOU'VE GOT ME
NO MATTER HOW
I TURN! OKAY,
RAT, YOU WIN..
I'LL SEE THAT
YOU REACH THE
ATLANTIC
SAFELY!!

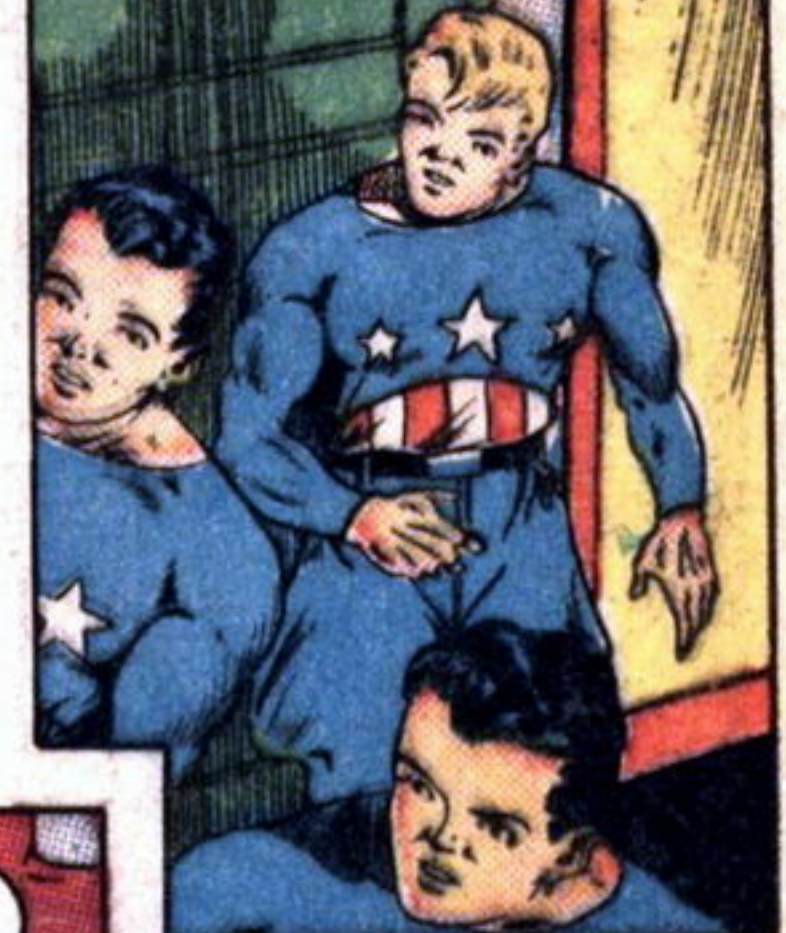
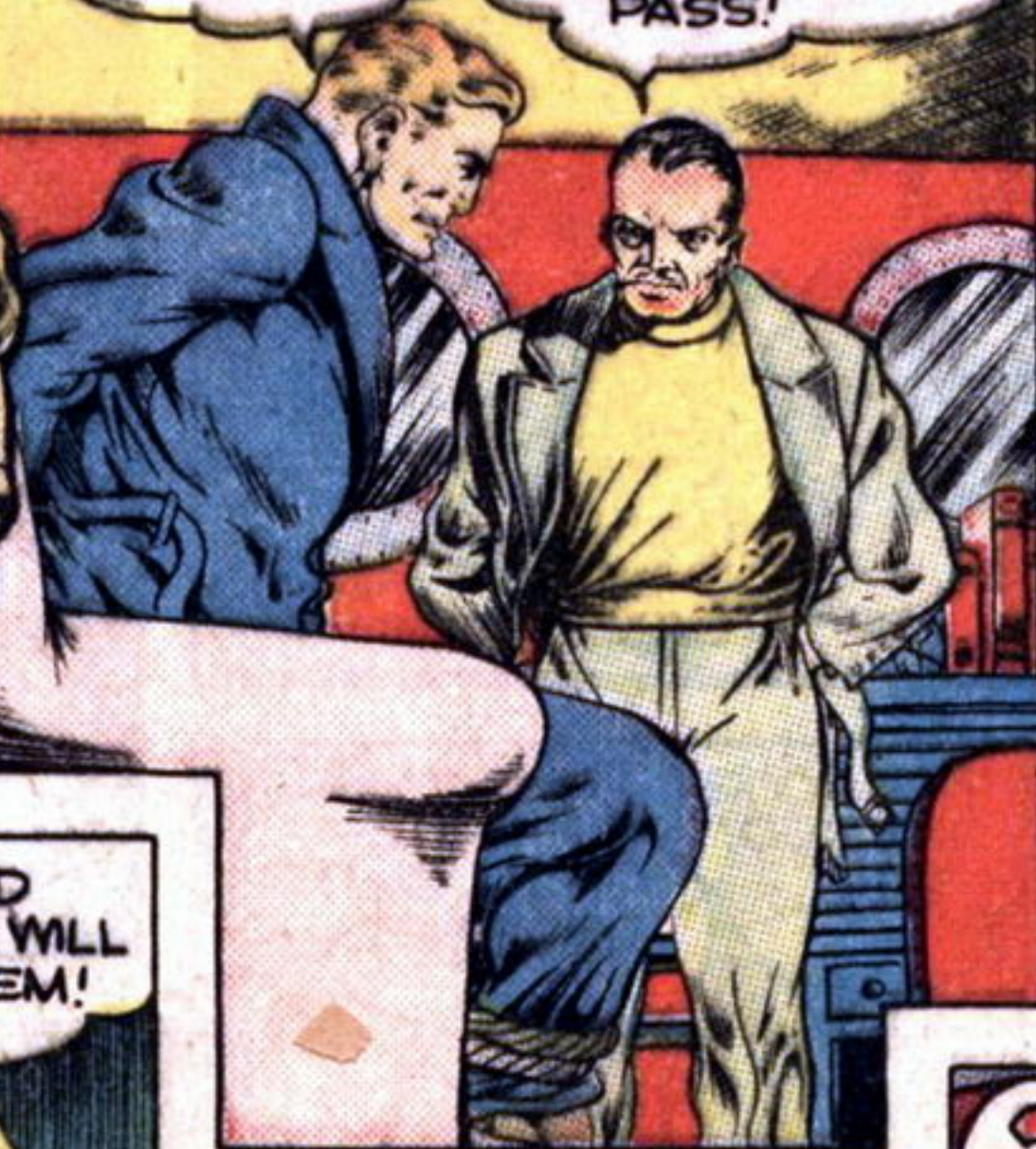
BUT ONCE YOU'RE
THERE, I HOPE
ONE OF YOUR
SUBS SPOTS US
AND BLOWS US
TO BITS!!

HA-HA - I HAVE
TAKEN CARE OF
THAT ALSO...EVERY
U-BOAT ON THE
SEAS HAS ORDERS
TO LET THIS SHIP
PASS!

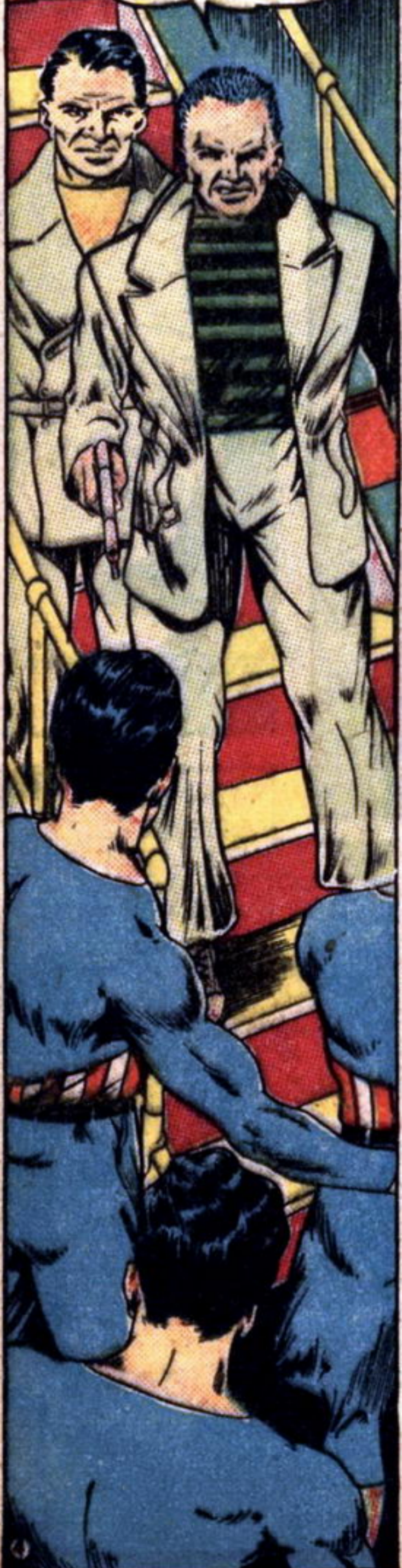
MY FRIEND.. THE
FEUHRER OVERLOOKS
NOTHING!

WOW!!
NAZIS HIJACKING
THIS BOAT!
SO THAT'S
IT!

C'MON, FELLAS.. WE HAVE
TO FIND THE REAL CREW!
:ULP!:

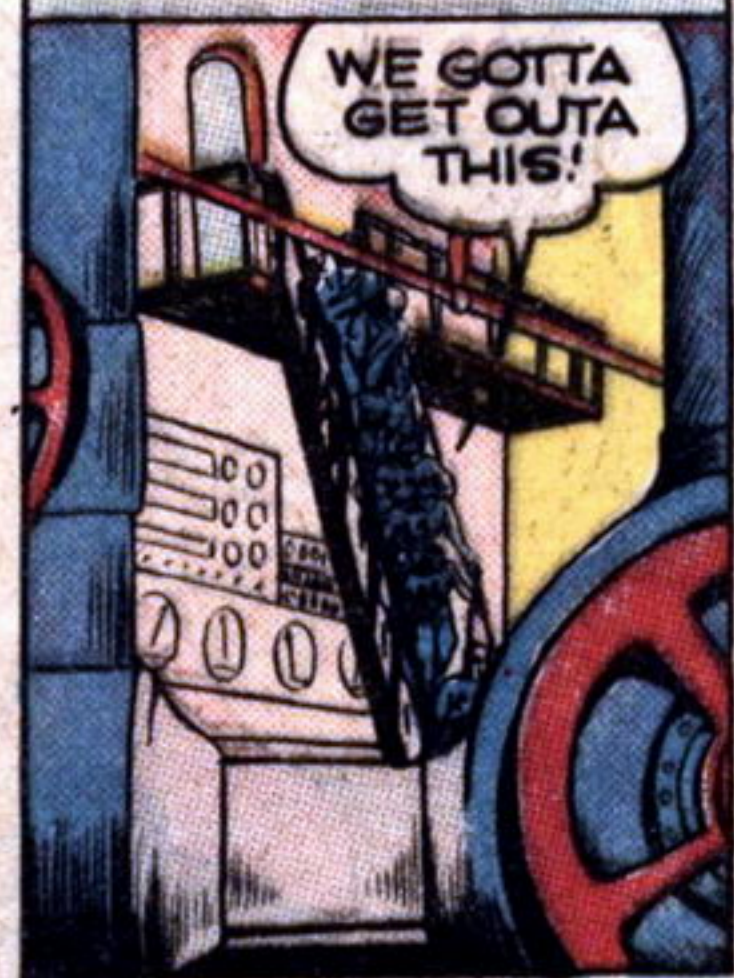


THERE'S NO NEED
OF LOOKING... WE WILL
TAKE YOU TO THEM!

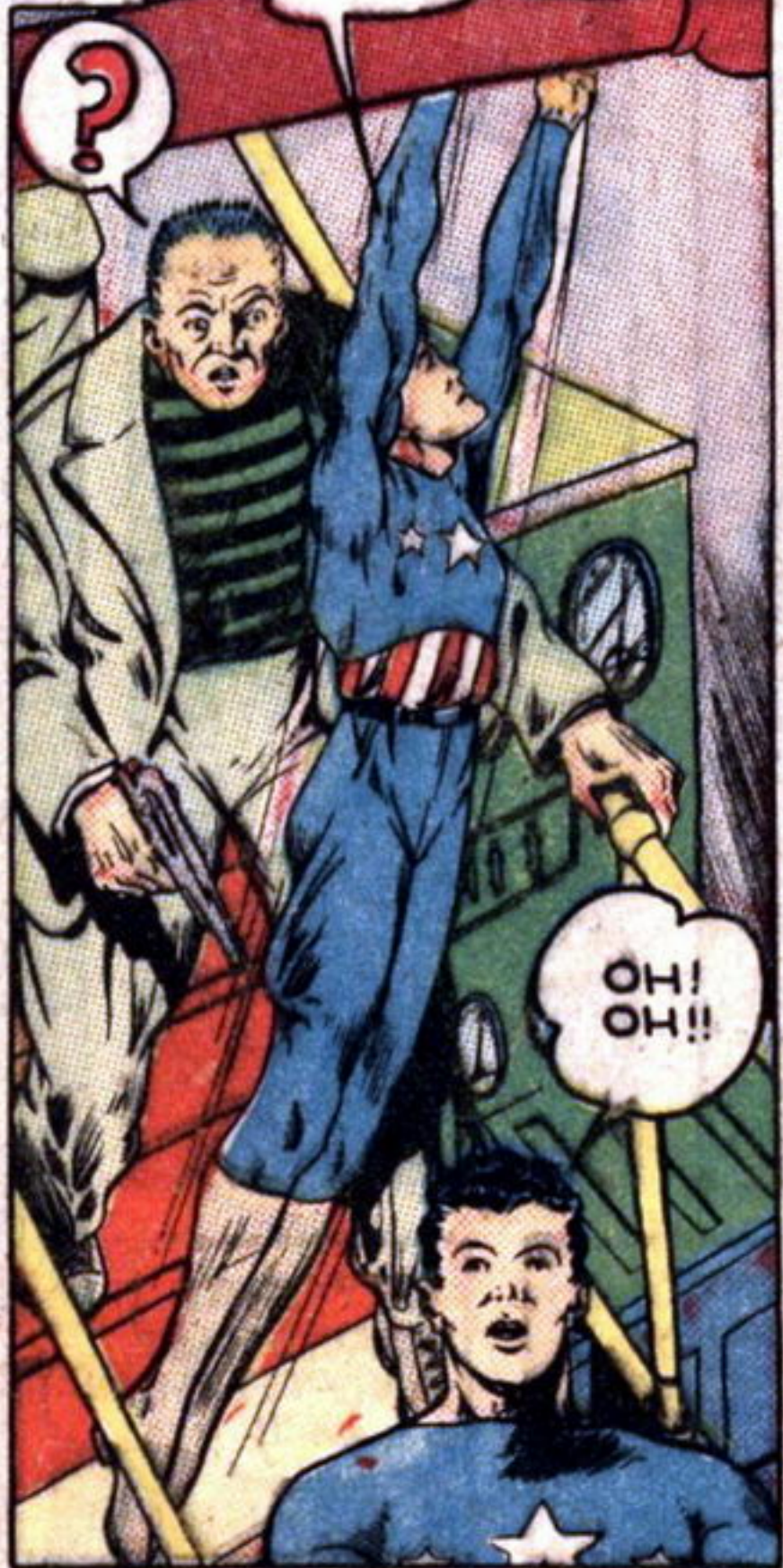


RIGHT.. SO GET
SET FOR ANYTHING
!!

AT THE POINT OF GUNS,
THE BRIGADIERS ARE
TAKEN INTO THE HOLD
OF THE SHIP...

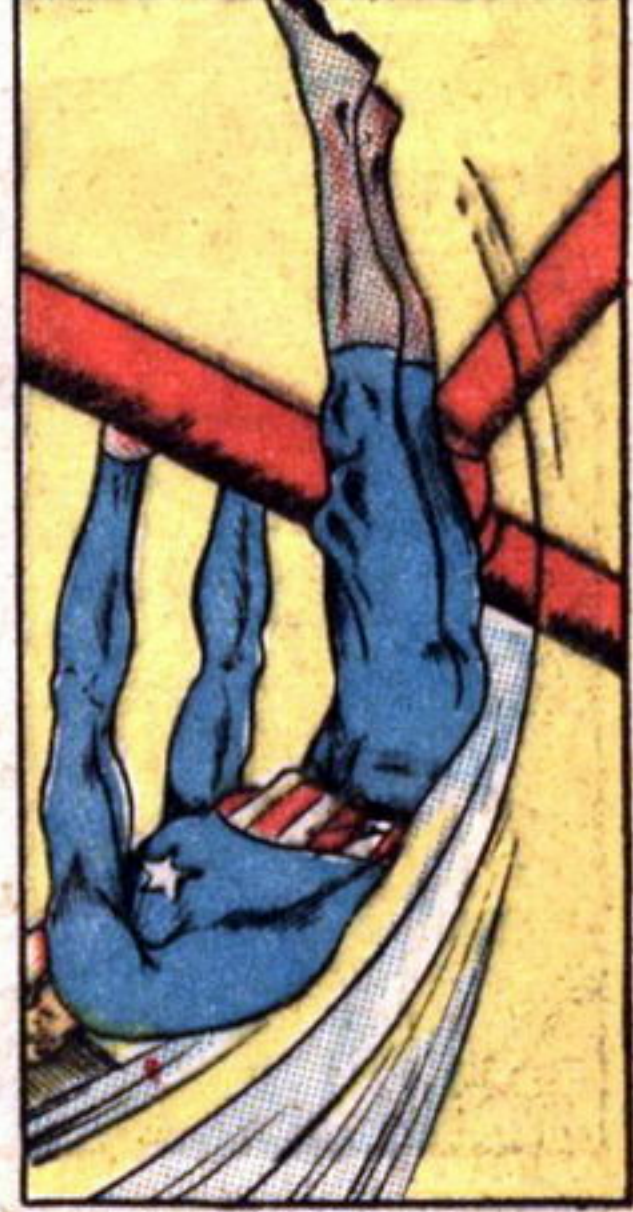


WE GOTTA
GET OUTA
THIS!



OH!
OH!!

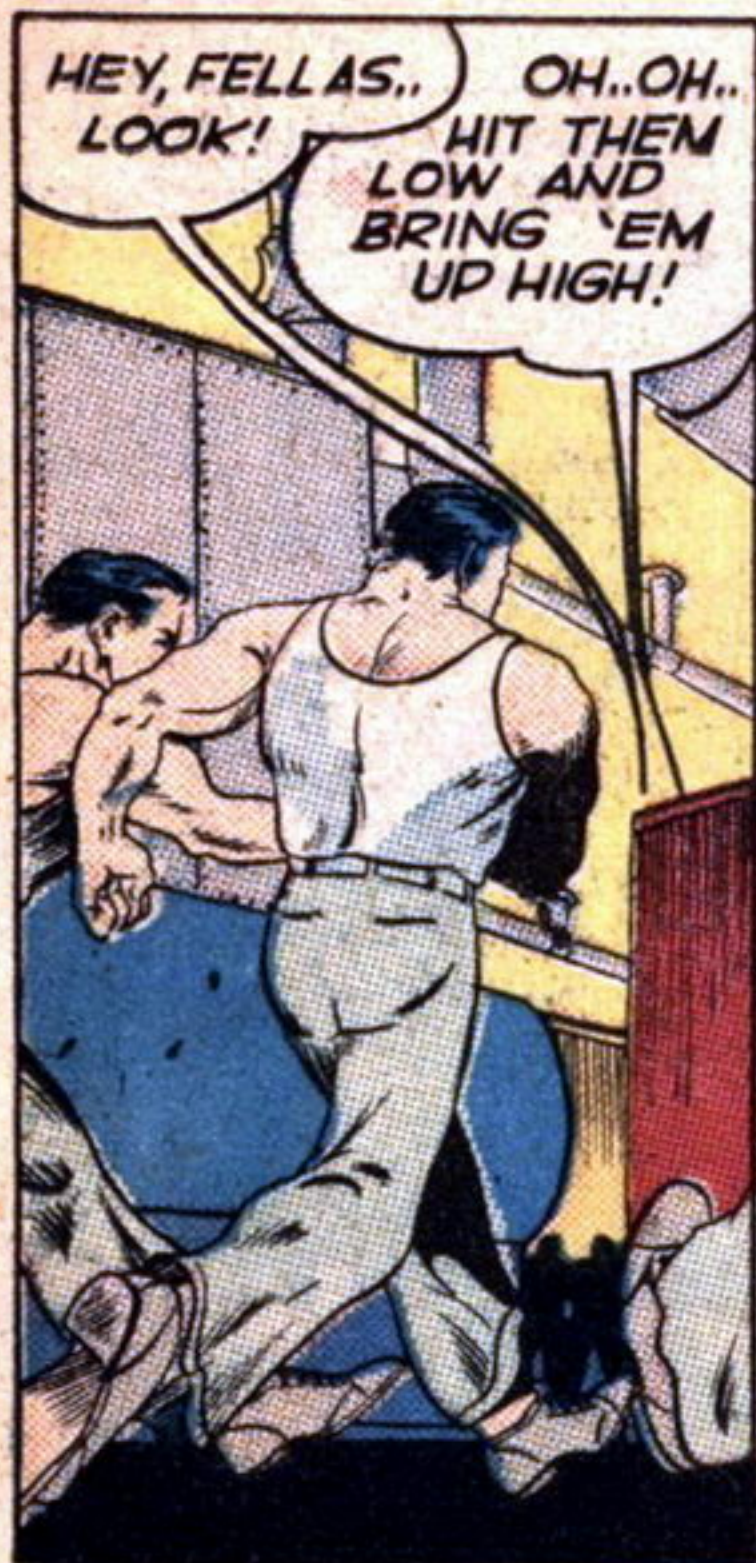
OVER THE PIPE,
RUSTY SWINGS...



AND DOWN UPON THE
DUMBFOUNDED
ARMED NAZIS!!

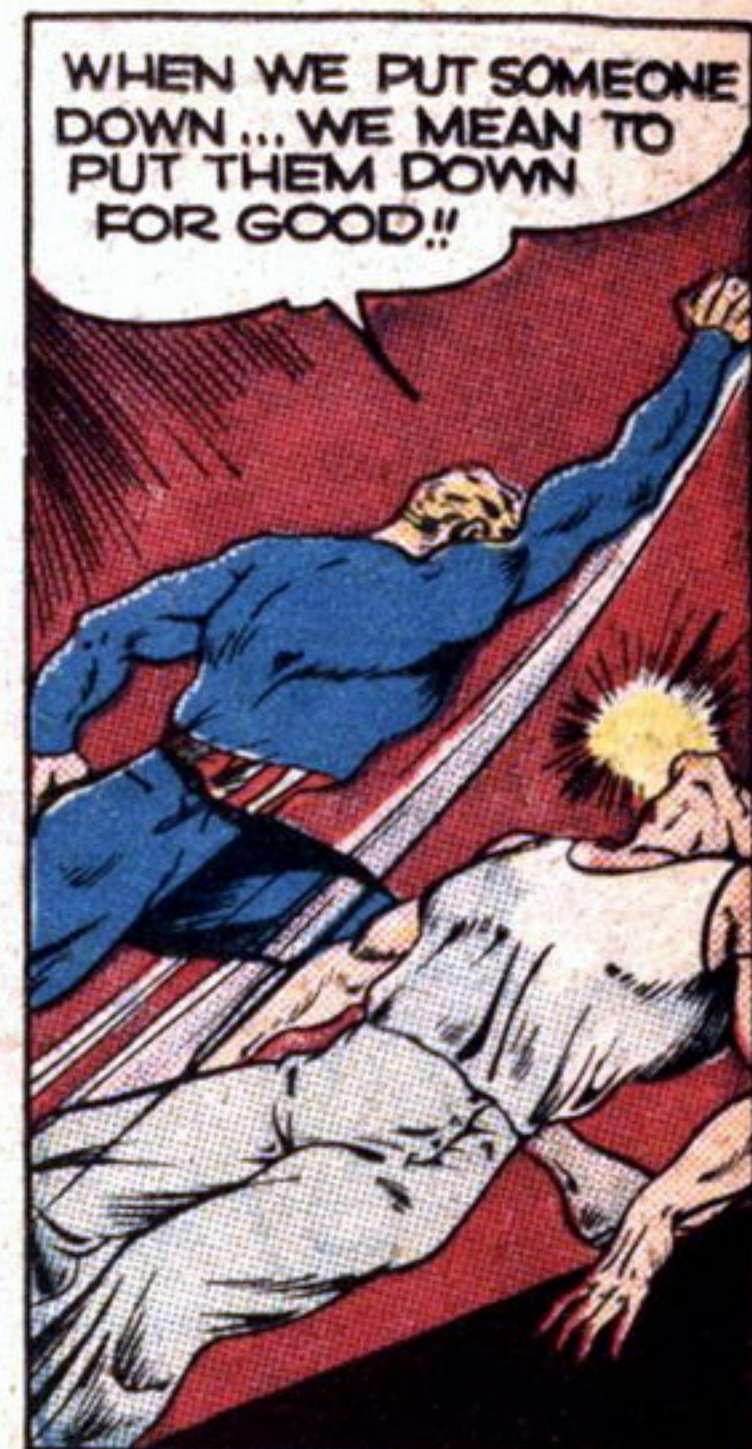
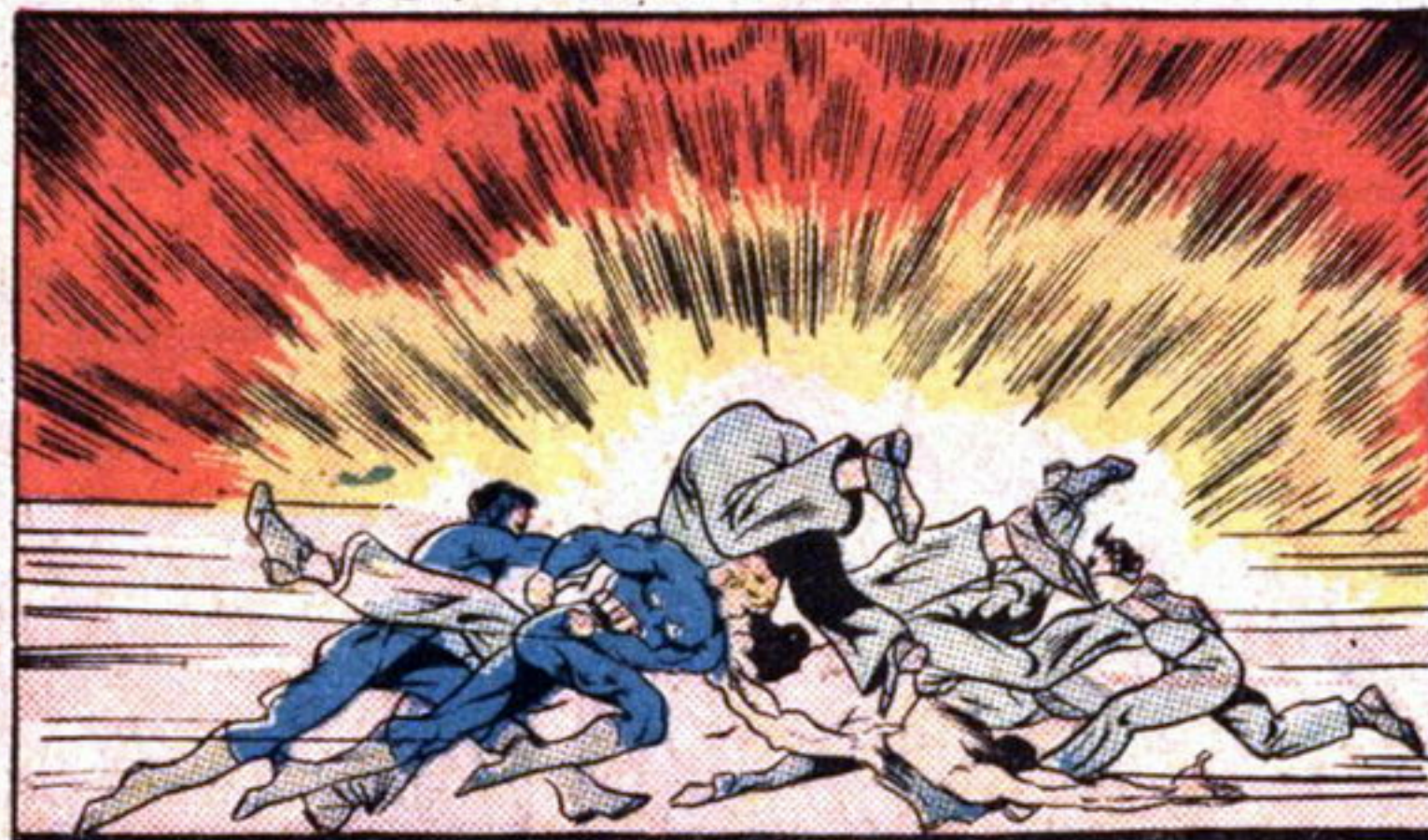
HEY!



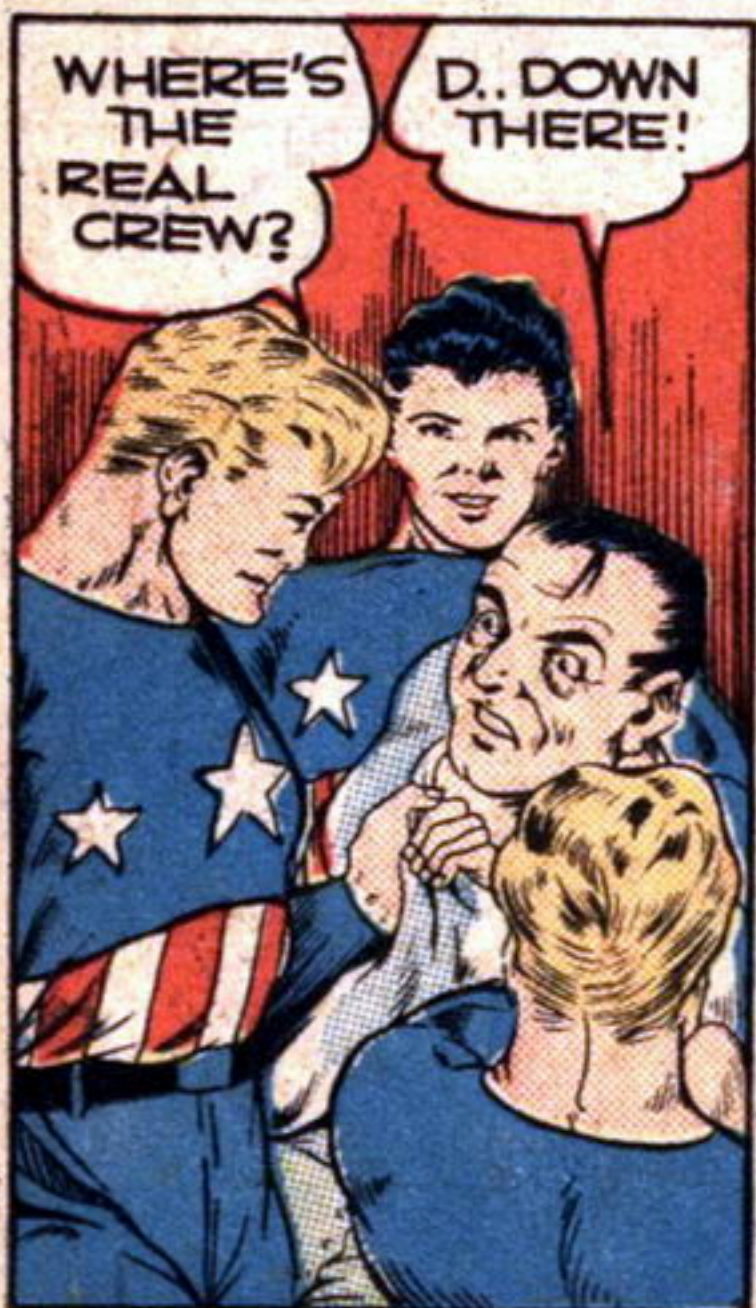


HEY, FELLAS.. OH..OH..
LOOK! HIT THEM
LOW AND
BRING 'EM
UP HIGH!

AGAINST GOOD OLD AMERICAN FOOTBALL TACTICS,
THE ON-RUSHING NAZI CREW-MEN ARE KNOCKED FOR
A LOOP... THINKING THEY WERE HIT BY A TEN-
TON STEAM ROLLER.....



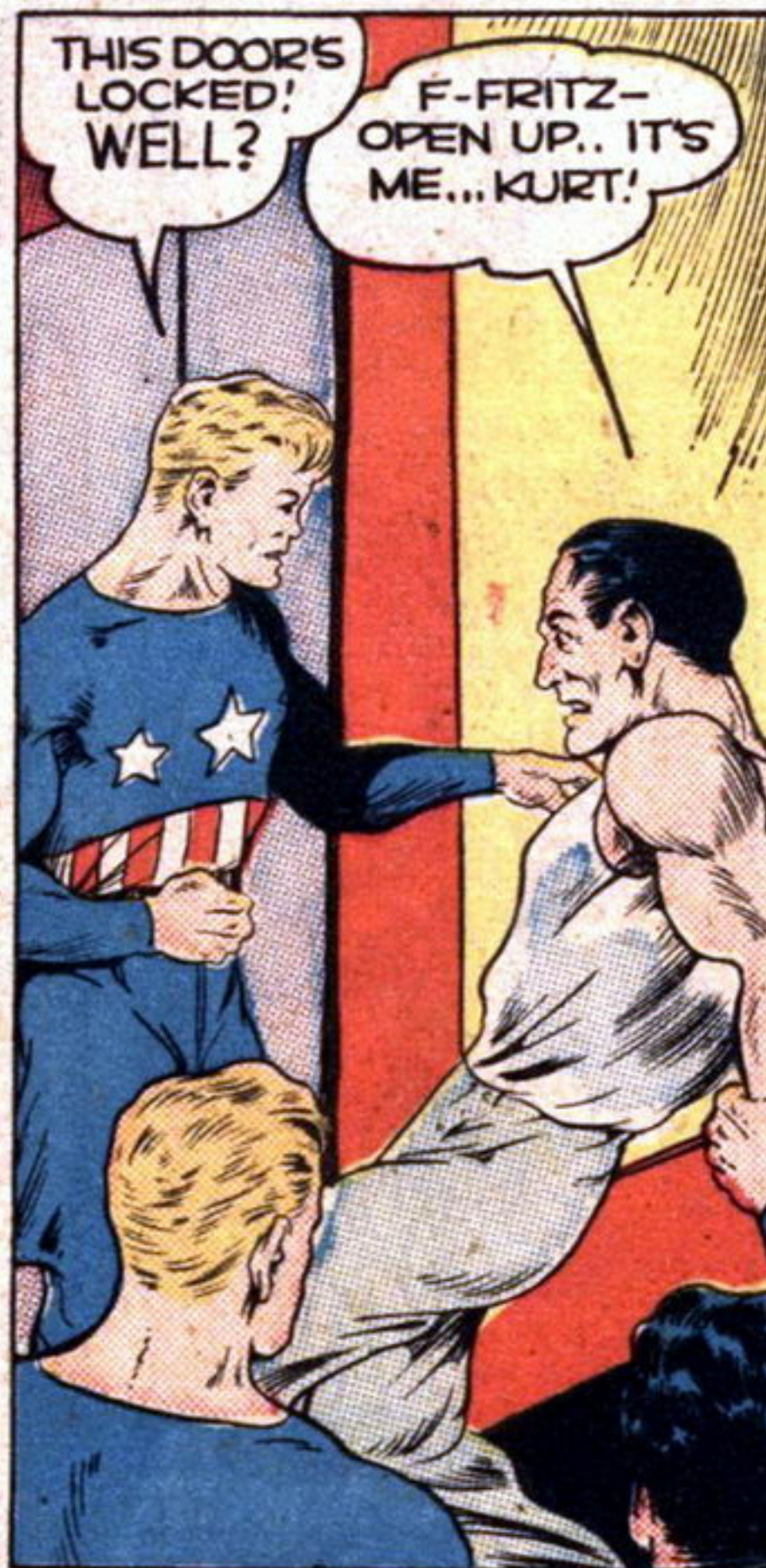
WHEN WE PUT SOMEONE
DOWN... WE MEAN TO
PUT THEM DOWN
FOR GOOD!!



WHERE'S
THE
REAL
CREW?
D.. DOWN
THERE!



OKAY-
C'MON!



THIS DOORS
LOCKED!
WELL?

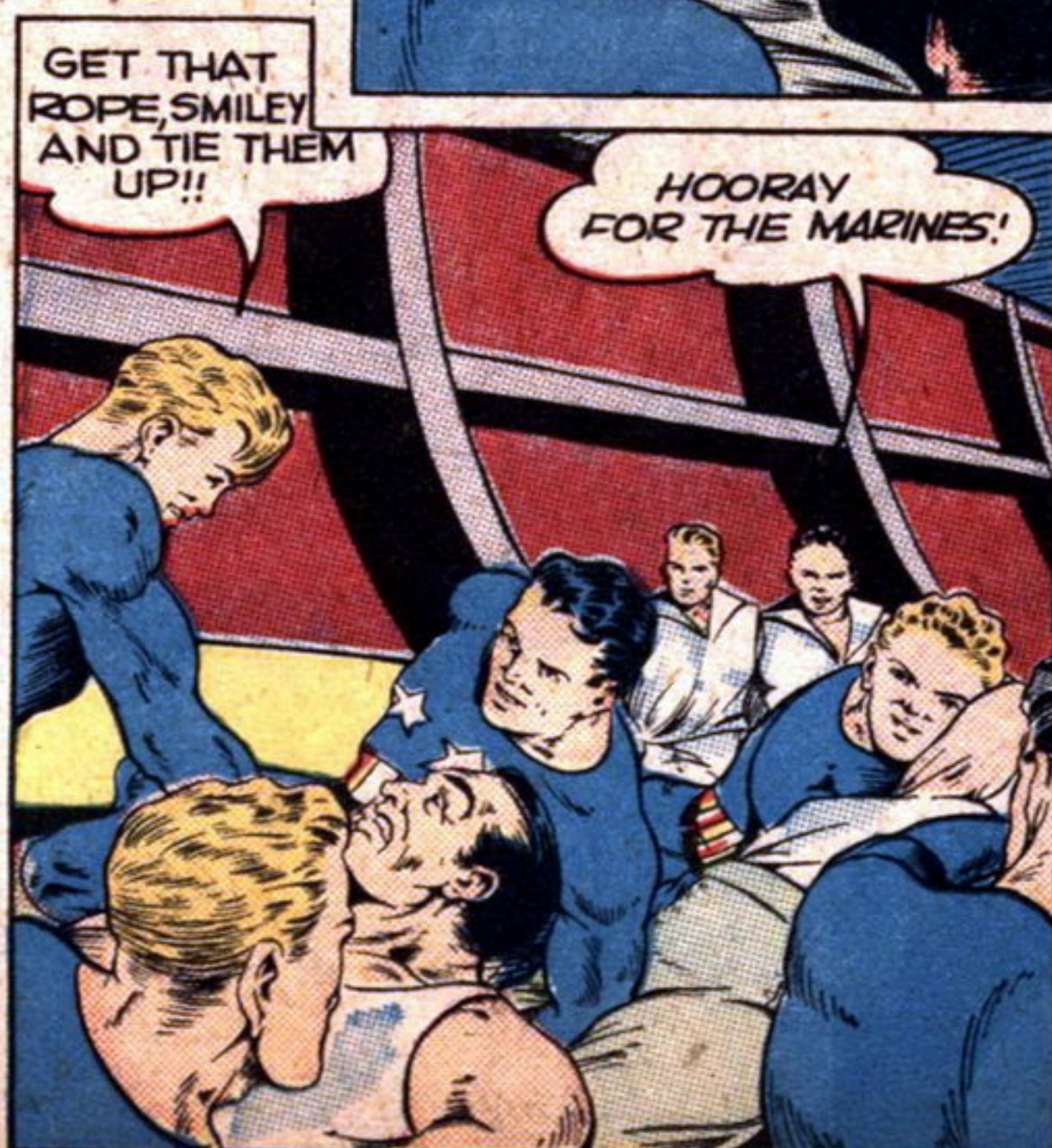
F-FRITZ-
OPEN UP.. IT'S
ME... KURT!



GOOD... I WAS
WANTING SOME
COM!...
VAS ISS?



WELL - YOU'RE GETTING
PLENTY OF COMPANY!



GET THAT
ROPE, SMILEY
AND TIE THEM
UP!!

HOORAY
FOR THE MARINES!



NO - THE
BRIGADIERS! BUT
WE'LL GET YOU
LOOSE AS FAST AS
THE MARINES WOULD
!!!

HAVING TIED UP THE NAZI MEN, THE BRIGADIERS FREE THE REAL CREW.

WELL BOYS.. WE'RE FREE... BUT WHAT NOW? WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE OF GETTING CONTROL OF THIS BOAT AGAIN!

WHY NOT?

THEY'VE TAKEN ALL OUR GUNS.. AND EVERYONE OF THOSE RATS IS ARMED TO THE TEETH! ANYWAY.. EVEN IF WE DID WIN, ONE OF THEM WOULD PROBABLY BLOW US TO KINGDOM COME WITH THE DYNAMITE THAT'S PLANTED AROUND HERE!

MAYBE.. BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK! C'MON.. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT ON THE WAY!

OKAY!

A SHORT TIME LATER RUSTY STEPS OUT BEFORE THE NAZI LEADER, TALKING TO HIS MEN....

EVERYTHING IS SET... WE SAIL IN TEN MINUTES!

VAT? LOOK! HIM!

YEAH! YOU'RE NOT SAILING ANYWHERE! I LET FREE THE AMERICAN CREW AND SET THIS BOAT AFIRE!! IN NO TIME AT ALL IT WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS... BY THE DYNAMITE YOU YOURSELVES PLANTED!

HEY... TH' KID'S TELLING THE TRUTH! LOOK!

SMOKE!!

LEMME OUTA HERE!!

WE'LL BE KILLED!

LOOK OUT!

OKAY, GANG! HERE THEY COME!

AS THE NAZI HIJACKERS REACH THE SIDE OF THE BOAT, THEY ARE STOPPED SHORT BY THE AMERICAN SAILORS LEAPING UP SUDDENLY FROM ALL AROUND THEM!

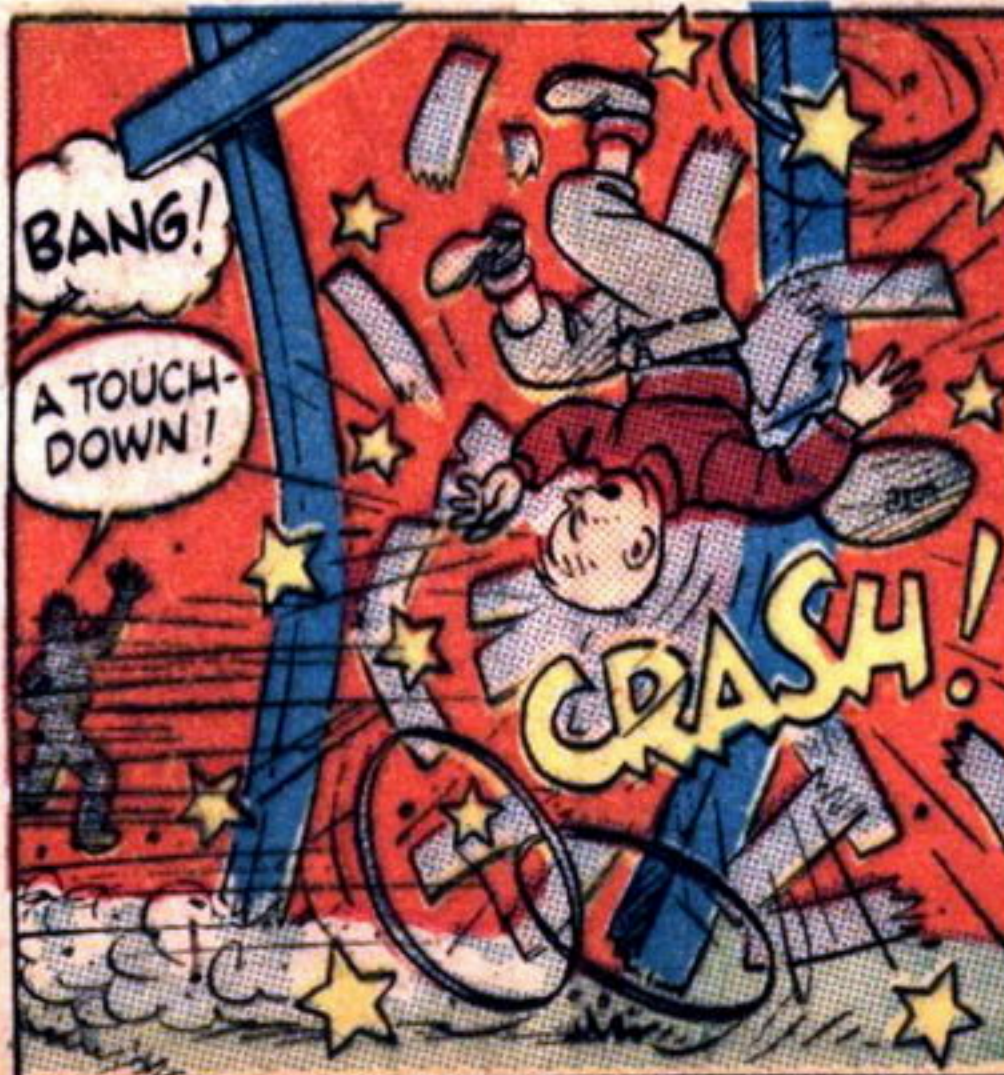
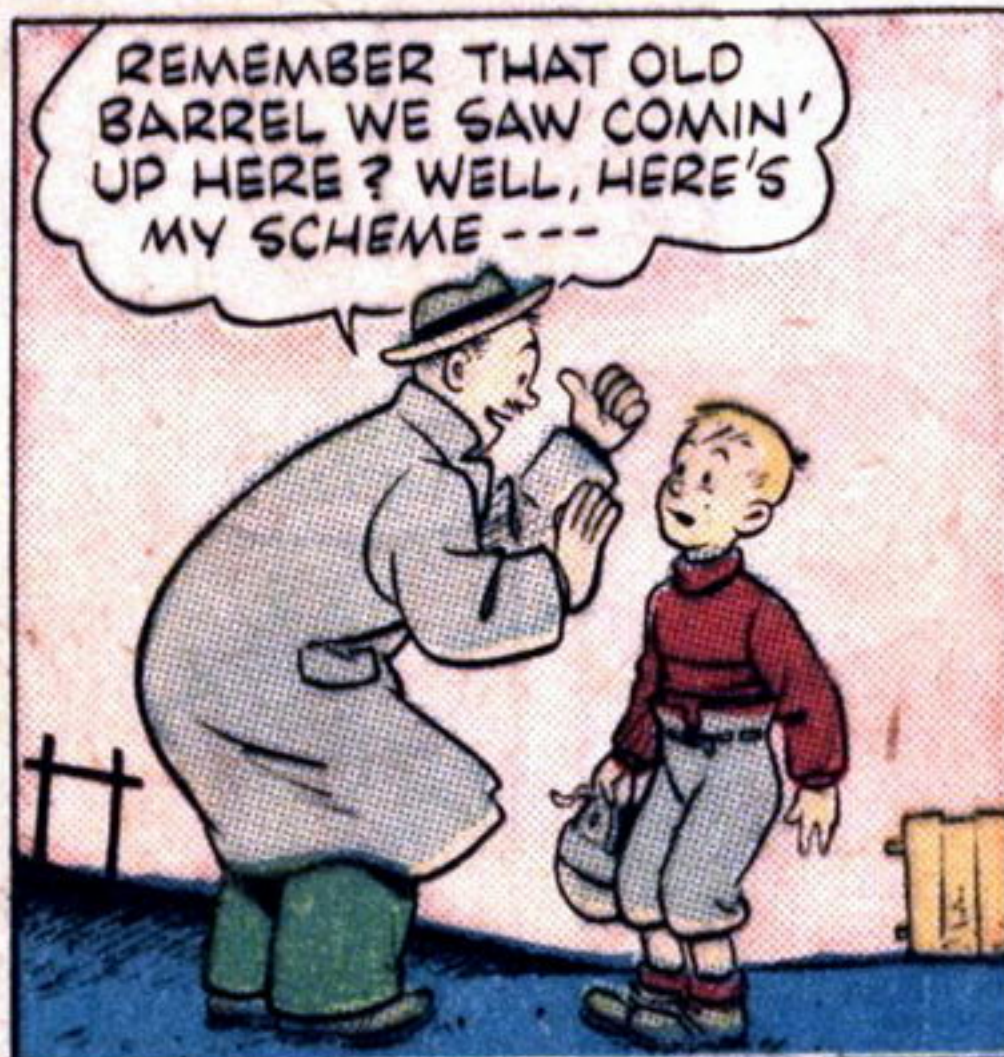
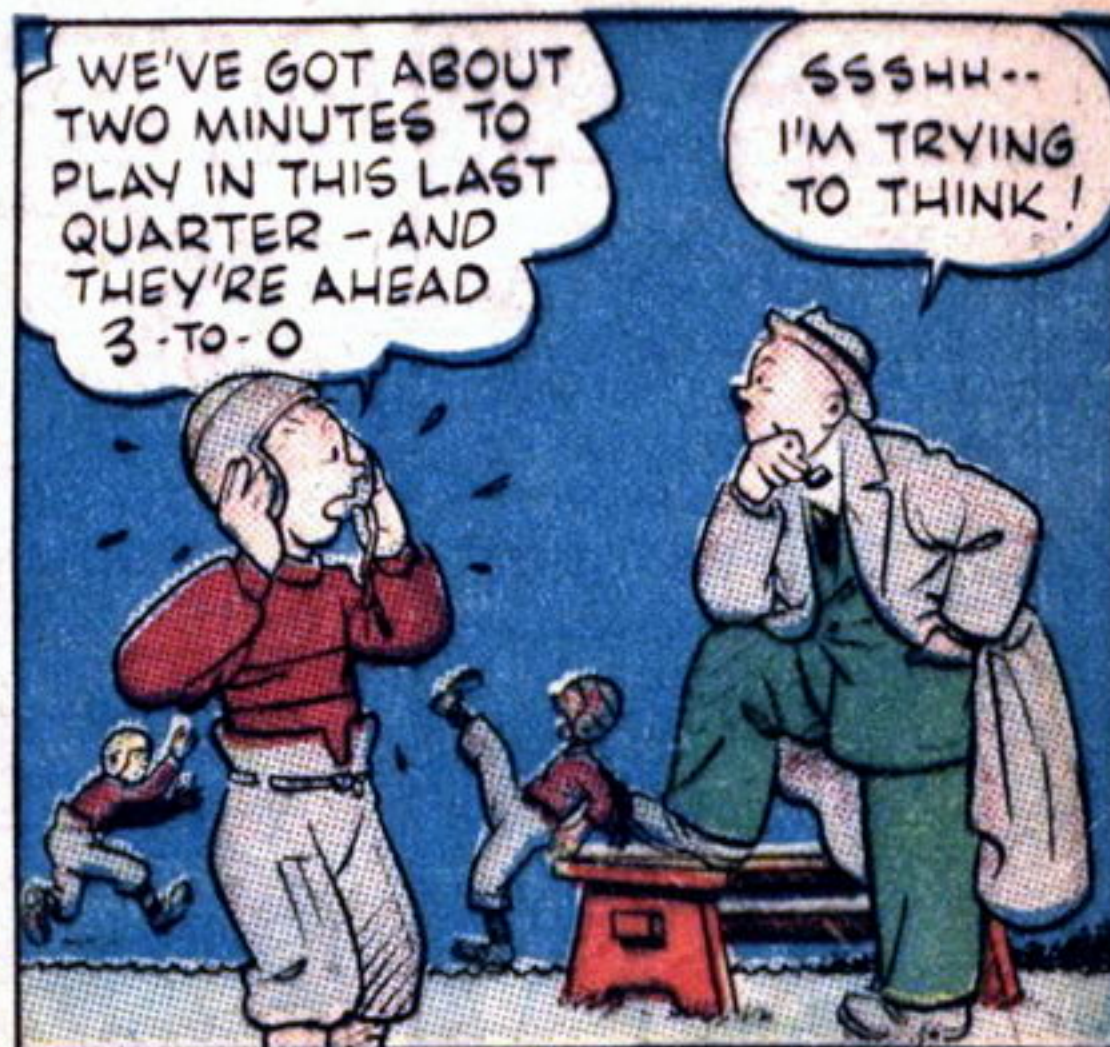
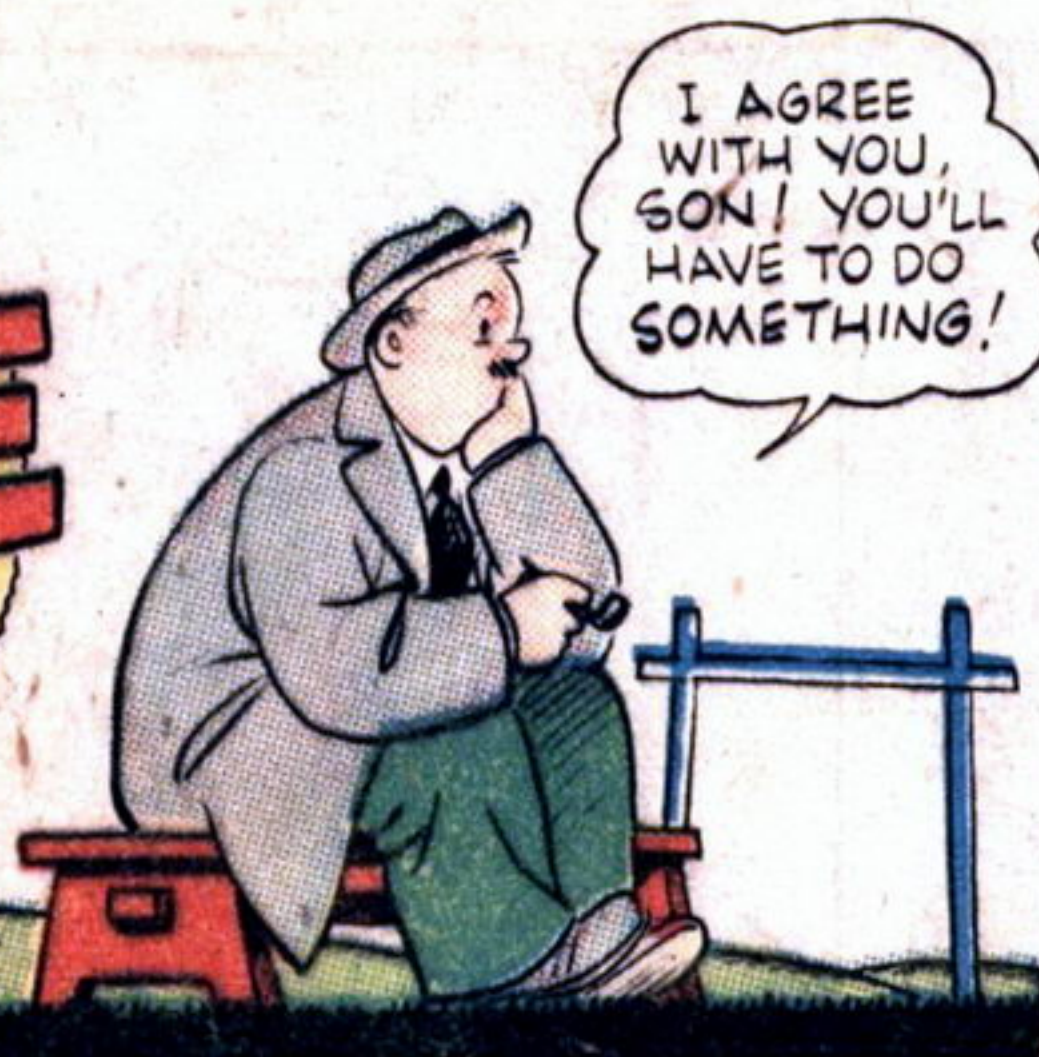
OKAY, SMILEY... YOU CAN PUT OUT THAT FIRE OF OIL-SOAKED RAGS NOW.. I THINK UNCLE SAM IS WINNING. NO... HE HAS WON!

BOY-OH-BOY! I WISH THERE WERE MORE KIDS IN THIS COUNTRY LIKE YOU... RISKING YOUR NECKS TO HELP YOUR UNCLE SAM!

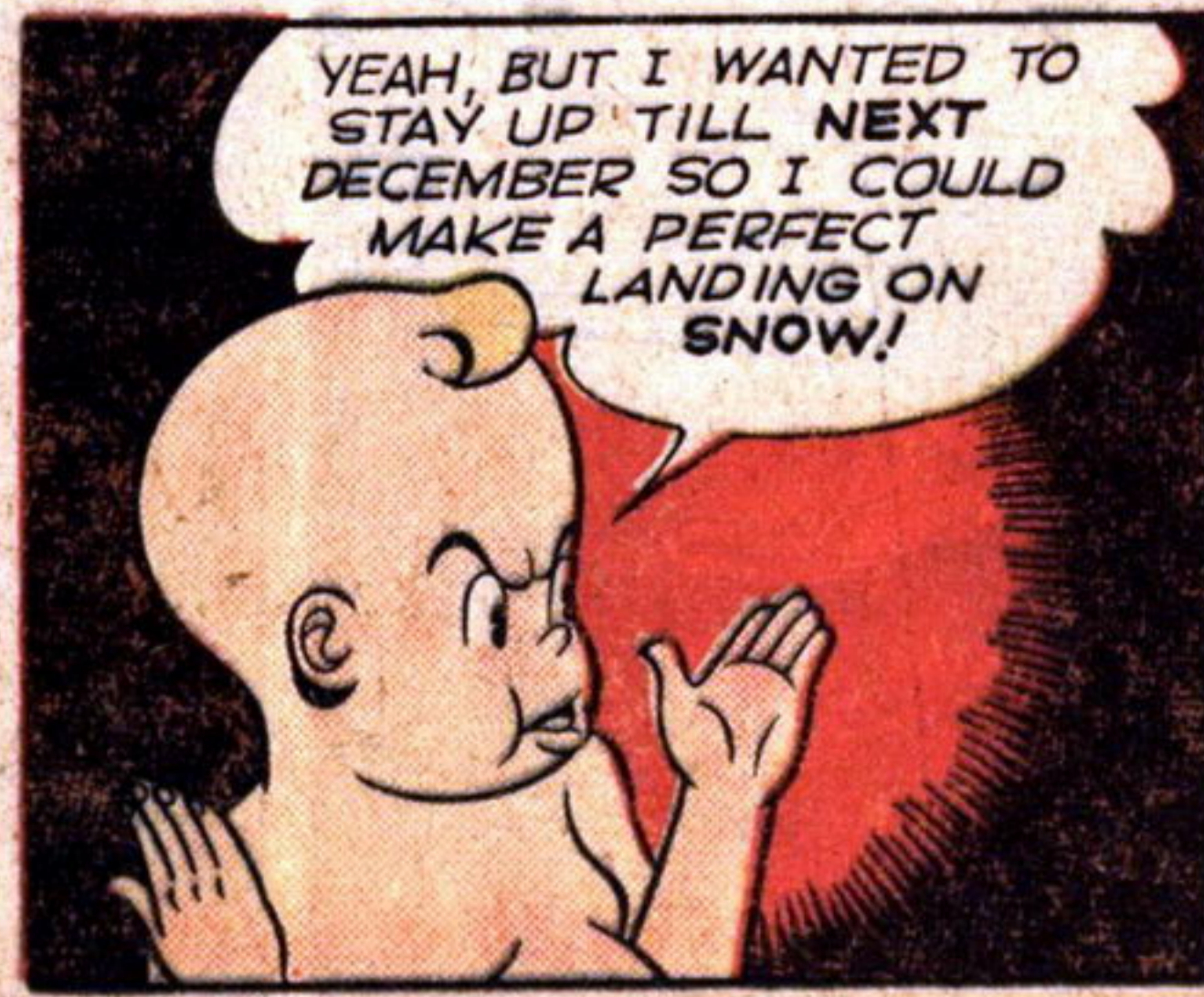
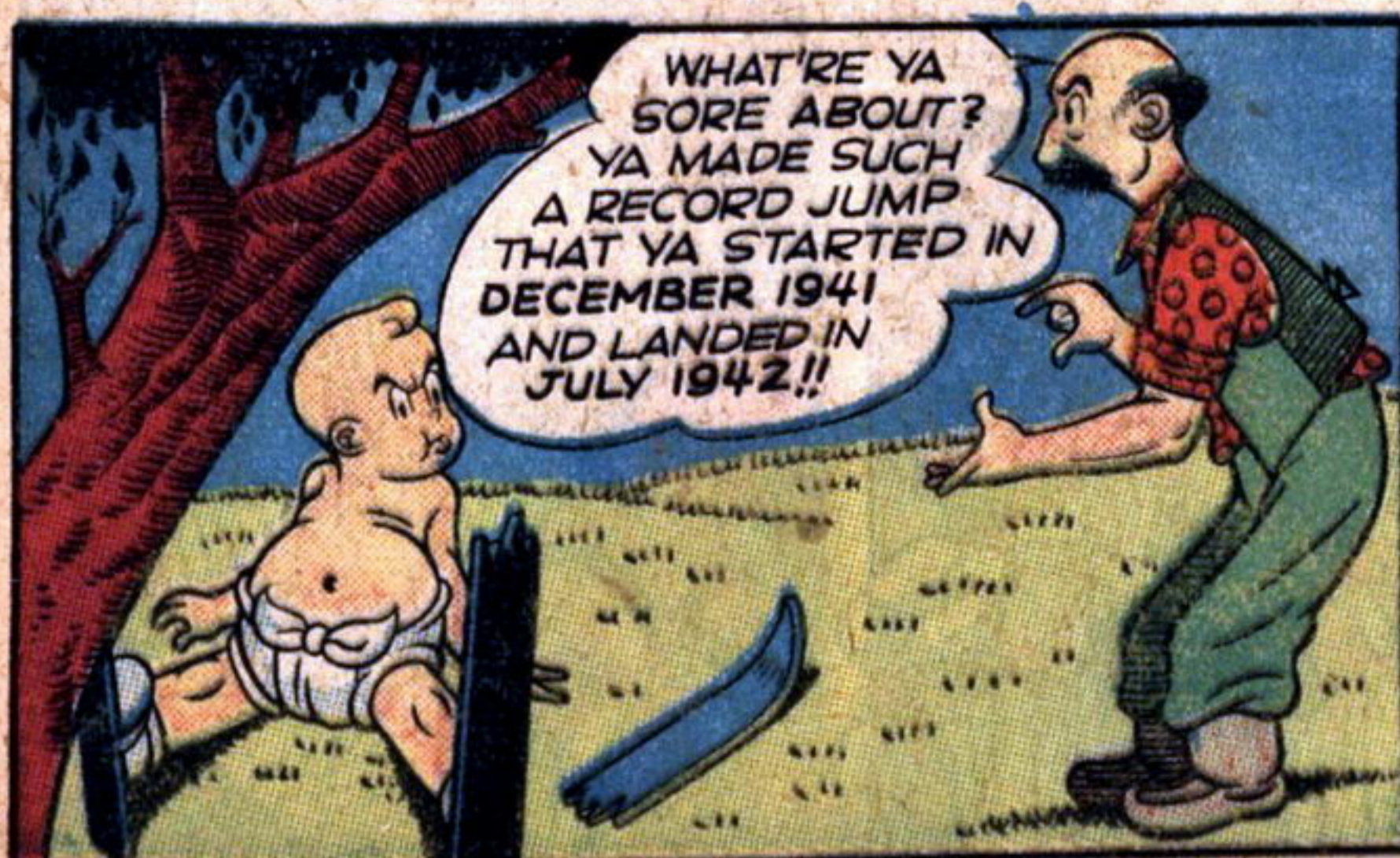
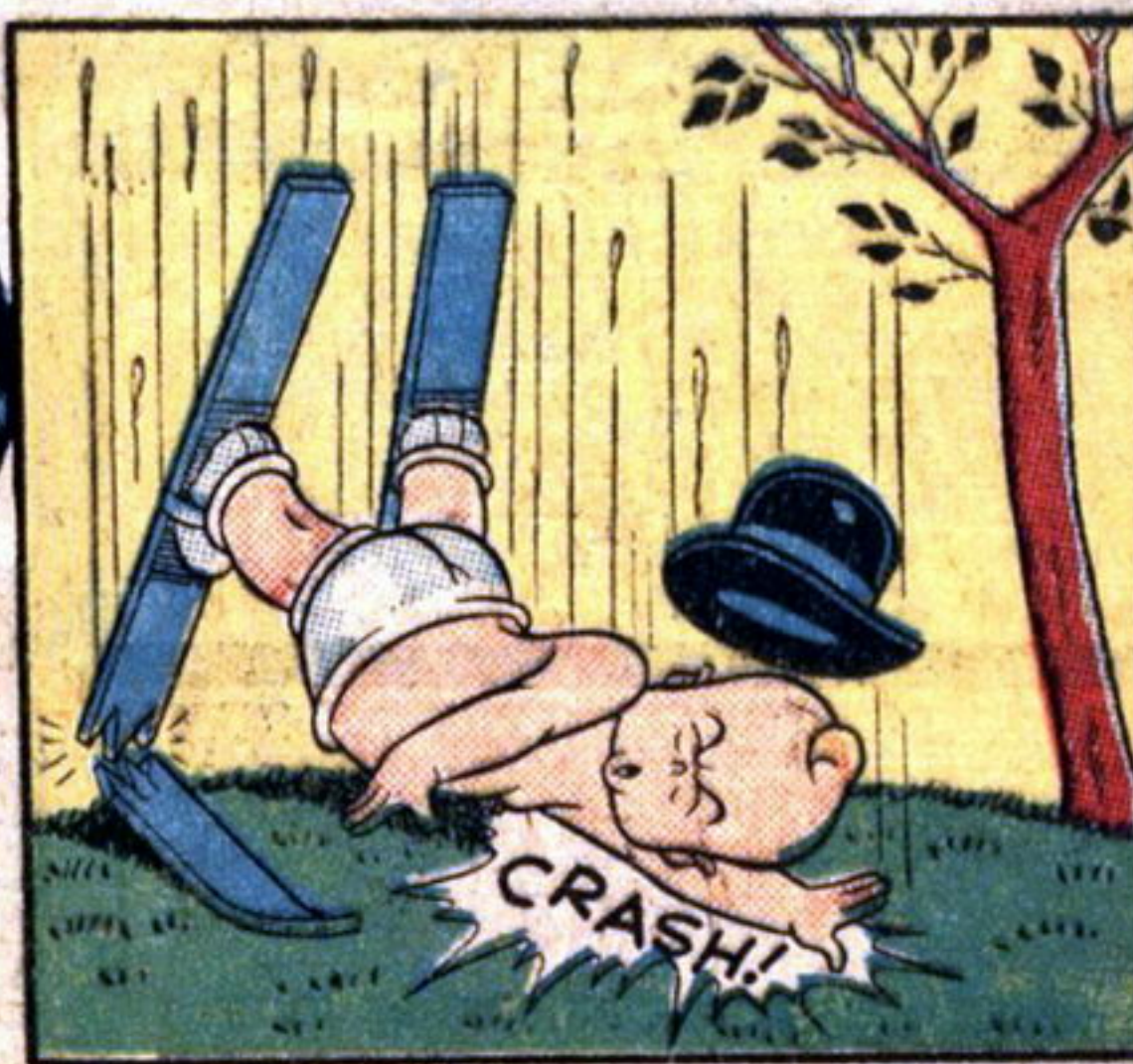
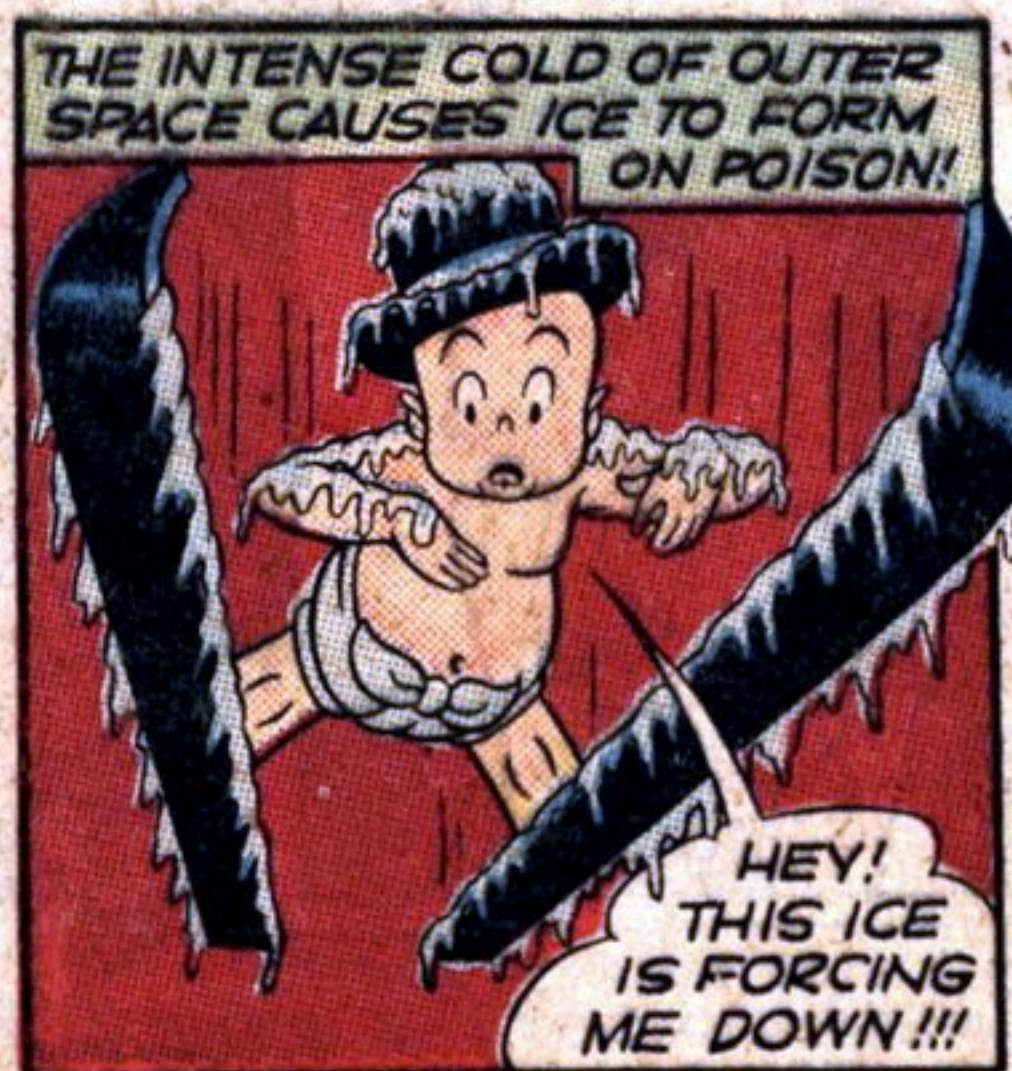
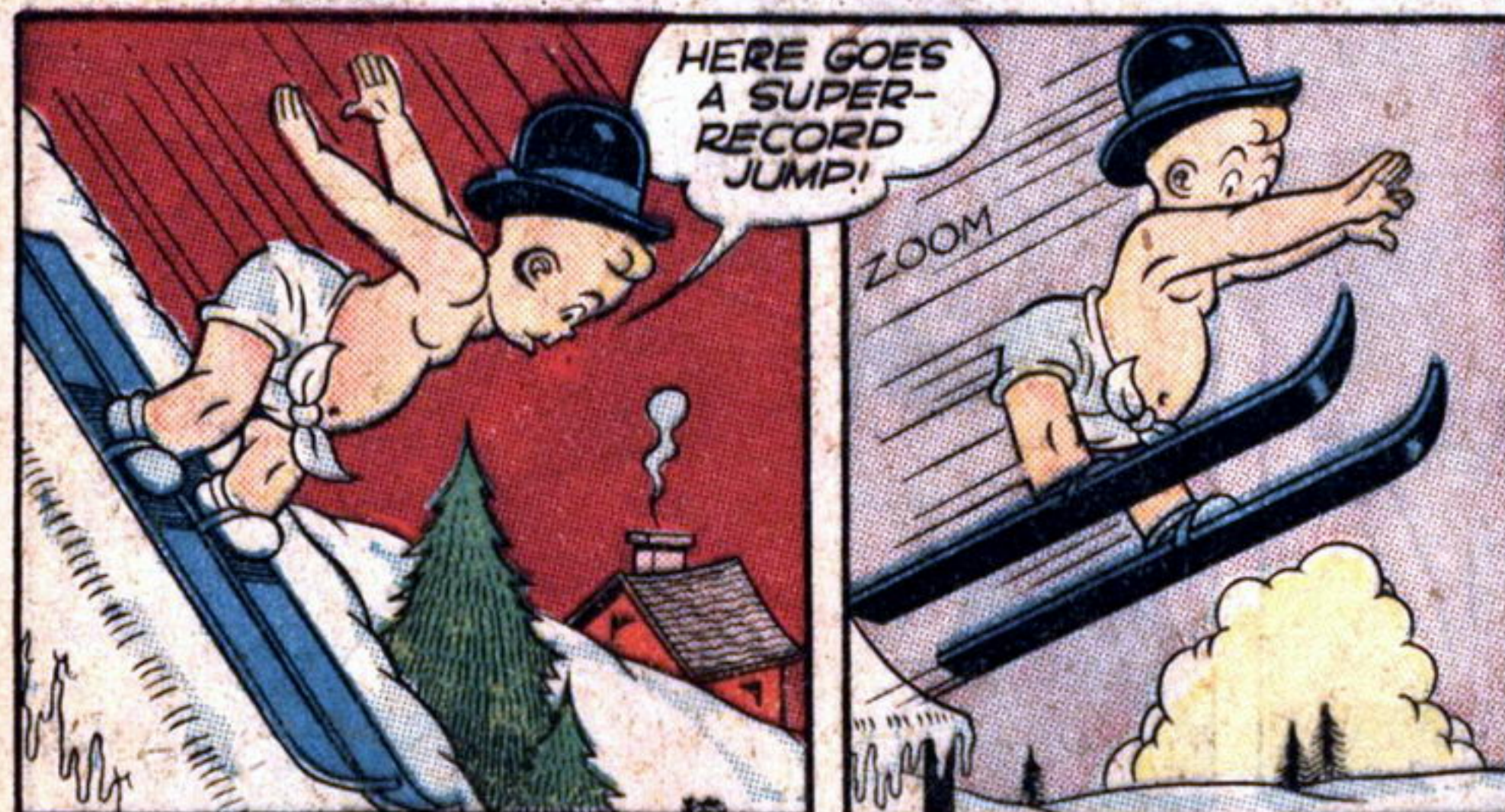
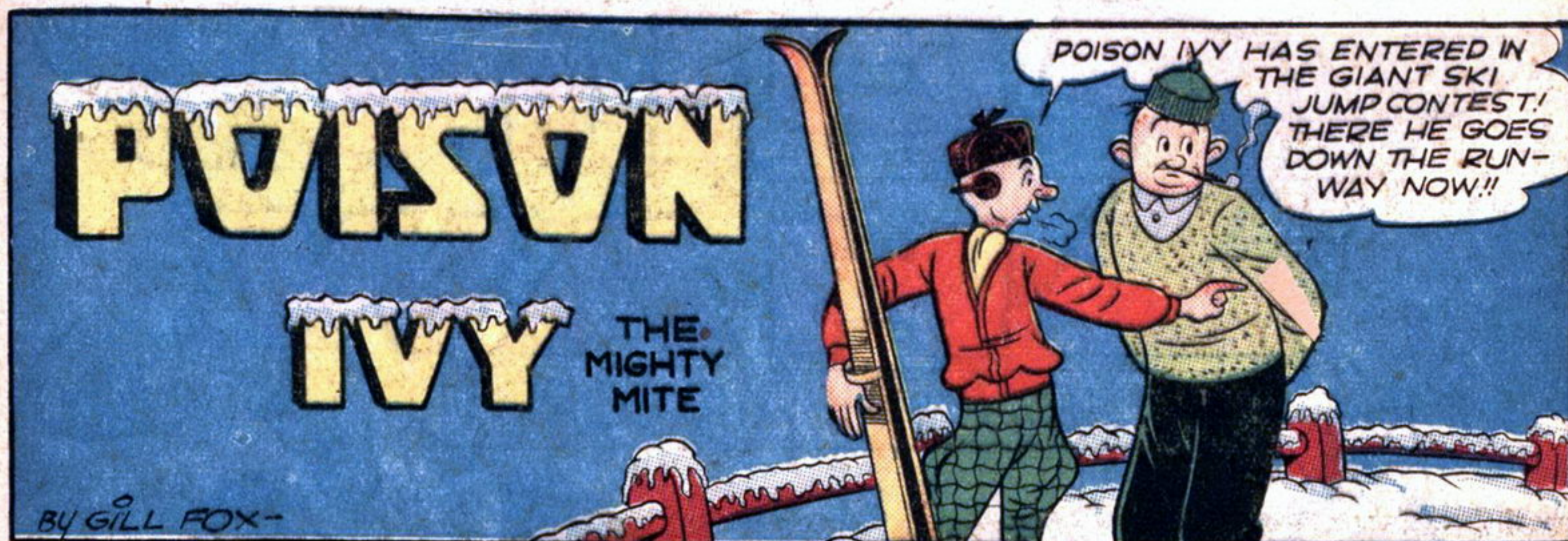
THERE'S MORE THAN YOU THINK CAPTAIN!!

HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by
ARTHUR BEEBE



Order your copy of the January issue of FEATURE COMICS from your regular newsdealer now.

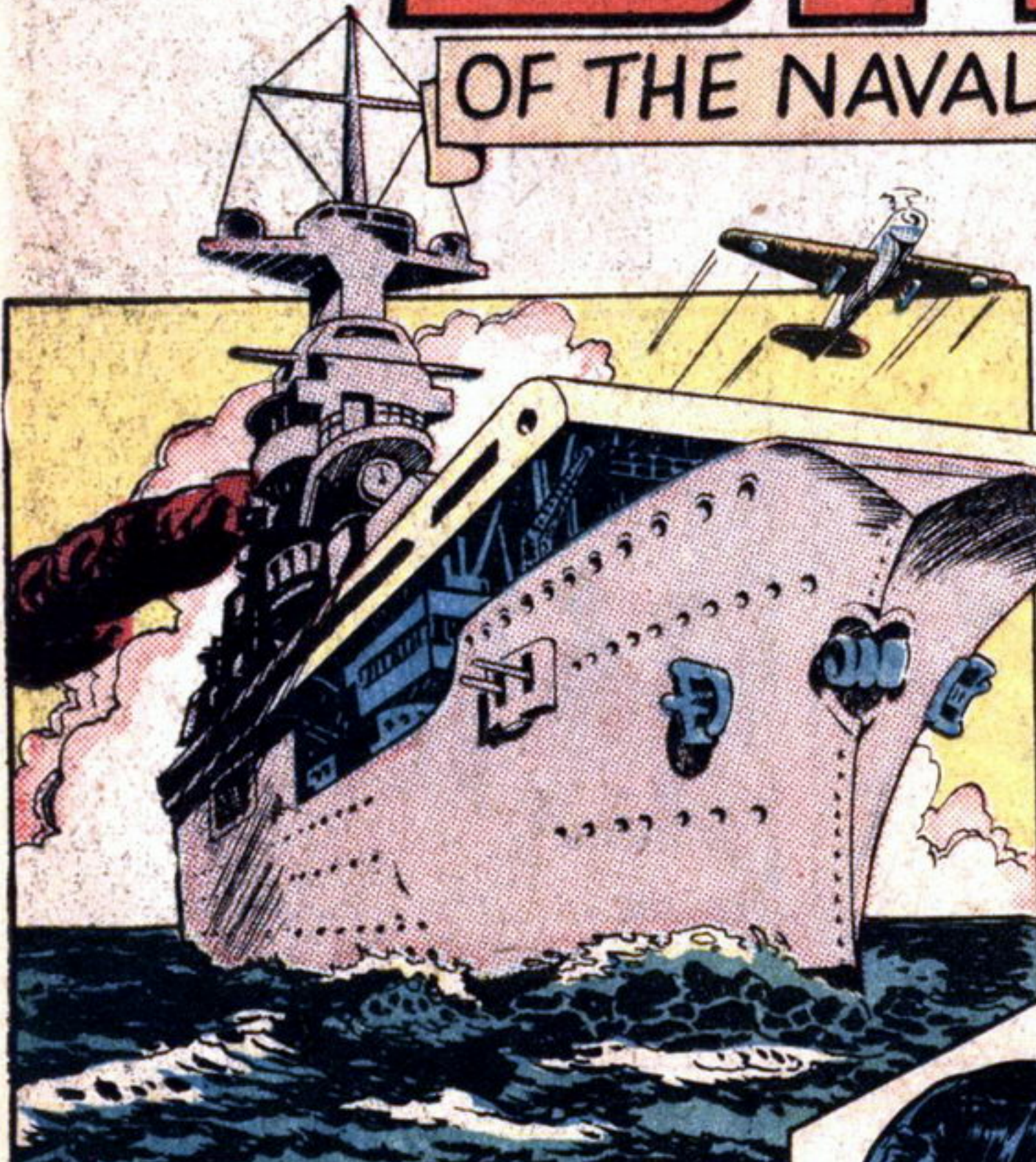


Poison Ivy will amuse you in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.

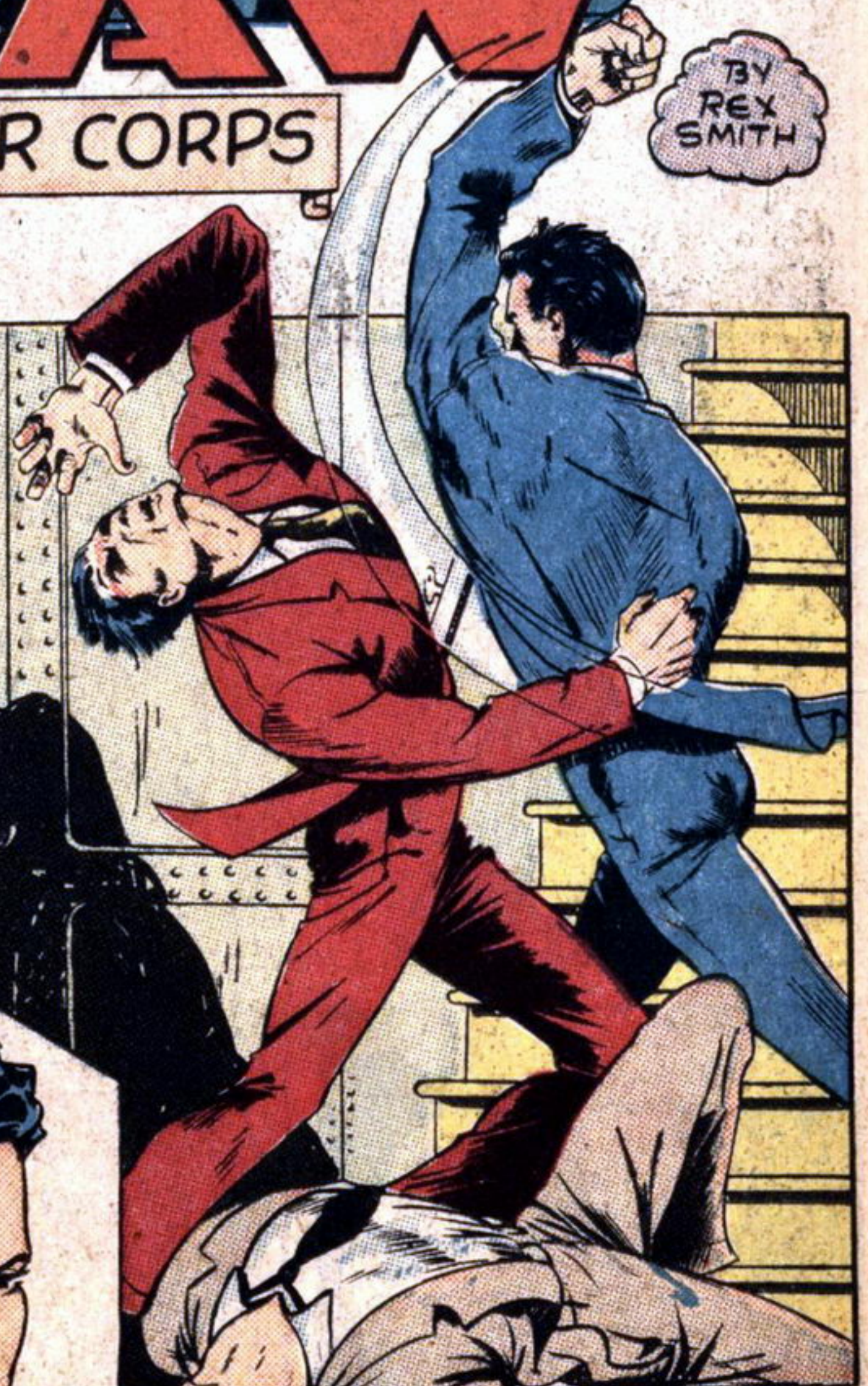
SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

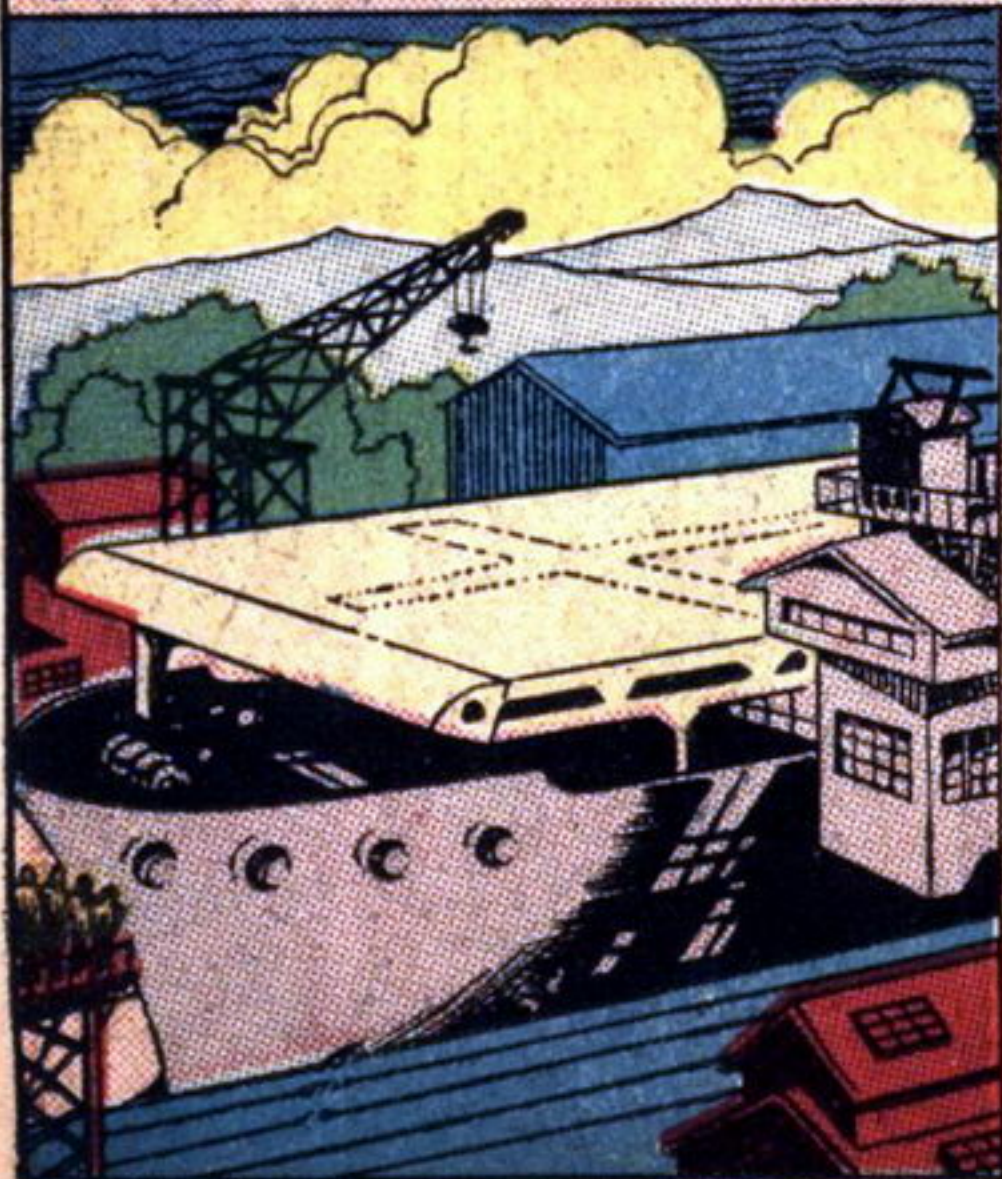
BY
REX
SMITH



WHILE DEFENSE KEEPS EVERY SHIPYARD AND FACTORY IN THE NATION BOOMING, INSIDIOUS FORCES DOMINATED BY FOREIGN INTERESTS UNDERMINE UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS. UNTIL SPIN SHAW STEPS IN.

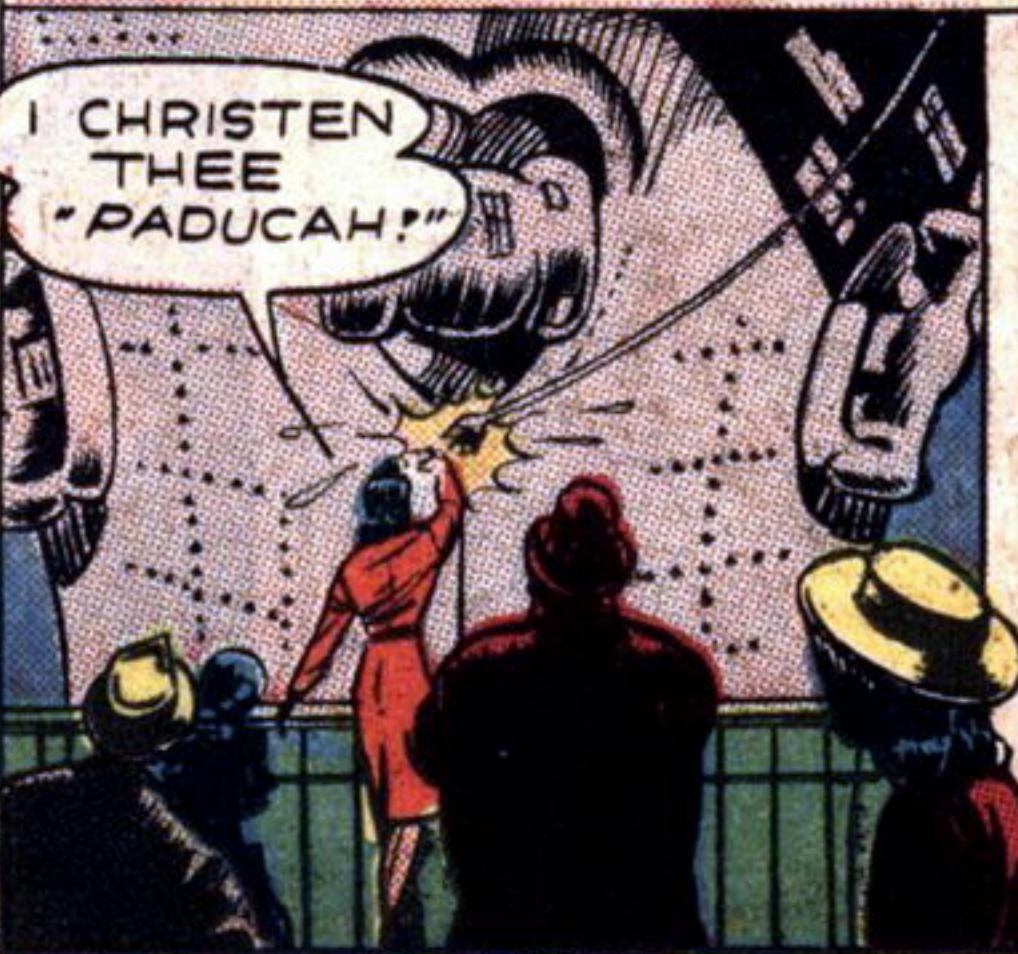


UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST AIRCRAFT CARRIER "PADUCAH" IS ABOUT TO BE CHRISTENED.. A GREAT CROWD ASSEMBLES FOR THE CEREMONY.

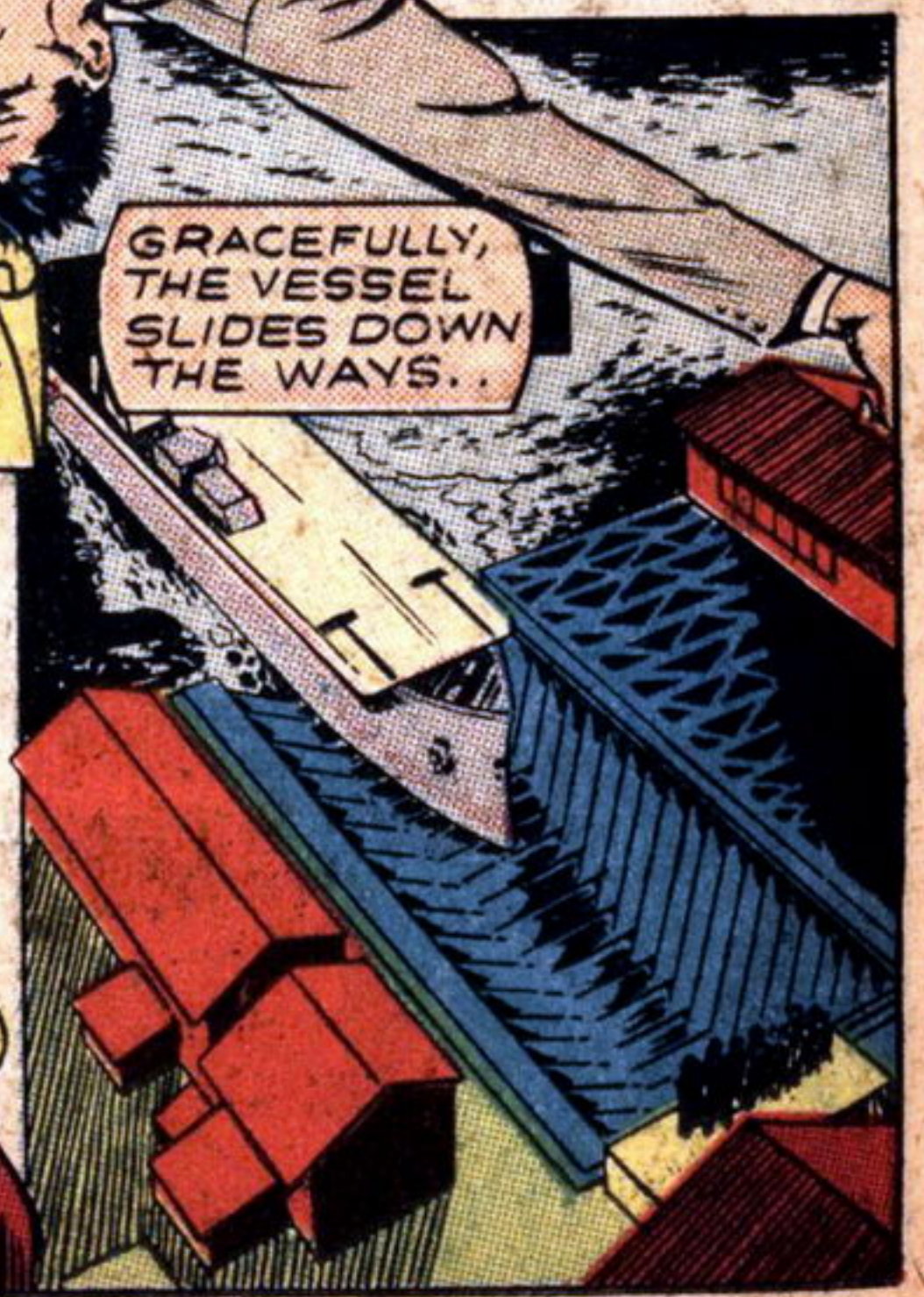


AS A BATTERY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOOT THE SCENE, A SENATOR'S LADY SMASHES THE TRADITIONAL CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE AGAINST THE KEEL.

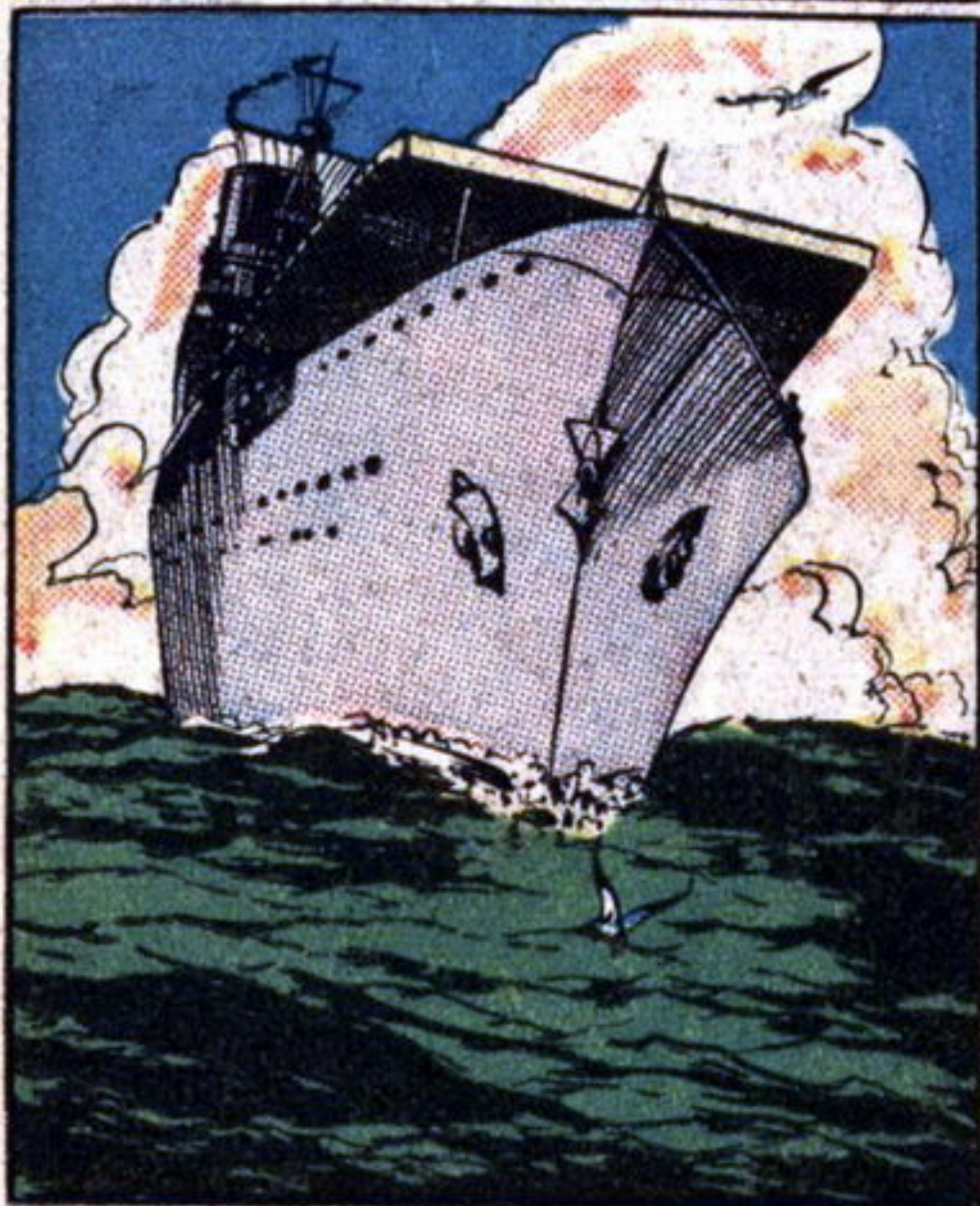
I CHRISTEN THEE "PADUCAH!"



GRACEFULLY, THE VESSEL SLIDES DOWN THE WAYS.



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE NEW "PADUCAH" PLOWS THE WAVES IN HER FIRST RUN AT SEA..



ABOARD AS HONORARY GUEST IS LORD COFAX OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY, WHO IS POSING FOR PICTURES WITH THE PADUCAH'S COMMANDER... A VEILED WOMAN REPORTER TAKES MANY NOTES OF THE EVENT..



GLAD TO INSPECT THIS LATEST LINK IN OUR JOINT DEFENSE CHAIN..

WE'RE HONORED TO HAVE YOU, SIR!

SUDDENLY SPIN, ON HONOR GUARD DUTY, STIFFENS IN ALARM.



HOLY SMOKES! THAT CAMERA CONCEALS A GUN!

INSTANTLY HE DODGES BETWEEN LORD COFAX AND THE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER JUST AS A MURDEROUS BULLET LEAPS FROM THE CAMERA.



CURSE HIM! WE'VE FAILED!

OOF!

VELMA! RUN!

AN OFFICER SWINGS AT THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, AS THE VEILED LADY DUCKS DOWN A HATCH.



SPIN STARTS AFTER HER, BUT A FIGURE LEAPS AT HIM FROM THE SHADOWS.



OH NO YOU DON'T!

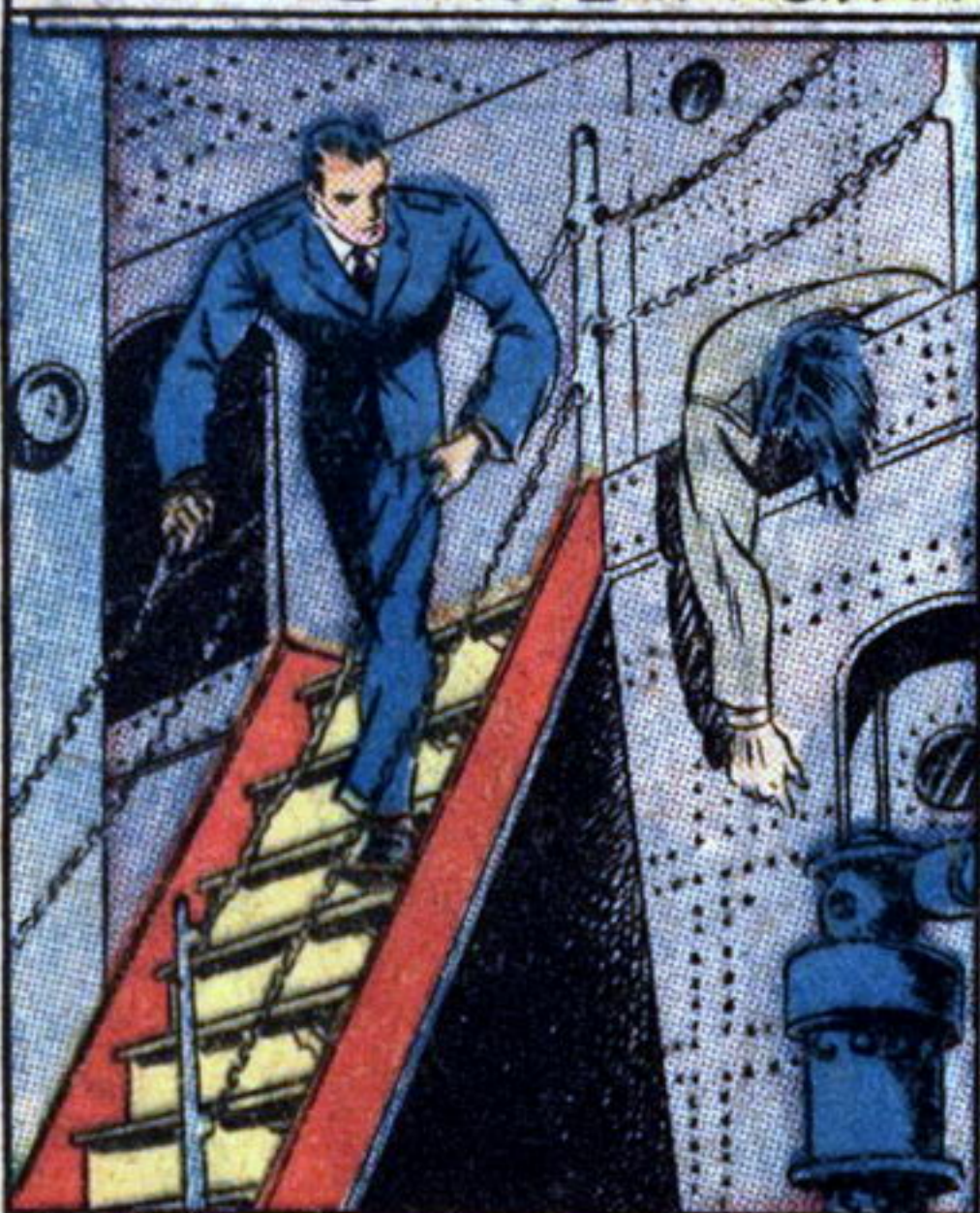
THE THUG WIELDS A HEAVY WRENCH.



SPIN DUCKS AGILELY AND SAILS UP WITH A JAW-BREAKER RIGHT.

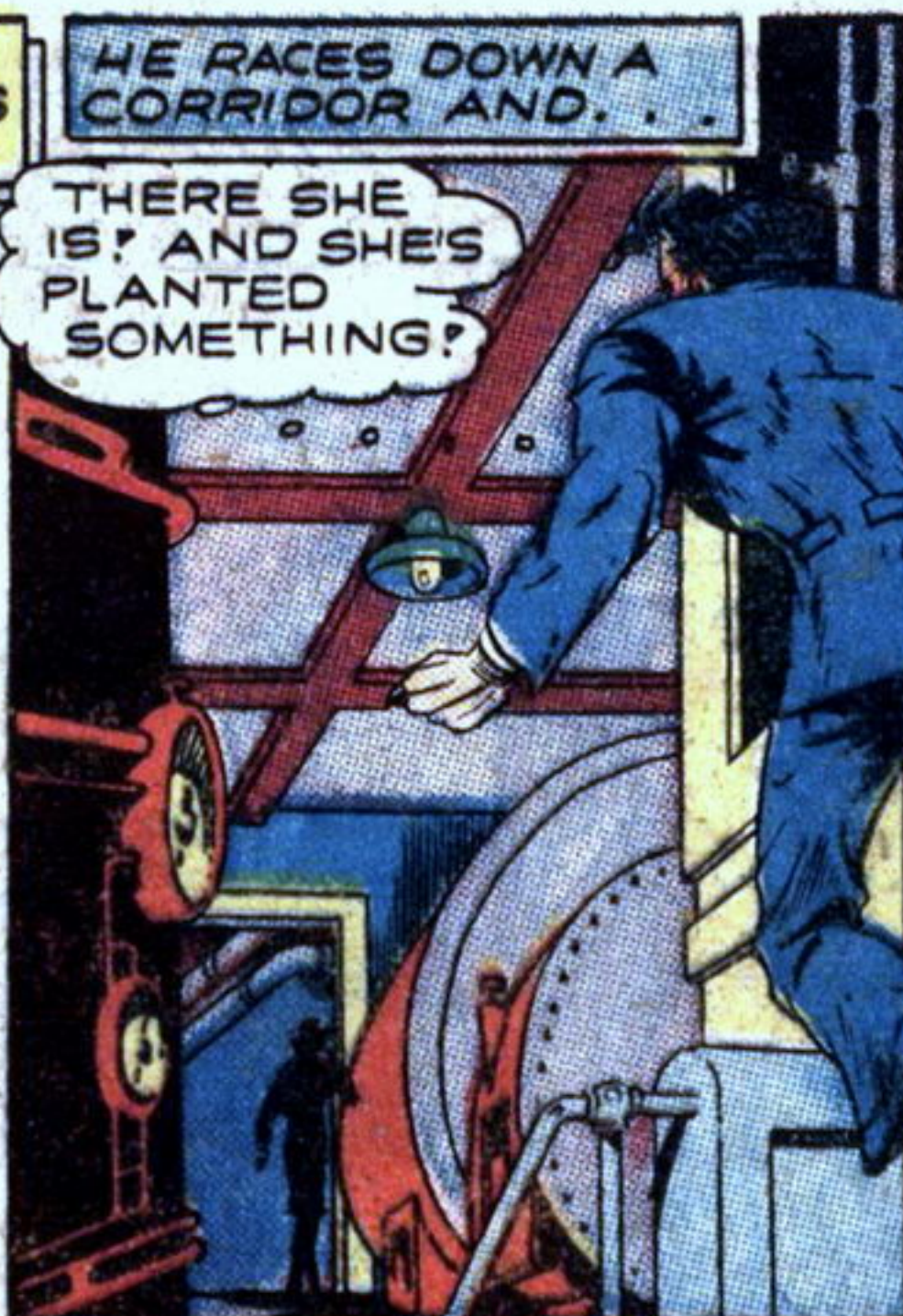


LEAVING HIS ASSAILANT OUT COLD ON THE DECK, SPIN DARTS AFTER THE "MYSTERY WOMAN".



HE RACES DOWN A CORRIDOR AND...

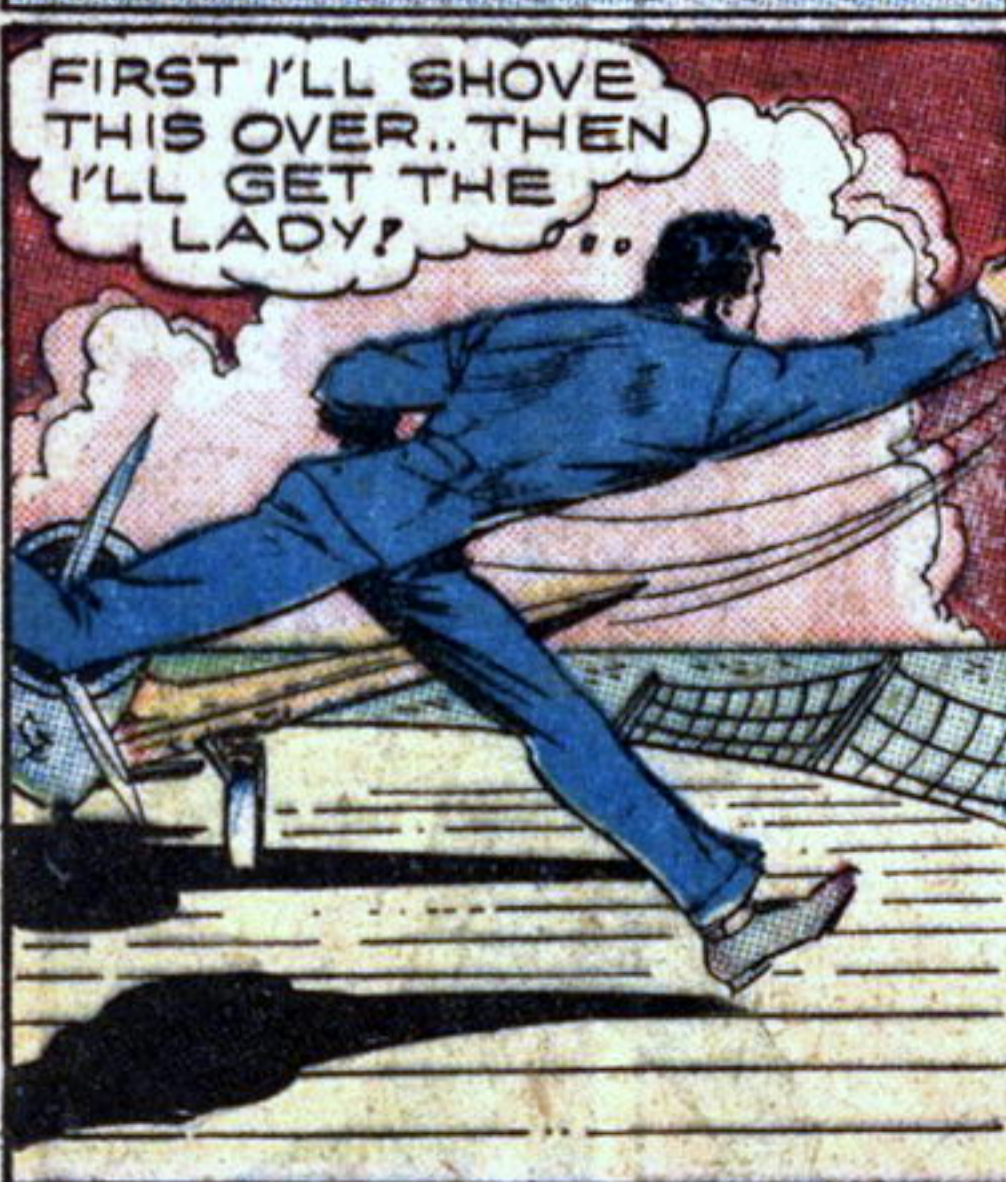
THERE SHE IS! AND SHE'S PLANTED SOMETHING!



NO TIME TO CATCH HER NOW..THIS IS AN ELECTRIC TIME BOMB SHE LEFT! I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF IT!



NOT A SECOND TOO SOON, SPIN GRABS THE BOMB AND DASHES TO THE TOP DECK.



FIRST I'LL SHOVE THIS OVER..THEN I'LL GET THE LADY!

AND AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, HURLS THE EXPLOSIVE INTO THE SEA.



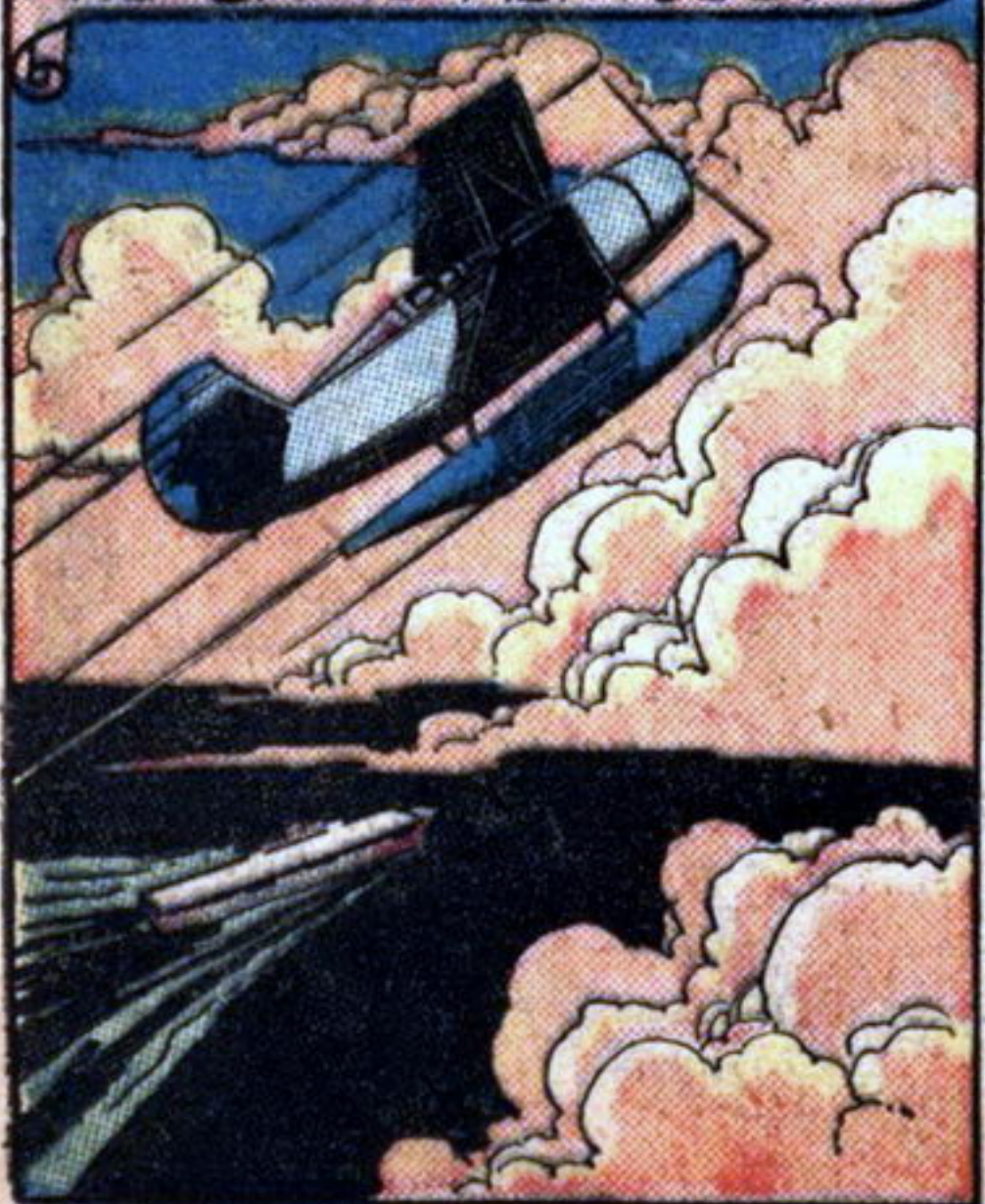
WHEW! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE!

MEANWHILE THE CAMERAMAN HAS COME TO.. SECURING A PLANE THROUGH A SPY SAILOR, HE AND THE GIRL PREPARE TO TAKE OFF.



THANKS, SAILOR! OUR LEADER PAYS YOU WELL FOR THIS!

LIKE A SWIFT ARROW SHOT FROM A BOW, THE SLEEK SHIP LEAVES THE CATAPULT AND GAINS ALTITUDE.



BUT SPIN IS AWARE OF THE SPIES' ESCAPE.

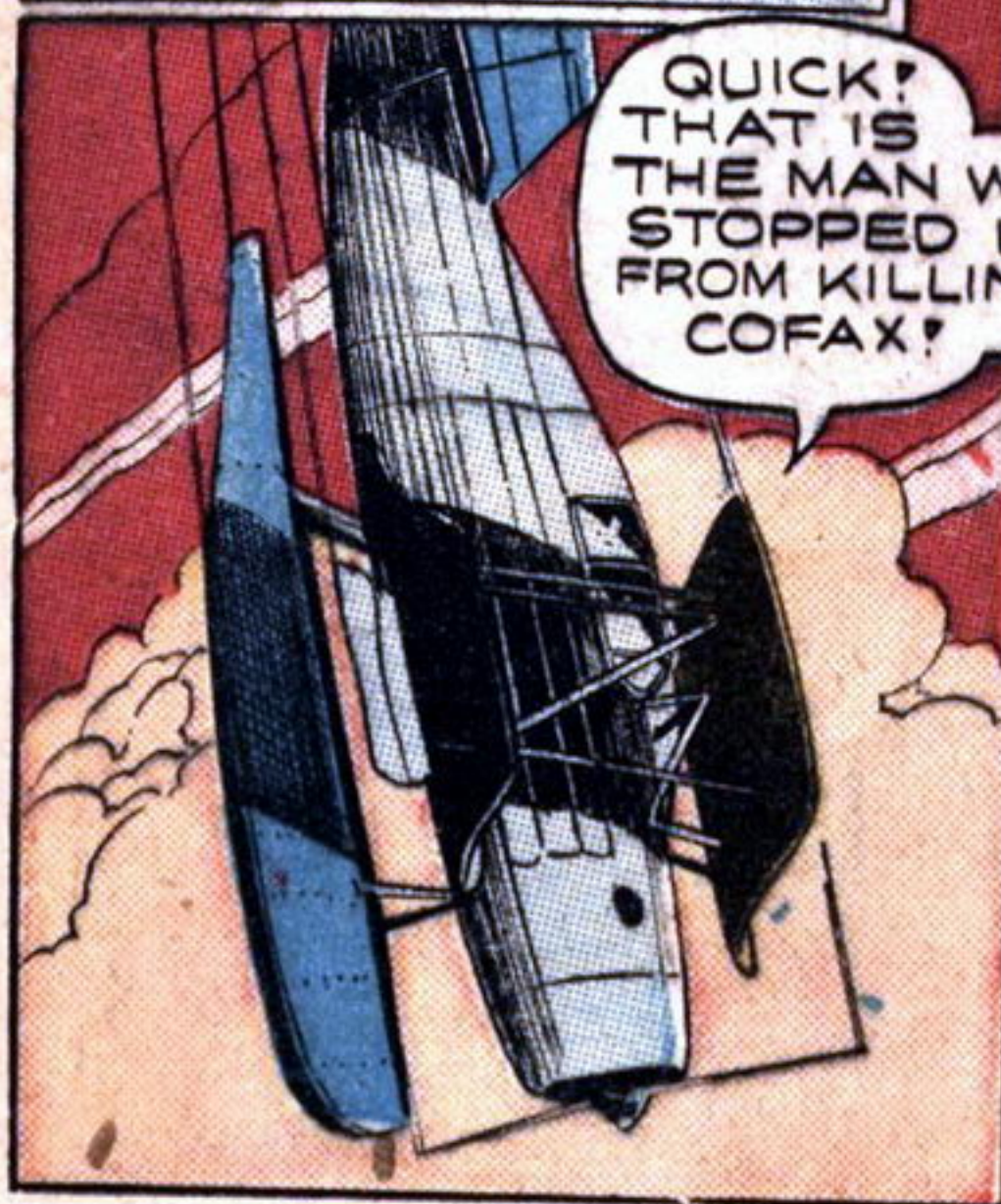


BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR LEADER, THEY'LL HAVE ME TO RECKON WITH!

SO..A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER SHIP TAKES OFF WITH SPIN AT THE CONTROLS.



BUT AS SWIFTLY AS SPIN'S PLANE NOSES UP, THE OTHER PLANE ZOOMS DOWN TO ATTACK.



QUICK! THAT IS THE MAN WHO STOPPED US FROM KILLING COFAX!

IN VENGEFUL FURY, THE SPIES SWOOP LOW TO RIDDLE THE PLANES ON THE CARRIER'S DECK.



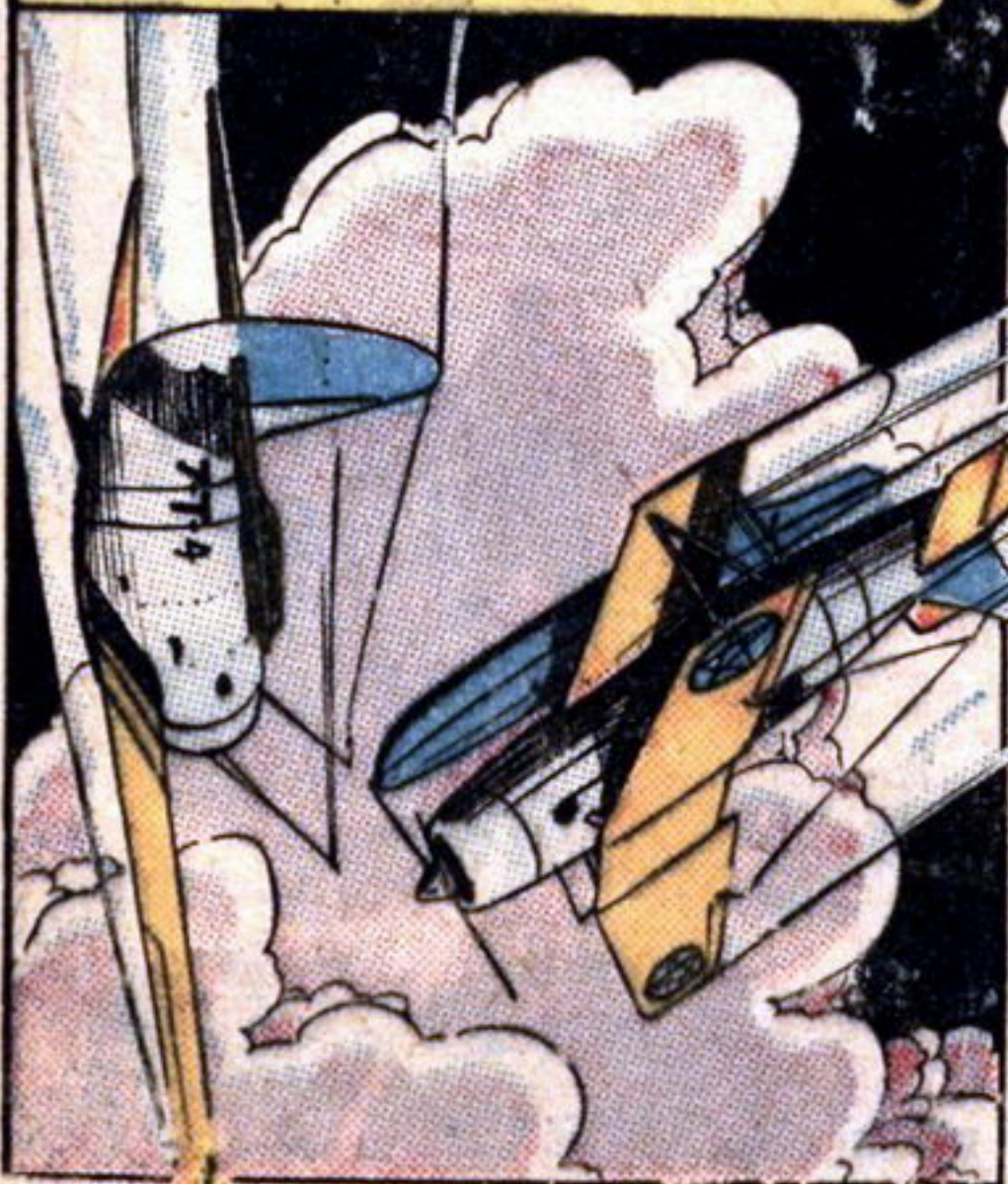
GOOD! NOBODY CAN COME TO HELP HIM... HE FIGHTS US ALONE!

SPIN PLUNGES DOWN ANGRILY.

WHY...THE DIRTY SO AND SOS? I'LL SHRED THEM TO SPLINTERS FOR THIS!



SKILLFULLY OUTMANEUVERING THE SPIES, HE DODGES DEVASTATING BULLETS.

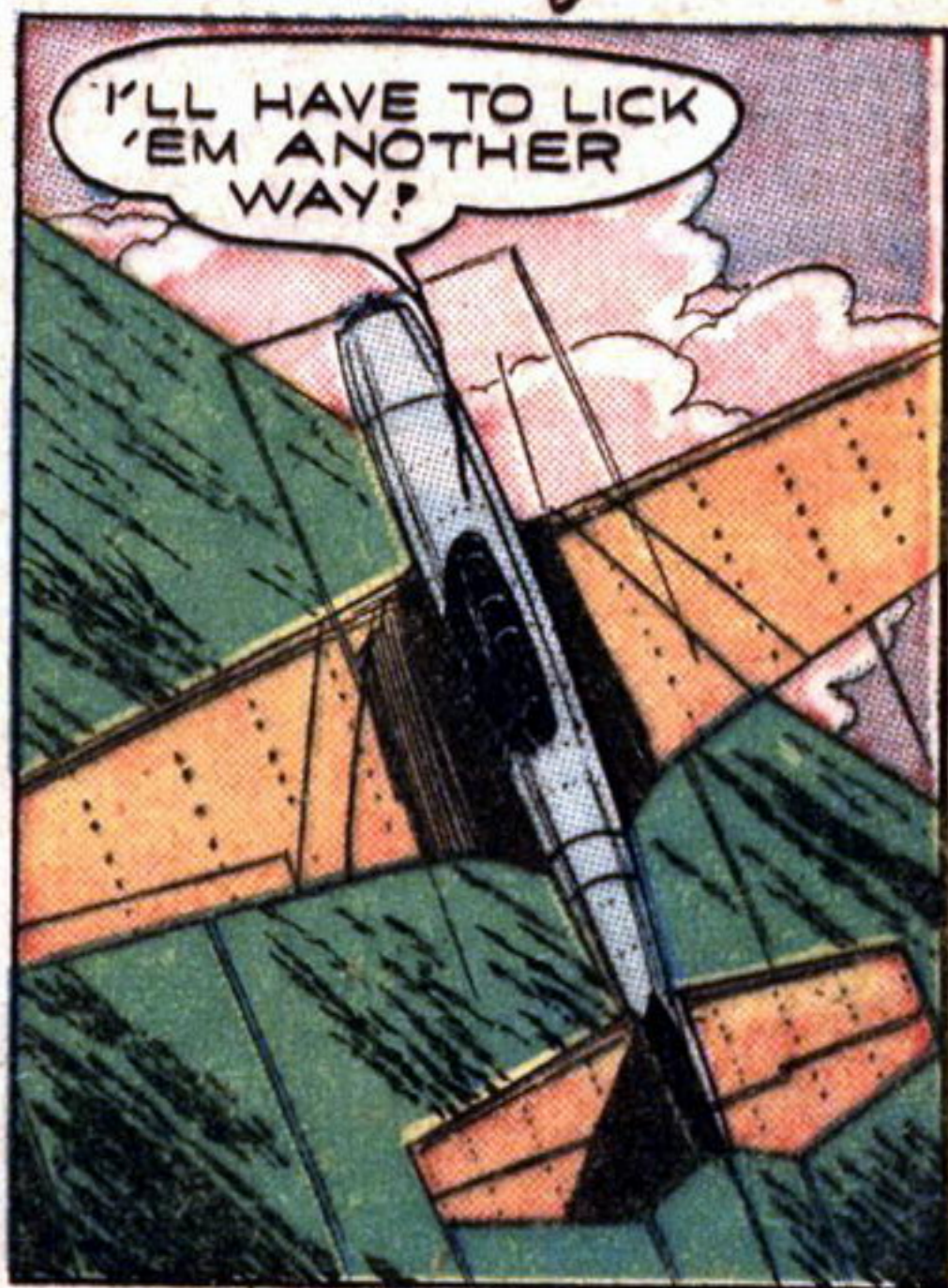


BUT SUDDENLY...

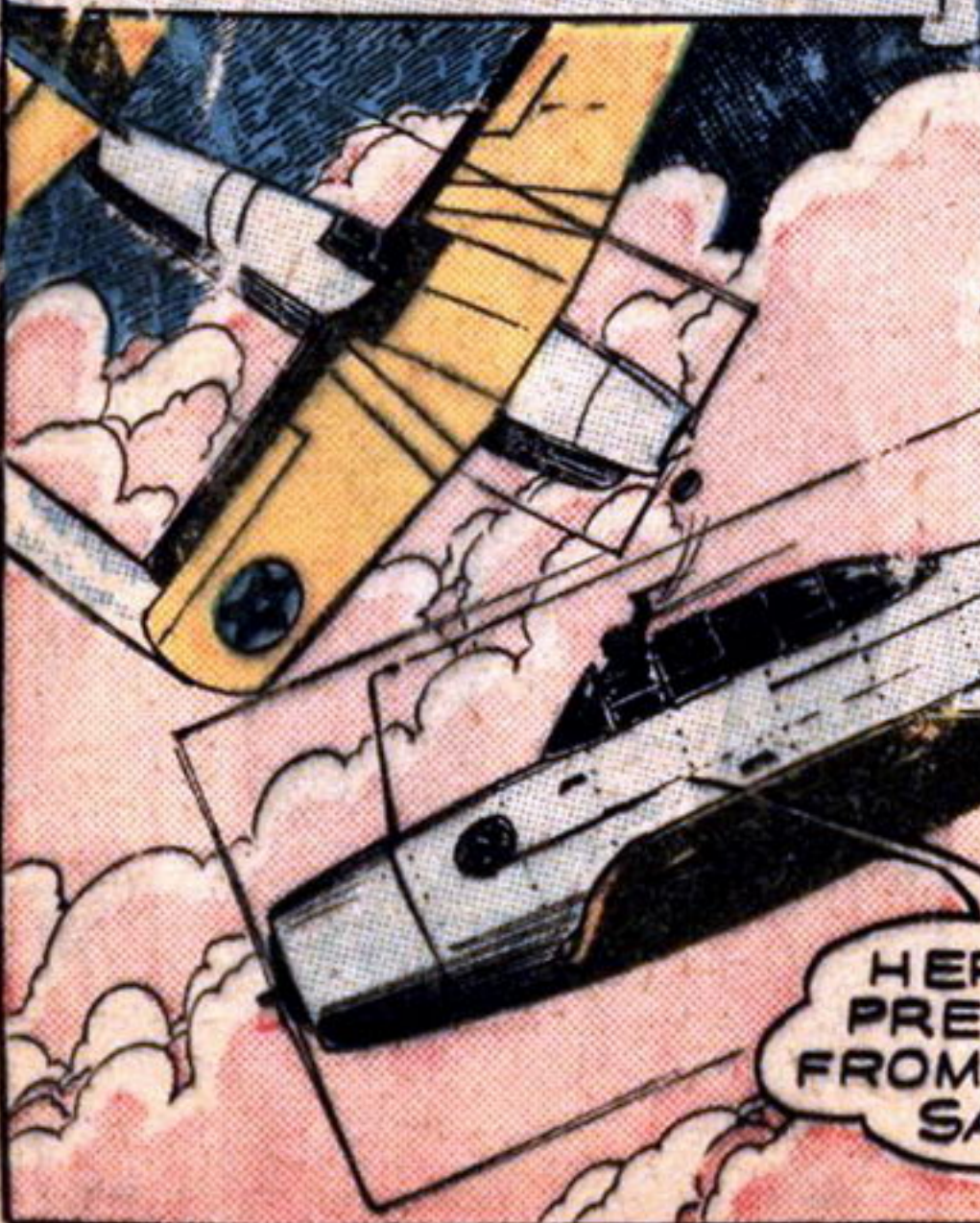
UH-OH! MY GUN'S JAMMED!



I'LL HAVE TO LICK 'EM ANOTHER WAY!

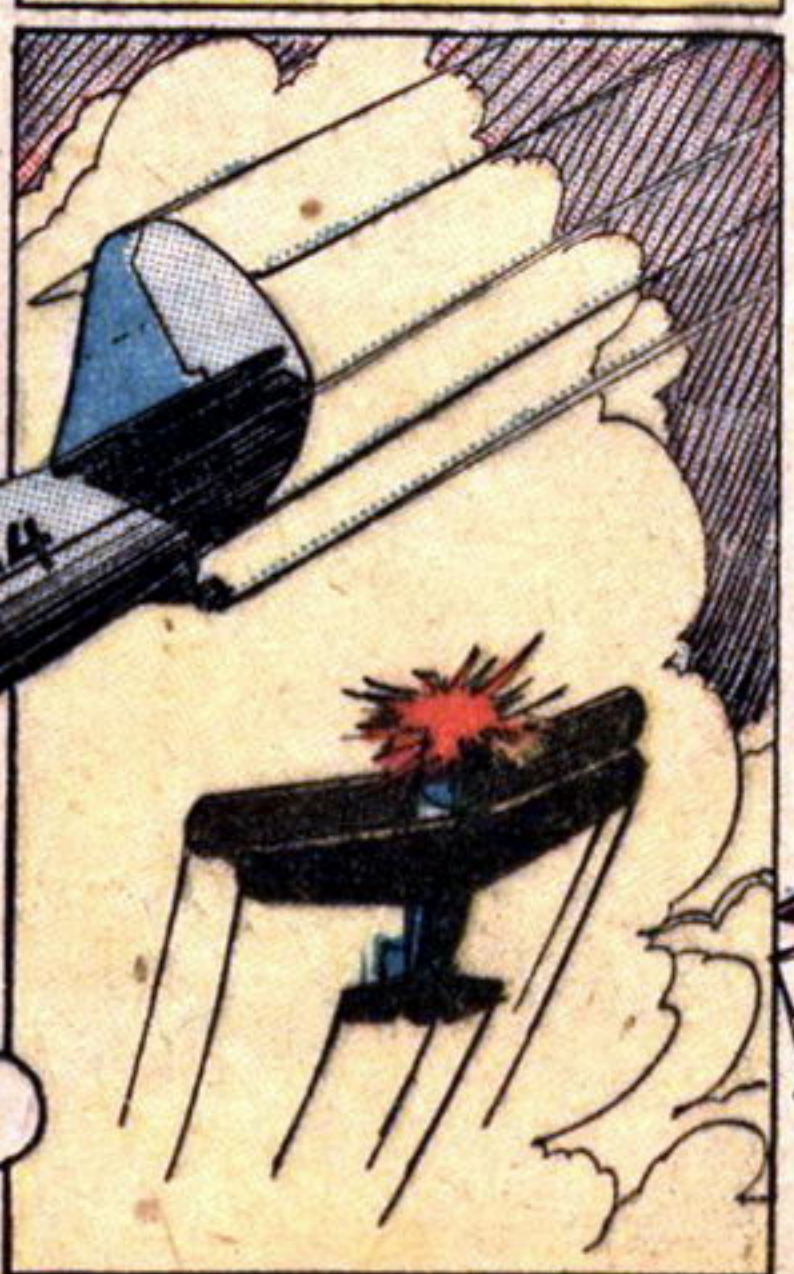


SPIN GRABS A DRUM OF AMMUNITION AND HURLS IT FULL AT THE SPY PLANE.

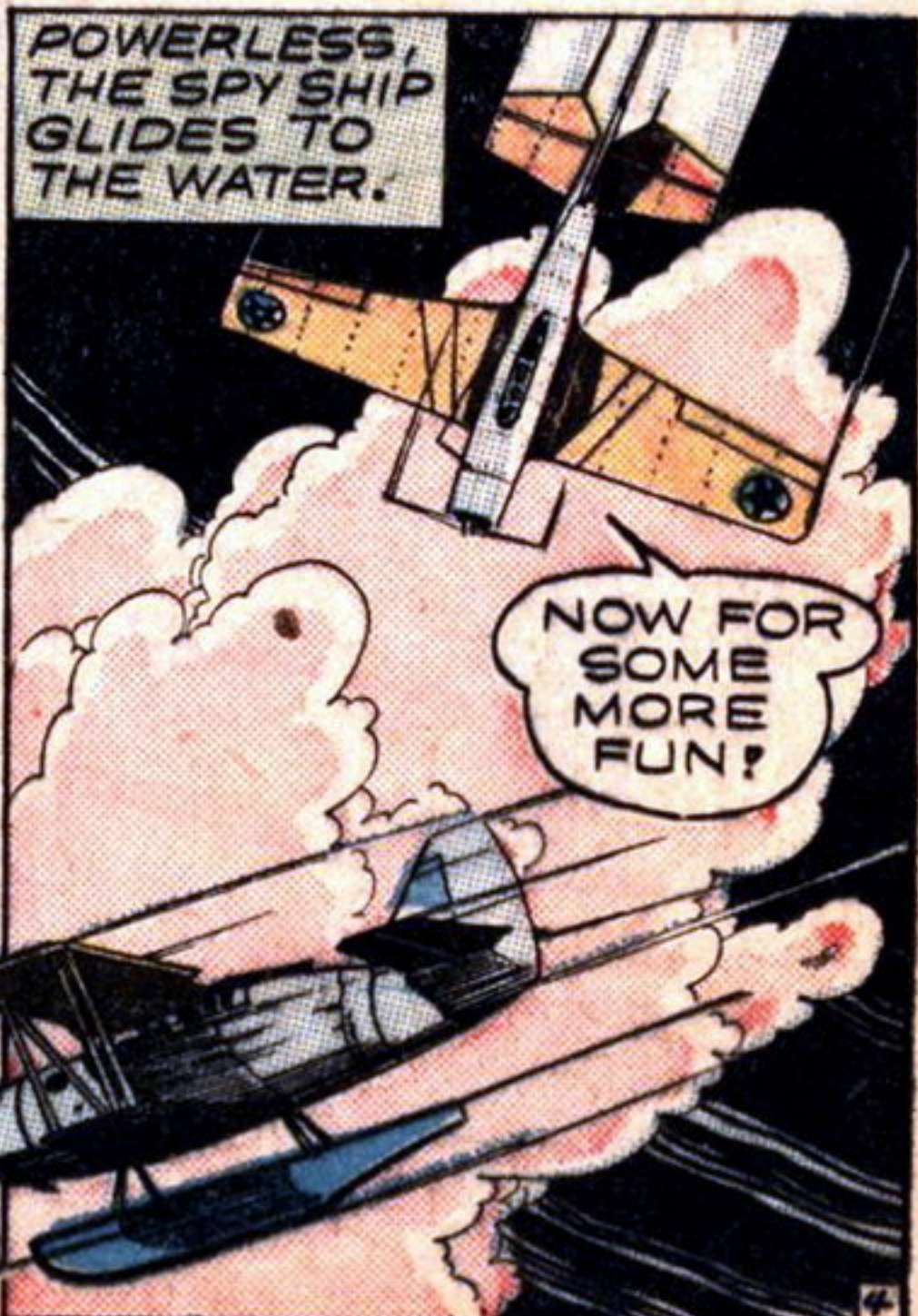


HERE! A PRESENT FROM UNCLE SAM!

THE EXPLOSIVES STRIKE THE PROP, BLOWING IT TO BITS.

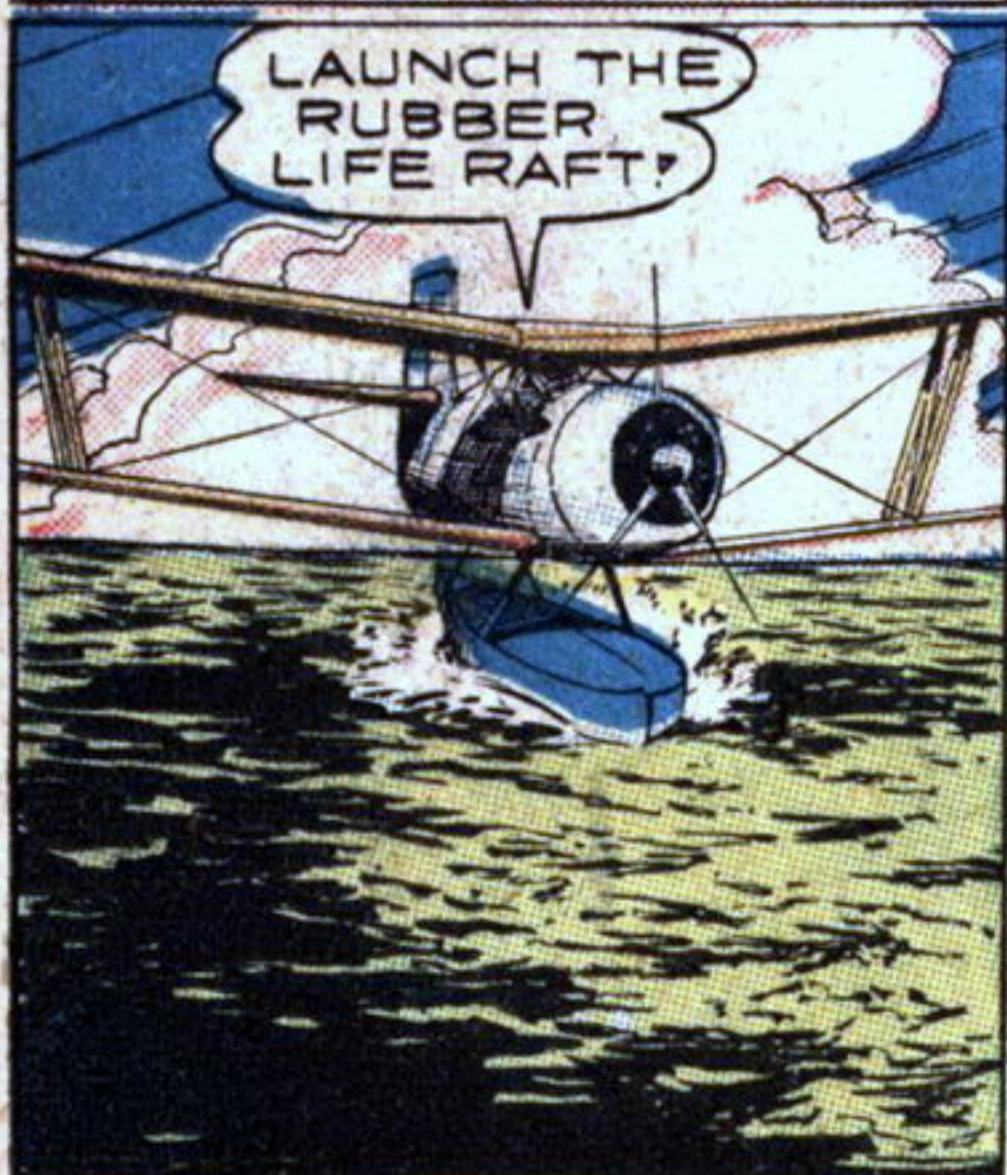


POWERLESS, THE SPY SHIP GLIDES TO THE WATER.



NOW FOR SOME MORE FUN!

ONCE ON THE SEA, THE SPY PLANE RESTS MOTIONLESS, UNABLE TO GAIN ENOUGH MOMENTUM TO FLEE.



THE COUPLE HOPS INTO A PNEUMATIC RAFT BUT...



SPIN ZOOMS LOW.. AT TOP SPEED HE HEADS FOR THE RAFT..



THE PLANE SKIMS OVER THE RAFT.. SO CLOSE THAT THE SPIES DIVE OVERBOARD TO SAVE THEIR NECKS.



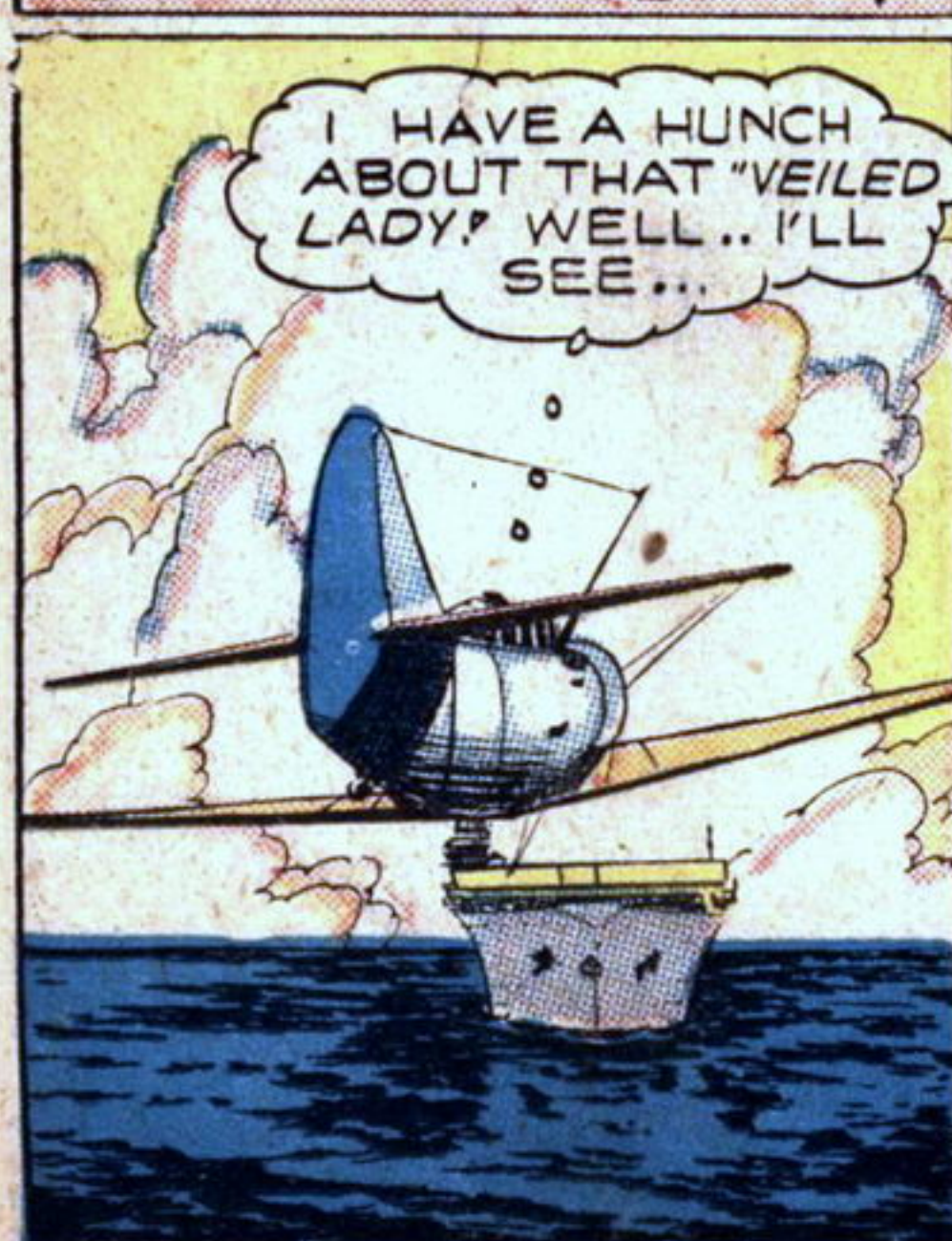
MEANWHILE THE PADUCAH'S COMMANDER SPOTS THE ACTION.



WHILE SPIN CIRCLES OVER THE COUPLE, THE NAVY LAUNCH CHUGS TO THE RESCUE.



GRACEFULLY, SPIN HEADS FOR THE HOME DECK.



TEN MINUTES LATER..



JUST THEN LORD COFAX STRIDES OVER.



READY for CHRISTMAS

RED RYDER

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.

1000-SHOT COWBOY CARBINE

**MY BRAND
ON STOCK!**

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name an' face branded on th' stock!"
—RED RYDER

**16-inch LEATHER
SADDLE THONG!**

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this... or lash it to yore bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring—at no extra cost, Podner!"

**WESTERN
CARBINE RING!**

"Th' real article, boys! For ridin' th' range, I slip a stout 3-foot cord thru th' Ring and tie th' other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to th' ground if she slides outta my saddle holster or gits knocked from my hands by a ba' ar!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger, Fellers! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work...large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made th' Front Sight GOLD-EN-COLORED to remind yuh of th' Golden West!"

**GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!**

"Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round th' muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty... kinda like th' real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

**CARBINE
STYLE
FORE-PIECE!**

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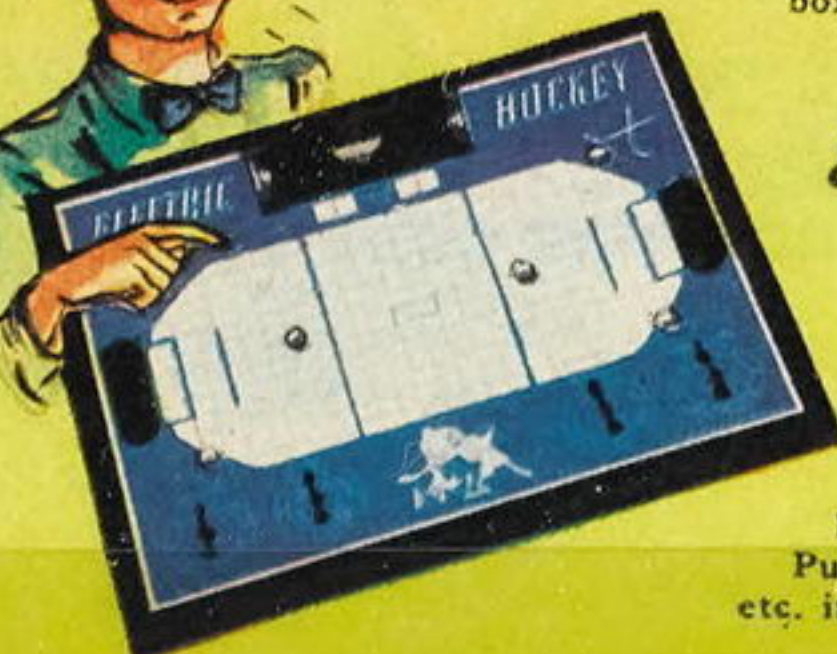
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